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# THE POETICAL WORKS

# ALEXANDER POPE.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

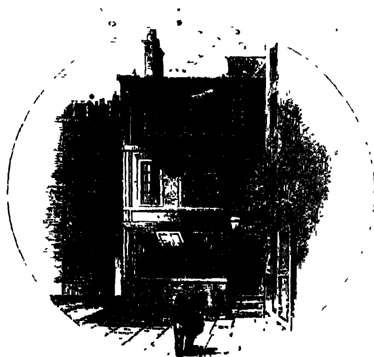

THE
DUNCIAD
FLEET DITCH
OPERA

# THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# ALEXANDER POPE.



POPE'S BIRTHPLACE, PLOUGH COURT, LOMBARD STREET.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN
MDCCCLVIII

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# ALEXANDER POPE.


EDITED BY

ROBERT CARRUTHERS


IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

NEW EDITION REVISED

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD

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LONDON

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN

MDCCCLVIII

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ADDITIONAL NOTES

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# POPE'S POETICAL WORKS.

## THE DUNCIAD,

### IN FOUR BOOKS.

PRINTED ACCORDING TO THE COMPLETE COPY FOUND IN THE YEAR 1742;
WITH THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS, AND NOTES VARIORUM.
TO WHICH ARE ADDED, SEVERAL NOTES NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,
THE HYPER-CRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS, AND HIS DISSERTATION
ON THE HERO OF THE POEM.

"Tandem *Phœbus* adest, morsusque inferre parantem
Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus."—OVID.[1]

[The circumstances connected with the composition and publication of this most elaborate of Pope's satires have already been related in the account of the poet's life. In a letter to Swift, Pope has described the nature and object of the "Notes Variorum" with which the first complete edition of the Dunciad was accompanied. "I desire you," he says, "to read over the text and make a few (notes) in any way you like best, whether dry raillery upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humorous, upon the authors of the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients." Warburton states that Swift complied with his friend's request, but a comparison of editions subsequent to that of 1729 shows that he did little. The other associates of the Scriblerus Club—Arbuthnot and Gay, with the occasional help of Cleland—were contributors. The various learning and antiquarian lore of Arbuthnot must have been invaluable, but the assistance of all these friendly commentators was of very small

[1] ["Phœbus at last his kind protection gives,
And from the fact the greedy monster drives;
Whose marble jaws his impious crime atone,
Still grinning ghastly though transform'd to stone."
*Ovid's Met.* b. xi. *Croxall.*]

amount, we suspect, compared with the labours of the poet himself. He it was who had wrongs, real or fanciful, to avenge, enemies to attack, and triumphs to gain. "He delighted to vex the dunces," as Johnson said; but he had more delight in seeing how well he could vex them. He put forth all his strength in the effort, and his success was commensurate with the labour. None of his works seem to have gone so rapidly through numerous editions; and in Dublin, according to Swift, it was read as eagerly as in London. Additions and alterations were made from time to time both in the text and notes. To the fourth book, and to the poem in its completed state, Warburton gave zealous assistance, overloading the text with his curious and often far-fetched comments, and adding some of his own critical feuds and enmities to the ample store accumulated by the poet. The edition of 1743, as the last seen by the author, must always be held to be the standard.

The conclusion of the Dunciad is one of the noblest passages in the whole of Pope's poetry—grand in conception and rapid and brilliant in execution; and it may be interesting to show the various stages of progress through which this burst of lofty declamation passed, even after it had gone into the hands of the printer, before it arrived at its final perfection.

### FROM EDITION OF 1728

Thus when these signs declare the mighty year,
When the dull stars roll round and reappear;
'Let there be darkness!' the dread power shall say;
And shall be darkness as it ne'er were day;
To their first chaos Wit's vain works shall fall,
And universal Dulness cover all!
No more the monarch could such raptures bear;
He wak'd, and all the vision mix'd with air.

### FROM EDITION OF 1729

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year;
See the dull stars roll round and reappear.
She comes! the cloud-compelling power behold!
With Night primeval and with Chaos old.
Lo! the great Anarch's ancient reign restor'd,
Light dies before her uncreating word:
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night.

See skulking Truth in her old cavern lie,
Secur'd by mountains of heap'd casuistry
Philosophy, that touch'd the heavens before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause and is no more
See Physic beg the Stagirite's defence!
See Metaphysic call for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain they gaze turn giddy rave and die
Thy hand great Dulness! lets the curtain fall,
And universal Darkness buries all
'Enough! enough!' the raptured monarch cries
And through the ivory gate the vision flies.

## FROM EDITION OF 1743

In vain, in vain—the all composing hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the power
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops and in a flash expires.
As one by one at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain,
As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest,
Thus at her felt approach and secret might,
Art after art goes out and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head,
Philosophy that lean'd on heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
[illegible] Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal Darkness buries all.

Pope, in his Works, vol. ii, quarto, 1735, transferred the whole of the Notes on the Dunciad to the end of the volume. In the former

edition of this work the editor adopted the same plan, but the arrangement was unsatisfactory, and they here stand as in the poet's last corrected edition of 1743, of which this is a reprint To the Notes of Pope and his friends, the signature P is attached, and those which first appeared in 1743 (when Warburton had come to the poet's assistance), have the addition of an asterisk Pope was irregular and capricious in his mode of spelling names, they are here given as written by the parties themselves ]

DEFEROR IN VICVM



VENDENTEM THVS ET ODORES

FACSIMILE OF THE FRONTISPIECE TO THE DUNCIAD, A.D. 1729

## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his Essay on Man, and have since finished another on the Essay on Criticism. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation: but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections [Cibber's Letter to Pope, July, 1742], which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving *this poem*, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a *more considerable hero*. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better; not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this post, as has since obtained the *laurel*: but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to *him* or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author: this person was one, who from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a *vanity*: and therefore was the *man in the world who would least be hurt by it*.

W. W. [WARBURTON.]



## BY AUTHORITY.

BY virtue of the authority in us vested by the act for subjecting poets to the power of a licenser, we have revised this piece; where, finding the style and appellation of King to have been given to a certain pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom, of the name of Tibbald; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a reflection on majesty, or at least an insult on that legal authority which has bestowed on another person the crown of poesy: we have ordered the said pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work: and do declare the said throne of poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the laureate himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.

OC. CH.

## A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

### OCCASIONED BY THE FIRST CORRECT EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD

It is with pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct copy of the "Dunciad," which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary: a work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the enclosed notes are the fruit.

I perceived that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: nobody was either concerned or surprised, if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: a stratagem, which, would they fairly own it, might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what, I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers: and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr Pope done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of everybody, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed and written the "Dunciad." What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull: and what it had no sooner said, but they them

selves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his country. But when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers; I mean by authors *without names*: then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in Church and State, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party, in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their titles,[1] and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could

[1] Which we have done in a list printed in the Appendix.—P.

be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinates, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts; morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than defamation (for 'tis the case of almost all who are tried there), but sure it can be none: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But poverty is here the accident, not the subject. He who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals than in their writings, must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out, on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs. That had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people than any they have made use of. If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shown them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective na-

tions.[1] But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he shall give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power, or out of fashion.[2] A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely, the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities: and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man,

[1] Essay on Criticism, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King George I.; after by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris, 1728; and in Italian verse, by the Abbé Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated in French. Essay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verse; by Monsieur Silhouet, in prose, 1737; and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.—P.

[2] As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the town declaimed against his book of poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had resigned the office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England after the queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-Sea year, and after his death: others only in epitaphs.—P.

which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along that our author in his very laughter is not indulging his own ill nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM.[4]

I am, your most humble servant,

WILLIAM CLELAND.[5]

St. James's, Dec. 22, 1728.

[4] [This quotation is part of a passage in the Preface to Pliny's Natural History which was obligingly pointed out by the late Rev. W. Turner, Vicar of Bosgrove, Chichester. "Res ardua vetustis novitatem dare, novis auctoritatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam, dubiis fidem, omnibus vero naturam et naturae sua omnia." It is a difficult matter to supply novelty to what is old, authority to what is new, freshness to what is obsolete, light to what is dark, grace to what is out of fashion, credit to what is doubtful, particularly to bestow upon all things their own nature, and everything to its own particular nature.]

[5] This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the University of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England, in which having shown himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, though without any other assistance of fortune, he was suddenly displaced by the minister in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country.—P. [In his edition of 1751 Warburton made this short and apparently ironical addition: "And yet, for all this, the public will not allow him to be the author of this letter." For some account of Cleland see Life of Pope accompanying this edition. In 1715 there were five Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs in Scotland, the salary of each was 600l., and the fifth commissioner was William Cleland. His appointment was at least subsequent to 1710, probably on the accession of George I. In 1723 William Cleland had become, by seniority, the second of the five commissioners. His name does not occur in 1727. He had then been transferred to the department of the Stamps and Taxes in England. In Swift's correspondence, Miss Kelly, writing to Swift, July 8, 1733, says, "I enclose your letters for me to William Cleland, Esq., Commissioner of Taxes, in St. Stephen's-court, Westminster." In 1737 Cleland is gazetted as one of the Commissioners for the Duty on Houses. His death is announced in the journals, September, 1741, and he is styled Major Cleland, many years a Commissioner of the Land Tax, a place of 500l. a year.]




EFFIGIES OF POPE ALEXANDER AND HIS MAN WILLIAM

[*From "Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility Examined, and the Errors of Scriblerus and his man William* [*Cleland*] *Detected*," 1729.]

*Dennis, Remarks on Prince Arthur.*

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

*Character of Mr P, 1716.*

The persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors, poets: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

*Gildon, Preface to his New Rehearsal.*

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor. The same will hold in the republic of letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

*Theobald, Letter to Mist, June 22, 1728.*

Attacks may be levelled, either against failures in genius, or against the pretensions of writing without one.

*Concanen, Dedication to the Author of the Dunciad.*

A satire upon dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

*Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked scribbler!*

## TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING

# OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adversaria on modern authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet: various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayest not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our author: in which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We purposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education: but as to these, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith,[1] he was educated at home; another,[2] that he was bred at St.

[1] Giles Jacob's Lives of Poets, vol. ii. in his Life. [All the citations of authorities in these "Testimonies" are given by Pope.]

[2] Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Criticism.

Omer's by Jesuits; a third,[3] not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth,[4] that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith,[5] he was kept by his father on purpose; a second,[6] that he was an itinerant priest; a third,[7] that he was a parson; one[8] calleth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another,[9] a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom one[10] supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another,[11] a husbandman; another,[12] a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely, a demon. For thus Mr. Gildon:[13] "Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, but the devil; and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father." Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our poet till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his Essay on Criticism, of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

"His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common:—instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion." And in another place: "What rare numbers are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated Muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who, being

[3] Dunciad Dissected, p. 4.
[4] Guardian, No. 40.
[5] Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii.
[6] Dunciad Dissected, p. 4.
[7] Farmer P. and his Son.
[8] Dunciad Dissected.
[9] Character of the Times, p. 45.
[10] Female Dunciad, p. ult.
[11] Dunciad Dissected.
[12] Roome, Paraphrase on the Fourth of Genesis, printed 1729.
[13] Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad (first edition said to be printed for A. Dodd), in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4 and 8) that it was written by Dennis only.

poxed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid age, which makes her hobble so damnably."[14]

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian,

MR. OLDMIXON.

"I dare not say anything of the Essay on Criticism in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something new which is not in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery."[15]

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple minded

MR LEONARD WELSTED,

who, out of great respect to our poet not naming him, doth yet glance at his essay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the criticisms of Dryden and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth:[16] "As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c, both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this groundwork, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of common-place. Horace has even in his Art of Poetry thrown out several things which plainly show he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one."

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose that of

MR. ADDISON.[17]

"The Art of Criticism (saith he), which was published some months since, is a masterpiece in its kind. The observations follow one another, like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here

[14] Reflections Critical and Satirical on a Rhapsody, called an Essay on Criticism. Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

[15] Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical History of England.

[16] Preface to his Poems, pp. 18, 58.

[17] Spectator, No. 253.

give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to his works: that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little else left us but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

"Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take notice that our English author has after the same manner exemplified several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves." He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that "there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a masterpiece in its kind, the Essay on Translated Verse; the Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay on Criticism."

Of WINDSOR FOREST, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

MR. JOHN DENNIS,[18]

"That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Denham: the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous."[19]

But the author of the Dispensary,

DR. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion: "Those who have seen these two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windsor Forest, the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will show a great deal of candour if they approve of this."

Of the Epistle of ELOISA, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, "That because Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our author writ his Eloise in opposition to it; but forgot innocence and virtue: if you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value." In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French tailor on a villa and

[18] Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717.
[19] Printed 1728, p. 12.

gardens by the Thames: "All this is very fine, but take away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himself, saying in his Alma,[20]

> "O Abelard! ill fated youth,
> Thy tale will justify this truth.
> But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
> Adorns a nobler poet's song:
> Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
> With kind concern and skill has weav'd
> A silken web, and ne'er shall fade
> Its colours: gently has he laid
> The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
> And Venus shall the texture bless," &c.

Come we now to his translation of the ILIAD, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KT.,

who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this a "laudable translation."[21] That ready writer,

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it:[22] "The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation. I am in doubt whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers: but when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, that he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so, one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed, the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation (printed in Mist's Journal, March 30, 1728), where he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will,

[20] Alma, cant. ii. [21] In his Essays, vol. i. printed for E. Curll.
[22] Censor, vol. ii. No. 33.

how the devil he got there) and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8,

"That this translation of the Iliad was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr Addison; insomuch that he employed a younger muse, in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself." Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:

MR. ADDISON, Freeholder, No. 40.

"When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance. And those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this younger muse was an elder: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it after him, since he saith himself that he did it before.[23] Contrariwise that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his SHAKESPEAR on the stage: "Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be

MR. THEOBALD, MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728)

publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same journalist of

[23] Vid. pref. to Mr. Tickell's translation of the first book of the Iliad, 4to.

June 8: "The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did not share in the profits of this extravagant subscription.

"After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728)

the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some underlings to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY

(Printed by J. Watts, Jan 10, 1724).

"I take this occasion to declare that the subscription for Shakespear belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson. and that the benefit of this proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work." But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of Mist's Journals, March 30, 1728, saying, "That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole." Behold! these underlings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance, verily those who set it on foot, or (as then term is) secured it, to wit, the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount HARCOURT, were he living, would testify, and the Right Honourable the Lord BATHURST, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

"Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public." Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad Dissected reporteth, "Mr. Wycherley had before introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and brightest wits then living."

"No sooner (saith the same journalist) was his body lifeless, but

this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and, what was still more heinous, made the scandal public." Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea, any one gentleman whose subscription Mr. Addison procured to our author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear! "Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas." In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity, who, several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke, sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own journals and Curll had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the Right Honourable the Earl of BURLINGTON.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality), to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE-SMYTHE, Gent.[24]

"Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.[25]

"These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own lifetime, and out of a public print." Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James Moore-Smythe, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, January 27, 1726-7, that "These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them," &c. Surely, if we add the testimonies of the Lord BOLINGBROKE, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq., and others, who knew them as our author's long before the said gentleman composed his play; it is hoped, the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his

[24] Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

[25] [The original letter, which Pope has here garbled, will be found in our Life of Pope, with an account of Smythe's plagiarism.]

enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the said

MR. JAMES MOORE-SMYTHE.[26]

"The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years." This seemeth also most untrue; it being known to divers that these Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (Bishop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein, and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr Moore to have turned upon the "contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it." This noble person is the Earl of PETERBOROUGH

Here, in truth, should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced, not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines:[27]

"And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
Unless I justly could at once commend,
A good companion, and as firm a friend;
One moral, or a mere well-natured deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed."

[26] Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.
[27] Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.

So also is he deciphered by the Honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.[28]

> "Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou choose,
> What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant Muse?
> Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
> Though ev'ry laurel through the dome be thine,
> Go to the good and just, an awful train!
> Thy soul's delight."

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HARTE,[29]

in this apostrophe:

> "O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
> Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays.
> Add, that the Sisters every thought refine,
> And even thy life be faultless as thy line.
> Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
> Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
> A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
> Views with just scorn the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral satirist,

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:[30]

> "Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muses' train,
> Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?"

MR. MALLET,

in his epistle on Verbal Criticism:

> "Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends his lays,
> For wit supreme is but his second praise."

MR. HAMMOND,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies,

[28] Poem prefixed to his works.

[29] In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.

[30] Universal Passion, Sat. I. [The citations from Mallet, Hammond, Thomson, Swift, Cibber, &c., being written subsequent to 1729, are only in the later editions of the Dunciad.]

"Now, fired by Pope and Virtue, leave the age,
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song."

MR. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons:

"Although not sweeter his own Home
Yet is his life the more endearing so

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME.[31]

From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws."

And, to close all, hear the reverend Dean of St. Patrick's:

"A soul with every virtue fraught,
By patriots, priests, and poets taught.
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells.
A genius for each business fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit," &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and showing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: first, again commencing with the high-voiced and never-enough-quoted

MR. JOHN DENNIS;

who, in his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus describeth him: "A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that, whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which is just contrary to some good quality for which all their friends and their acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to people of quality, and authors of that rank. He must derive his religion from St. Omer's."—But in the Character of Mr. P. and his Writings (printed by S. Popping, 1716), he saith, "Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs at it;" but that, "nevertheless, he is a virulent Papist; and yet a pillar for the Church of England."

[31] In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.

Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in Mist's Journal of June 22, [1728], "That, if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his practice to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments." But as to his pique against people of quality, the same journalist doth not agree, but saith (May 8, 1728), "He had, by some means or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, "That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions; he is a beast, and a man; a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of Guardians and Examiners;[32] an assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a jesuitical professor of truth; a base and a foul pretender to candour." So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast.[33] Another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to insure his person; says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life.[34] One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself.[35] But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a lord of parliament, then under prosecution.[36] Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom;[37] and assureth the public, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster, that will, one day, show as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a-muck to kill the first Christian he meets![38] Another gives information of treason discovered in his poem.[39] Mr. Curll boldly supplies an imperfect verse with

[32] The names of two weekly papers.

[33] Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.

[34] Smedley, preface to Gulliveriana, pp. 14, 16.

[35] Gulliveriana, p. 332. [36] Anno 1728. [37] Anno 1729.

[38] Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12, and in the last page of that treatise.

[39] Pages 6, 7, of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book entitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712 [1728.]

kings and princesses.[40] And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most sacred names in this nation, as members of the Dunciad![41]

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

### Mr. Theobald,

in censuring his Shakespear, declares, "He has so great an *esteem* for Mr. Pope, and so high an *opinion* of his *genius* and *excellencies*; that, notwithstanding he professes a *veneration almost rising to idolatry* for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to do *him* justice, at the expense of that *other gentleman's* character."[42]

### Mr. Charles Gildon,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, "That Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand, for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version, than in that of Sir Car. Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce anything truly and naturally written upon love."[43] He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

### Mr. Oldmixon

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares "the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, except this of our author only."[44]

### The Author of a Letter to Mr. Cibber[45]

says, "Pope was so good a versifier [once] that his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary Mr. Prior, excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to anybody's. And that he had all the merit that a man can have that way." And

[40] Key to the Dunciad, 3rd edit. p. 18.

[41] A List of Persons, &c., at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

[42] Introduction to his Shakespear restored, in quarto, p. 3.

[43] Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, octavo, 1721, pp. 97, 98.

[44] In his prose Essay on Criticism.

[45] Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out,

> "But in his other works what beauties shine,
> While sweetest music dwells in every line!
> These be admired, on these he stamp'd his praise,
> And bade them live to brighten future days."[46]

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell, in that poem which is wholly a satire on Mr. Pope,[47] confesseth,

> "'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
> (Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)
> That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
> Pope more than we can offer should receive.
> For when some gliding river is his theme,
> His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream," &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, "The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit," yet that same paper hath these words: "The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. In all his works we find the most py turns and natural similes, wonderfully short and thick sown."

he Essay on the Dunciad also owns (p 25,) it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our Laureate,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who "grants it to be a better poem of its kind than ever was writ:" but adds, "it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer. A man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in oblivion."[48] Here we see our excellent Laureate allows the justice of the satire on every man in it but himself; as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

[46] Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.
[47] Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulness, duodecimo, 1728.
[48] Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, pp. 9, 12.

The said

MR. DENNIS and MR. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works (the forecited Character, p. 5), do in concert[49] confess, "That some men of good understanding value him for his rhymes." And (p 17), "That he has got, like Mr. Bays in the Rehearsal (that is, like Mr. Dryden), a notable knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse."

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

"Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,
All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;
I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
Thy muse sublime, significant, and clear,
Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear," &c.

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote[50] to the unknown author on the first publication of the said Essay: "I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commenda-

[49] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place: "As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one man whatsoever. And these two Letters from Gildon will plainly show that we are not writers in concert with each other: 'Sir,—The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour.' 'Sir,—I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves, &c.—CH. GILDON.'

"Now, is it not plain that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?" Dennis, Rem. on the Dunc. p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

[50] In a letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.

tion, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of any weight anywhere, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner," &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! "A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation this Essay meets with.[51] I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had success infinitely beyond their merit. This, though an empty, has been a popular scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him reputation.[52] If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country, for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and show all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness; and more squandered away upon one object than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centred in him alone. But if I should venture to assure him, that the people of England had made such a choice, the reader would either believe me a malicious enemy, and slanderer, or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) ministry was designed by fate to encourage fools."[53]

But it happens, that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer of 200*l* from King George I., and 100*l*. from the Prince and Princess.

However, lest we imagine our author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. Dennis[54] ascribes to him two farces, whose names he does not tell, but he assures us that there is not one jest in them: and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works.[55] The *Daily Journal*, May 11, 1728, assures us, "He is below Tom Durfey in the drama, because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater Matched, and the Boarding-School, are better than the What-d'ye-call-

[51] Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism.
[52] Pref. to his Rem. on Homer.
[53] Rem. on Homer, pp. 8, 9.
[54] Ibid. p. 8.
[55] Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7

it;" which is not Mr. P.'s, but Mr. Gay's. Mr. Gildon assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48, "That he was writing a play of the Lady Jane Grey," but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe,"[56] which proved to be one of Dr. Wagstaffe's. Mr. Theobald assures us, in Mist of the 27th of April, "That the treatise of the Profound is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, "The whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver."[57] [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men, knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured, in Mist of June 8, "That his own plays and farces would better have adorned the Dunciad than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which, whether true or not, is not easy to judge, inasmuch as he hath attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: "Now, let any man judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the child?"[58]

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way him-

[56] Character of Mr. Pope, p. 6. [Dennis, in this "Character of Mr. Pope," charges the poet with having "secretly published the infamous libel of Dr. Andrew Tripe" upon Steele. There is no attack on Steele in the pamphlet ascribed to Tripe. He must have referred to the "Character of Richard St—le, Esq.," attributed to Dr. Wagstaffe, the reputed author of the "Letter from Dr. Andrew Tripe," both of which tracts are included in Wagstaffe's works, but strongly resemble Swift's satirical writings. In 1714, after Steele's disgrace, Swift and his friends—(the first having a personal as well as political enmity)—were very active in ridiculing him, and the most personal and bitter of these attacks is the Character of Steele. At the same time, Swift wrote two imitations of Horace, satirising Steele and Dennis—"Horace, Book I. Ep. V., John Dennis the Sheltering Poet's invitation to Richard Steele, the secluded party-writer and member, to come and live with him in the Mint;" and "Horace, Book II. Ode I. paraphrased, addressed to Richard Steele, Esq." We suspect it was the former of these satirical imitations of Horace, or some subsequent one of the same stamp now lost, that Dennis fathered upon Pope, who is not known to have written any imitation of Horace in 1716.]

[57] Gulliv. p. 336. [58] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 19.

self, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy.[59] If he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public.[60] The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: if it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless, most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, that his capacity was boundless, as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles and all arguments; and that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing, but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to choose whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.

[59] Burnet's Homerides, p. i. of his translation of the Iliad.

[60] The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking of the Odyssey.

## MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

### OF THE POEM.

This poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustathius, in Odyss. x. And, accordingly, Aristotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv., doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the hero, or chief personage of it, was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so), than any of the actors of our poem Margites was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the first; and surely, from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him was properly and absolutely a Dunciad; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey.

Now, forasmuch as our poet had translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost; and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and oil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land, whereby not only the peace of the honest, unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea, of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence of the press was such that it grew dangerous to refuse them either, for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers—a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

Now our author,[1] living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull and punish the wicked, the only way that was left. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely, Dulness and Poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory[2] (as the construction of epic poesy requireth), and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. He proceedeth to show the qualities they bestow on these authors,[3] and the effects they produce;[4] then the materials, or stock, with which they furnish them;[5] and, above all, that self-opinion[6] which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in some one great and remarkable action.[7] And none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, namely, the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness, their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world, as the action of the Æneid is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our author

[1] Vide Bossu, Du Poëme Epique, ch. viii.
[2] Bossu, ch. vii.
[3] Book i. v. 32, &c.
[4] Ver. 45 to 54
[5] Ver. 57 to 77.
[6] Ver. 80.
[7] Ibid. ch. vii. viii.

hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom, in the poet's mind, must have a name.[1] He finds it to be ——; and he becomes, of course, the hero of the poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers. The first concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second, the libellous novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering dedicator; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer; and so of the rest, assigning to each some proper name or other such as he could find.

As for the characters, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn. The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages would be exceeding difficult; and certain it is that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them "a parcel of poor wretches, so many silly flies;"[2] but adds, "our author's wit is remarkably more bare and barren whenever it would fall foul on Cibber than upon any other person whatever."

The descriptions are singular, the comparisons very quaint, the narration various, yet of one colour. The purity and chastity of diction is so preserved that, in the places most suspicious, not the words, but only the images, have been censured; and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up), yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors and approved critics.

[1] Bossu, ch. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. cap. ix.
[2] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. pp. 9, 12, 41.

As it beareth the name of epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe and indispensable rules as are laid on all neoterics, a stric imitation of the ancients, insomuch that any deviation, accompanie with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by th sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece ap peareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusion infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poe himself; yea, divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection—at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment without diminishing the imagination, which by good critics is held to be punctually at forty. For at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age, composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very acme and pitch of life for epic poesy, though since he hath altered it to sixty, the year in which he published his Alfred.[10] True it is that the talents for criticism—namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed, all but acerbity—seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age. But it is far otherwise in poetry. Witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who, beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled With good reason, therefore, did our author choose to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad.--P.

[10] See his Essays

# RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE

## HERO OF THE POEM.



F the nature of *Dunciad* in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the *Person* of the hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates. For, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men, and consequently that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence everything is to receive life and motion. For this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, a hero, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight. For sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we may apply to the Muse in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general: "Si Dii non irascuntur impiis, et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit."

Which in the vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just. For contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men, must at the same time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good; because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderness to the good." From this delicacy of the Muse arose the little Epic (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatic), and for this some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an example. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father of Epic poem himself affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring; who in the composition of their Tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a Satiric Tragedy. Happily one of these ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us amongst the tragedies of Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contention of an old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused, if for the future we consider the Epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete Tetralogy, in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the greater epic should be an honest man? or, as the French critics express it, *un honnête homme:*[1] but it never admitted of any doubt but that the hero of the little Epic should be just the contrary. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance of qualities, between the heroes of the two poems; and this in order to admit what neoteric critics call the Parody, one of the liveliest graces of the little Epic. Thus it being agreed, that the constituent qualities of the greater Epic hero are wisdom, bravery, and love, from whence springeth heroic virtue; it followeth, that those of the lesser Epic hero should be vanity, impudence, and de-

[1] Si un Héros Poétique doit être un honnête homme. Bossu, Du Poëme Epique, lib. v. ch. v.

bauchery, from which happy assemblage resulteth heroic dulness, the never-dying subject of this our Poem.

This being confessed, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will. And are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it?[2] "Let the world (will such a one say) impute to me what folly or weakness they please; but till wisdom can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be gazed at."[3] This, we see, is vanity according to the heroic gauge or measure, not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to virtues we have not, but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those vices which everybody knows we have. "The world may ask (says he) why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly with them."[4] In short, there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our *Dunciad*; namely, "Whether it would not be vanity in him to take shame to himself for not being a wise man?"[1]

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb, while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero is, that same courage all collected into the face. And as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the Æneis. But how? His bravery, we know, was a high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's, who having told us that he placed "his *summum bonum* in those follies, which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in," adds, "If I am misguided, 'tis Nature's fault, and I follow her."[5] Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it, which made his face "more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom," and his language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the name of God.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or as (Shakespear calls it), summer-teeming lust, and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers which our poet somewhere speaketh of. But when it is let alone to work upon the lees,

[2] Dedication to the Life of C. C.
[3] Life, p. 2, octavo ed.
[4] Life, p. 2, octavo ed
[5] Life, p. 23, ibid.

it acquireth strength by old age, and becometh a lasting ornament to the little Epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such a use, for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be so, even by him who best knoweth its value. 'Don't you think (argueth he), to say only a man has his whore, ought to go for little or nothing?[7] Because *defendit numerus*, take the first ten thousand men you meet, and I believe you would be no loser if you betted ten to one that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty.' But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself: the man is sure enough a hero who hath his lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a whole well-spent life, not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounteth the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs the same he was from the beginning,

— Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit. —

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero, let us further remark, that the calling her his whore, implieth she was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly a commendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded. For how much self-denial was exerted not to covet his neighbour's whore? and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculation) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines?[6]

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero. But it is not in any, or all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the greater Epic; so from vanity, impudence, and debauchery, springeth buffoonery, the source of ridicule, that 'laughing ornament,' as he well termeth it,[8] of the little Epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character, who deemeth that not reason but risibility, distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. 'As Nature (saith this profound philosopher) distinguished our species from the mute crea-

[6] Alluding to these lines in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:

"And has not Colley still his lord and whore,
His butchers Henley, his freemasons Moore?"

[7] Letter to Mr. P. p. 46. [8] Ibid. p. 31.

tion by our risibility, her design must have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our happiness, as by our *os sublime* (our erected faces) to lift the dignity of our form above them."[9] All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits? And whose *os sublime* is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head, as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late King of Sweden![10]

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas show us that all these are of small avail without the constant assistance of the gods; for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever, then, we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the great; who being the natural patrons and supporters of letters, as the ancient gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off and engaged in another interest before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and intimado of the great. And look of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger is modern incense, to engage the great in the party of Du[illegible]

Thus have [illegible]ed to portray or shadow out this noble Imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say if so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who seeth not in every trace of this picture, that individual, all-accomplished person, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus, indeed, nay, the world itself, might be imposed on in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what sham-hero or phantom; but it was not so easy to impose on him whom this egregious error most of all concerned. For no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognised his own heroic acts. And when he came to the words,

> "Soft on her lap her Laureate son reclines,"

(though Laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befitteth any associate or consort in empire) he loudly resented this indignity to violated majesty. Indeed, not without cause, he being

[9] Life, pp. 23, 24. [10] Letter, p. 8.

there represented as fast asleep; so misbeseeming the eye of empire, which, like that of Providence, should never doze nor slumber. "Hah! (saith he) fast asleep, it seems! that's a little too strong. Pert and dull, at least, you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool."[11] However, the injured hero may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death but of immortality. Here he will[12] live at least, though not awake, and in no worse condition than many an enchanted warrior before him. The famous Durandarte, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin, the British bard and necromancer; and his example for submitting to it with a good grace might be of use to our hero. For that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several persons of quality, only replied with a sigh, Patience, and shuffle the cards.[13]

But now, as nothing in this world—no, not the most sacred or perfect things either of religion or government—can escape the stings of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make a hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born and princes bred. What, then, did this author mean by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons (a person "never a hero even on the stage"[14]) to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden could entirely bring to pass?

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian: *Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ*—That every man is the smith of his own fortune. The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest. "Let him (saith he) but fancy himself capable of the highest things, and he will of course be able to achieve them." From this principle it follows that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragons himself: at one time, to Alexander the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition;[15] to Henry IV. of France, for honest policy;[16] to the first Brutus, for love of liberty;[17] and to Sir Robert Walpole for good government while in power.[18] At another time to the godlike Socrates, for his

[11] Letter, p. 53. [12] Ibid. p. 1.
[13] Don Quixote, part ii. book ii. ch. xxii.
[14] See Life, p. 148. [15] P. 149.
[16] P. 424. [17] P. 366. [18] P. 457.

diversions and amusements;[19] to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired;[20] to two Lord Chancellors for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence;[21] and, to say all in a word, to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters.[22]

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the Revolution[23] face to face in Nottingham, at a time when his betters contented themselves with following her. It was here he got acquainted with Old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes. But he shone in courts as well as camps. He was called up when the nation fell in labour of this Revolution,[24] and was a gossip at her christening with the bishop and the ladies.[25]

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen god or goddess, but, what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both.[26] And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault; for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought nobody's son at all.[27] And what is that but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had, even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men, and legitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion; for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior—a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman—a son of Phœbus in an harmonious poet, so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful gamester. And who fitter than the offspring of Chance to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is, in truth, another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well, that no man could be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero, this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of fortune and humour." But to this, also, we have an answer that will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself, who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

[19] Life, p. 18. [20] P. 425. [21] P. 436, 437.
[22] P. 52. [23] P. 17. [24] P. 57.
[25] P. 58, 59. [26] A Statuary. [27] Life, p. 6.

With regard to his vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. "Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in vanity—a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit nor the gravity of wisdom will ever persuade me to part with."[28] Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it; but he telleth us plainly, "My superiors, perhaps, may be mended by him; but, for my part, I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my follies as the best part of my fortune."[29] And with good reason. We see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to buffoonery, "Is it (saith he) a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my skin, I have often tried, but they stick too close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth, &c. &c."[30] Having, then, so publicly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law (I mean the law Epopœian), and devolveth upon the poet as his property; who may take him, and deal with him, as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero; that is to say, embowel and embalm him for posterity.

Nothing, therefore (we conceive), remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity, and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see alive. Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, MY DULNESS WILL FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT."[31]

[28] Life, p. 424. [29] P. 19. [30] P. 17. [31] P. 243, octavo edit.

# THE DUNCIAD:

TO

## DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

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## BOOK THE FIRST.

### ARGUMENT.

The proposition, the invocation, and the inscription. Then the original of the great empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The college of the goddess in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bayes to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire: after debating whether to betake himself to the Church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the goddess beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the poem of Thulé. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden the Poet Laureate, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him successor.

# THE DUNCIAD.

## BOOK I.



HE mighty mother, and her son, who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,

VARIATIONS

Ver. 1 *The mighty mother*, &c.] In the first edit. it was thus:

Books and the man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings.
Say great patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wond works -(so Jove and Fate require)--
Say, for what cause, in vain decried and curst,
Still——

IMITATIONS.

Say, great patricians! since youtselves inspire
These wondrous works——
Dii cœptis (nam vos mutastis et illas).—*Ovid. Met.* I.

REMARKS.

The *Dunciad*, sic MS. It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be spelled *Dunceiad*, as the etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*, therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual man of letters, the restorer of *Shakespear*, constantly observes the preservation of this very letter *e*, in spelling the name of his beloved author, and not like his common careless editors, with the omission of one, nay, sometimes of two *ee's* (as *Shakspear*) which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a single letter so trivial as to some it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learned language is an achievement that brings honour to the critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will be remembered to

I sing. Say you, her instruments the great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;

REMARKS.

posterity for his performances of this sort, as long as the world shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon."—*Theobald.*—P.

Though I have as just a value for the letter *e* as any grammarian living, and the same affection for the name of this poem as any critic for that of his author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet another *e* to it, and call it the *Dunceiade;* which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and vernacular. One *e* therefore in this case is right, and two *ee's* wrong. Yet upon the whole I shall follow the manuscript, and print it without any *e* at all; moved thereto by authority (at all times, with critics, equal, if not superior to reason). In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my good friend, the exact Mr Tho Hearne, who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the text with due reverence, and only remarks in the margin, *sic MS.* In like manner we shall not amend this error in the title itself, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention.—*Scriblerus.*—P.

This poem was writ in 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in 12mo; another at Dublin, and another at London in 8vo; and three others in 12mo the same year. But there was no perfect edition before that of London in 4to, 1728; which was attended with the following notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was presented to King George II. and his Queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9.—P.

It was expressly confessed in the preface to the first edition, that this poem was not published by the author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very hero of the poem hath been mistaken to this hour: so that we are obliged to open our notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his hero is the man

who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings.

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this prince conferred the honour of the laurel.

You by whose care, in vain decried and curst, 5
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;

REMARKS.

It appears as plainly from the apostrophe to the great in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great; whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true hero; who, above all other poets of his time, was the peculiar delight and chosen companion of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the earnest desire of persons of quality.

Lastly, the sixth verse affords full proof; this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a son so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him

Still Dunce the second reign'd like Dunce the first.—*Bentl.*—P.*

Ver. 1. *Her son who brings*, &c.] Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former critics and commentators on this work! It breaks forth at the very first line. The author of the critique prefixed to Sawney, a poem, p. 5, hath been so dull as to explain the man who brings, &c., not of the hero of the piece, but of our poet himself, as if he vaunted that kings were to be his readers; an honour, which though this poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modesty.

We remit this ignorant to the first lines of the Æneid, assuring him that Virgil there speaketh not of himself, but of Æneas:

> Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
> Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
> Littora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto, &c.

I cite the whole three verses, that I may, by the way, offer a conjectural emendation, purely my own, upon each: first *oris* should be read *aris*, it being, as we see Æn. ii. 513, from the altar of Jupiter Hercæus that Æneas fled as soon as he saw Priam slain. In the second line I would read *flatu* for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by winds that he arrived at the shore of Italy. *Jactatus*, in the third, is surely as improperly applied to *terris*, as proper to *alto*; to say a man is tossed on land, is much at one with saying he walks at sea. *Risum teneatis, amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *vexatus.*—*Scriblerus.*—P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 6. Alluding to a verse of Mr. Drydon, not in Mac Flecknoe (as is said ignorantly in the Key to the Dunciad, p. i.), but in his verses to Mr. Congreve,

And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.—P.

Say, how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.
  In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head, 10
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind, 15
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.
  Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.
  O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver! 20

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22 in the MS.

> Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
> Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

But this was to be understood, as the poet says, *ironice*, like the 23rd verse.—P.*

REMARKS.

Ver. 2. *The Smithfield Muses.*] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were, by the hero of this poem and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent Garden, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the Haymarket, to be the reigning pleasures of the Court and town. This happened in the reigns of King George I. and II. See Book iii.—P.

Ver. 12. *Daughter of Chaos, &c.*] The beauty of this whole allegory being purely of the poetical kind, we think it not our proper business, as a scholiast, to meddle with it, but leave it (as we shall in general all such) to the reader; remarking only that Chaos (according to Hesiod's Θεογονία) was the progenitor of all the gods.—*Scriblerus.*—P.

[The allegory is more directly taken from Milton, Par. Lost, b. ii.:

> There eldest Night
> And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
> Eternal anarchy.]

Ver. 14. *Famed as his sire, &c.*] A parody on a verse of Dryden, Æn. vii. 1044:

> Famed as his sire, and as his mother fair.—*Wakefield.*

Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind,
From thy Bœotia though her pow'r retires, 25
Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread,
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down, 30

VARIATIONS

Ver 29 *Close to those walls,* &c ] In the former edit thus

> Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag fair,
> A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air
> Keen hollow winds howl through the bleak recess
> Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness
> Here in one bed two shiv'ring sisters lie,
> The cave of Poverty and Poetry —P *

Var *Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag fair* ] Rag fair is a place near the Tower of London, where old clothes and trippery are sold —P.

> Var A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air,—
> Here in one bed two shiv'ring sisters lie
> The cave of Poverty and Poetry ]

Hear upon this place the forecited critic on the Dunciad "These lines (saith he) have no construction or are nonsense The two shivering sisters must be the sister caves of Poverty and Poetry, or the bed and cave of Poverty and Poetry must be the same [questionless, if they lie in one bed] and the two sisters the Lord knows who?" O the construction of grammatical heads! Virgil writeth thus, Æn i

> Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum
> Intus aquæ dulces vivoque sedilia saxo
> Nympharum domus

May we not say, in like manner, "The Nymphs must be the waters and the stones, or the waters and the stones must be the houses of the Nymphs?" *Insulse!* The second line, *Intus aquæ,* &c, is in a parenthesis (as are two lines of our author, "Keen, hollow winds," &c), and it is the *antrum,* and the yawning ruin, in the line before that parenthesis, which are the *domus* and the cave

Let me again I beseech thee, reader, present thee with another conjectural emendation on Virgil's *scopulis pendentibus* he is here describing a place, whither the weary mariners of Æneas repaired to

Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand,
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry

VARIATIONS

dress their dinner —*l ssi f uje que i cej tas Lt t niere parant flammis* What has *scopulis pendentibus* here to do? Indeed the *aquæ dulces* and *sedilia* are something sweet waters to drink and seats to rest on, the other is surely an error of the copyists Restore it without the least scruple *Populis prand ntibus*

But for this and a thousand more expect our Virgil Restored, some specimen whereof see in the Appendix —*Scriblerus* —P

REMARKS

Ver 24 *Or praise the court, or magnify mankind*] *Ironice*, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both —The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's copper coin in Ireland, which upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recall —P

Ver 26 *Mourn not my Swift at aught our realm acquires*] *Ironice iterum* The politics of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other Dr Swift of course was in the interest of the latter, our author of the former —P

Ver 28 *To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead*] The ancient Golden Age is by poets styled Saturnian as being under the reign of Saturn, but in the chemical language Saturn is lead —P

Ver 30 [*And laughs to think Monroe* Dr Monroe, physician to Bethlehem Hospital He died November 3, 1752]

Ver 31 *By his fam'd father's hand*] Mr Caius Gabriel Cibber, father of the poet laureate The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam Hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist —P *

Ver 34 *Poverty and Poetry*] I cannot here omit a reflection which will occur perpetually through this poem, and cannot but greatly endear the author to every one, who shall attentively observe that humanity and candour which everywhere appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad poets He here imputes all scandalous rhymes scurrilous weekly papers, lying news, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at court to ballads in the streets), not so much to malice or servility as to dulness, and not so much to dulness as to necessity And thus, at the very commencement of his satire, makes an apology for all that are to be satirised —P

Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess, 35
Emblem of music, caus'd by emptiness
Hence bards, like Proteus, long in vain tied down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town.



GABRIEL CIBBER

Hence miscellanies spring the weekly boast
Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post 40
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence journals, medleys, merc'ries, magazines

VARIATIONS

Ver 41 In the former lines,

> Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay
> Hence the soft sing song on Cecilia's Day,

alludes to the annual songs composed to music on St Cecilia's Feast, and those made by the poet laureate for the time being, to be sung at Court on every New Year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments P

IMITATIONS

Ver 41, 42 *Hence hymning Tyburn's—Hence*, &c ]

> Genus unde Latinum,
> Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.—*Virg. Æn* i.

Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year odes, and all the Grub-street race



TYBURN GATE

REMARKS

Ver 40 *Curll's chaste press and Lintot's rubric post* ] Two booksellers, of whom see book ii The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books, the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters

Ver 41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines* ] It is an ancient English custom for the malefactors to sing a psalm at their execution at Tyburn, and no less customary to print elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before —P

[Shakspeare has alluded, in Love's Labour Lost, to the gallows at Tyburn, and it existed as early as the time of Henry IV A few years before the date of the Dunciad Jack Sheppard was executed there, in the presence it is said, of about 200 000 persons The last execution that took place at Tyburn was in 1783 ]

Ver 42 *Magazines* ] The common name of those upstart collections in prose and verse, in which at some times,

New born nonsense first is taught to cry,

at others, dead-born Scandal has its monthly funeral, where Dulness

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone, 45
Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake: 50

REMARKS

assumes all the various shapes of folly to draw in and cajole the rabble. The eruption of every miserable scribbler, the scum of every dirty newspaper, or fragments of fragments picked up from every dunghill under the title of "Papers, Essays, Reflections, Confutations, Queries, Verses, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles," &c., equally the disgrace of human wit, morality, decency, and common sense.—P. W.

Ver. 43. *Sepulchral lies.*] Is a just satire on the flatteries and falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of churches in epitaphs. P.

Ver. 50. *Who hunger and who thirst, &c.*] "This is an allusion to a text in Scripture, which shows in Mr. Pope a delight in prophaneness," said Curll upon this place. But it is very familiar with Shakespeare to allude to passages of Scripture. Out of a great number I will select a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes the very texts from Holy Writ. In All's Well that Ends Well, "I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much skill in grass." Ibid. "They are for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire," Matt. vii. 13. In Much Ado about Nothing, "All, all, and moreover God saw him when he was hid in the garden." Gen. iii. 8 (in a very jocose scene). In Love's Labour Lost, he talks of Samson's carrying the gates on his back; in the Merry Wives of Windsor, of Goliath and the weaver's beam; and in Henry IV. Falstaff's soldiers are compared to Lazarus and the prodigal son. The first part of this

IMITATIONS

Ver. 45. *In clouded majesty.*]

The moon
Rising in clouded majesty. *Milton*, book iv.

Ver. 48. That knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears.]

Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent.—*Hor.*

Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep, 55
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to try, 60
Maggots half form'd in rhyme exactly meet
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.

REMARKS.

note is Mr. Curll's, the rest is Mr Theobald's, Appendix to Shakespear Restored, p. 144.—P.

[Warton justly adds, "It seems to be rather an odd and a weak defence of using a phrase of Scripture lightly and profanely, to say that Shakespear did so."]

Ver. 57. [*Till genial Jacob*. The celebrated bookseller, Jacob Tonson, secretary to the Kit-Cat Club, and who amassed a large fortune. He built Down Place, in Berkshire, a fine villa on the banks of the Thames, afterwards the property of the Duke of Argyll—and he had an estate, Ledbury, Herefordshire, where he died, March 18, 1736.]

*Ibid.* [*A warm third day* It was the custom, on the production of new plays, to appropriate the third, sixth, and ninth nights of their performance—if the piece ran so long—to the benefit of the author. Goldsmith, for example, made between four and five hundred pounds by his "nights" of She Stoops to Conquer. Gay obtained 693*l.* 13s. 6d. as his share of the receipts from the Beggar's Opera.]

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 55. Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings, &c.]

That is to say, unformed things, which are either made into poems or plays, as the booksellers or the players bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's Dispensary, cant. 6.

Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.—P.

Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;
There motley images her fancy strike, 65
Figures ill pair'd, and similes unlike.
She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance
How tragedy and comedy embrace;
How farce and epic get a jumbled race; 70
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.

REMARKS.

Ver. 63. *Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes.*] It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of Dulness out of the works of her sons, celebrated in the poem. A great critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence that he declared, "he that would pun would pick a pocket" Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind: "Alexander Pope hath sent abroad into the world as many bulls as his namesake Pope Alexander. Let us take the initial and final letters of his name, viz., A. P—E. and they give you the idea of an ape. Pope comes from the Latin word *popa*, which signifies a little wart; or from *poppysma*, because he was continually popping out squibs of wit, or rather *popysmata*, or *popysms*."—*Dennis on Hom. and Daily Journal*, June 11, 1728.—P.

Ver. 70, &c *How farce and epic - How Time himself*, &c.,] allude to the transgressions of the unities in the plays of such poets. For the miracles wrought upon Time, and Place, and the mixture of Tragedy and Comedy, Farce and Epic, see Pluto and Proserpine, Penelope, &c., if yet extant.—P.

Ver. 73. *Egypt glads with show'rs.*] In the Lower Egypt rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil. These six verses represent the inconsistencies in the descriptions of poets, who heap together all glittering and gaudy images, though incompatible in one season, or in one scene. See the Guardian, No. 40, par. 6. See also Eusden's whole works, if to be found. It would not have been unpleasant to have given examples of all these species of bad writing from these authors, but that it is already done in our Treatise of the Bathos.—*Scriblerus*.—P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 64. *And ductile Dulness.*] A parody on a verse in Garth's Dispensary, cant. i.:

How ductile matter new meanders takes.—P.

Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen, 75
There painted valleys of eternal green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
All these, and more, the cloud compelling queen
Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene. 80
She, tinsell'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fool's-colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave, 85
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 85, in the former editions:

'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.

Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720.—P.

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Ver. 83. Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fool's-colours gilds them all,

*i.e.* sets off unnatural conceptions in false and tumid expression.—W.

The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water. Cimon, the famous Athenian general, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and barbarians.—P.

Ver. 88. *Glad chains.*] The ignorance of these moderns! This was altered in one edition to "gold chains," showing more regard to the metal of which the chains of aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latinism and Græcism, nay, of figurative speech itself: *Lætas segetes*, glad, for making glad, &c.—*Scribl.*—P.

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Ver. 79. *The cloud-compelling queen.*] From Homer's epithet of Jupiter, νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς.—P.

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more. 90
Now mayors and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls 95
What City swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.

REMARKS.

Ver. 90 *But lived, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr. Addison:

> Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
> I look for streams immortalised in song,
> That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
> Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry;
> Yet run for ever by the Muses' skill,
> And in the smooth description murmur still.

*Ibid. But lived, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] Elkanah Settle was alive at this time, and poet to the City of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants: but that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place. This important point of time our poet has chosen as the crisis of the kingdom of Dulness, who thereupon decrees to remove her imperial seat. To which great enterprise, all things being now ripe, she calls the hero of this poem. Mr. Settle was once a writer in some vogue, particularly with his party; for he was the author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems; and being cried up on one side, succeeded not a little in his tragedy of the Empress of Morocco (the first that was ever printed with cuts). "Upon this he grew insolent, the wits writ against his play, he replied, and the town judged he had the better. In short, Settle was then a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the town, but the university of Cambridge was divided which to prefer: and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah."—*Dennis, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.*—P.

Ver. 98. *John Heywood*, whose Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.—P.

She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each sire impress'd and glaring in his son: 100
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Prynne in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;

REMARKS.

Ver. 103. *Old Prynne in restless Daniel.*] The first edition had it,

She saw in Norton all his father shine:

a great mistake; for Daniel De Foe had parts, but Norton De Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Prynne, both of whom wrote verses as well as politics; as appears by the poem *De jure divino*, &c., of De Foe, and by these lines in Cowley's Miscellanies, on the other:

One lately did not fear
(Without the Muses' leave) to plant verse here;
But it produced such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-
Rhymes, as e'en set the hearers' ears on edge:
Written by William Prynne, Esqui-re, the
Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty-three.
Brave Jersey Muse! and he's for his high style
Call'd to this day the Homer of the isle.

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been alike sentenced to the pillory.—P.

[Cowley, in the lines just quoted, does not mention the name of Prynne. The line stands,

"Written by ——, Esquire, the," &c.

Nor did Prynne arrive in Jersey until four years afterwards, 1647. It is plain however, that Cowley alluded to Prynne, who, in the Tower of London, had written some poems and inscriptions, and one of these, originally in Latin, he thus renders:

Of this opinion William Prynne was, the
Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty-three.

Cowley had misremembered the lines. See Notes and Queries, vol. xii. p. 67. Poor Prynne was imprisoned for nearly eight years—the two last in Jersey.]

Ver. 104. *And Eusden eke out*, &c.] Laurence Eusden, poet laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page, 105
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.



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works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cooke, in his Battle of the Poets, saith of him :

> Eusden, a laurell'd bard, by fortune rais'd,
> By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, pp. 413, 414, affirms, "That of all the Galimatias he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this poet, which have as much of the ridiculum and the fustian in them as can well be jumbled together, and are of that sort of nonsense, which so perfectly confounds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind." Further he says of him, "That he hath prophesied his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus; but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it, from what he hath lately published." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not spared a reflection, "That the putting the laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, will give futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and justice of those who bestowed it." Ibid. p. 417. But the

In each she marks her image full express'd,
But chief in Bayes's monster-breeding breast:

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Ver. 108. *But chief in Bayes's*, &c.] In the former ed. thus:

> But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding-breast;
> See gods with demons in strange league engage,
> And earth, and heaven, and hell her battles wage.
> She eyed the bard, where supperless he sate,
> And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
> Studious he sate, with all his books around,
> Sinking from thought to thought, &c.

Var. *Tibbald*,] author of a pamphlet entitled Shakespear Restored. During two whole years while Mr. Pope was preparing his edition of Shakespear, he published advertisements, requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this Restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design till after its publication (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a daily journal of Nov. 26, 1728). And then an outcry was made in the prints, that our author had joined with the bookseller to raise an extravagant subscription; in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publicly advertised in his own proposals for Homer. Probably that proceeding elevated Tibbald to the dignity he holds in this poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impute it to the share he had in the journals, cited among the testimonies of authors prefixed to this work.—P.

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well-known learning of that noble person, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have screened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any other's. It were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter:

> In rush'd Eusden, and cried, Who shall have it,
> But I, the true laureate, to whom the king gave it?
> Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
> But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name.
>
> *Session of Poets.*

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr. Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following epigram, made on that occasion:

Bayes, form'd by nature stage and town to bless,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with success. 110

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In merry old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet, and also his fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

Of Blackmore, see book ii.; of Philips, book i. v. 262, and book iii. *prope fin.*

Nahum Tate was poet laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.—P.

[Eusden succeeded Rowe as laureate in 1718. He was appointed through the influence of the Duke of Newcastle, who was then Lord Chamberlain, and he was some time chaplain to Lord Willoughby de Broke: he died rector of Coningsby, in Lincolnshire, in 1730. Pope's concluding remark, "Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned," evidently alludes to Addison's supposed assistance to Ambrose Philips.]

Ver. 106. *And all the mighty mad.*] This is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr. Dennis were really mad, according to the narrative of Dr. Norris in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies, vol. iii. No—it is spoken of that excellent and divine madness, so often mentioned by Plato; that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which Mr. D. hath, in his time, been highly possessed; and of those extraordinary hints and motions whereof he himself so feelingly treats in his preface to the Rem. on Pr. Arth. [See Notes on book ii. ver. 268.] —*Scriblerus.*—P.

*Ibid. And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.*] Mr. Theobald, in the Censor, vol. ii. N. 33, calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius. "The modern Furius is to be looked upon as more an object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this poor man (I wish that reflection on poverty had been spared) suffers by being contradicted, or, which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised; we should, in compassion, sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature.—Poor Furius (again) when any of his contemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the succour of the ancients. His very panegyric is spiteful, and he uses it for the

Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Remembering she herself was Pertness once

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same reason as some ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty, who would never have had their good word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their company His applause is not the tribute of his heart, but the sacrifice of his revenge" &c Indeed, his pieces against our poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his style may be satisfactory to the curious "A young, squab short gentleman, whose outward form, though it should be that of downright monkey, would not differ so much from human shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding —He is as stupid and as venomous as a hunch backed toad —A book through which folly and ignorance, those brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look very big and very dull, and strut and hobble cheek by jowl with their arms on kimbo, being led and supported and bully backed by that blind Hector, Impudence"—*Reflect on the Essay on Criticism* pp 26 29, 30

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this fury, they are so strong and so coercive "I regard him saith he, "as an enemy, not so much to me, as to my king, to my country to my religion, and to that liberty which has been the sole felicity of my life A vagary of fortune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicsome, and the epidemic madness of the times, have given him reputation, and reputation (as Hobbes says) is power, and that has made him dangerous Therefore I look on it as my duty to King George, whose faithful subject I am, to my country, of which I have appeared a constant lover, to the laws, under whose protection I have so long lived and to the liberty of my country, more dear to me than life of which I have now for forty years been a constant assertor &c I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do—you shall see what—to pull the lion's skin from this little ass, which popular error has thrown round him, and to show that this author, who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions"—*Dennis, Rem on Hom Pref* pp 2, 91, &c

Besides these public spirited reasons, Mr D had a private one, which, by his manner of expressing it in p 92 appears to have been equally strong He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the said Mr P "The story (says he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr Curll, my bookseller —However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his slander and his poison" Which last words of his book

**Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill run at play**
**Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:**

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plainly discover Mr. D.'s suspicion was that of being poisoned, in like manner as Mr. Curll had been before him: of which fact see A full and true Account of a Horrid and Barbarous Revenge, by Poison, on the Body of Edmund Curll, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm treatise, in which Mr. D. was also concerned, price twopence, called A true Character of Mr. Pope, and his Writings, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is said "to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases which he himself gave them, by administering poison to them;" and is called (p. 4) "a lurking waylaying coward, and a stabber in the dark." Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Christian people.

For the rest · Mr. John Dennis was the son of a saddler in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained some correspondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their letters. He made himself known to the Government by many admirable schemes and projects; which the ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr. Dennis is excellent at Pindaric writings, perfectly regular in all his performances, and a person of sound learning. That he is master of a great deal of penetration and judgment, his criticisms (particularly on Prince Arthur) do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears that he writ plays "more to get reputation than money."—*Dennis* of himself. See *Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets*, pp. 68, 69, compared with p. 286.—P.

Ver. 109. *Bayes, form'd by nature*, &c.] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity; he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened, according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our author. "Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever?" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that "he could not think himself so, nor believe that our poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to show his *wit*, or for some *profit* or *lucre* to himself."—*Life of C. C.*, chap. vii. and *Letter to Mr. P.*, pp. 15, 40, 53.—P.

Swearing and supperless the hero sate, 115
Blasphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate.
Then gnawed his pen, then dashed it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair. 120
Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
Much future ode, and abdicated play;

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Ver. 121. *Round him much embryo,* &c.] In the former editions thus:

> He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
> Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay;
> Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
> Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
> Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
> The page admires new beauties not its own.
> Here swells the shell, &c

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Ver. 113. *Shame to Fortune!*] Because she usually shows favour to persons of this character, who have a threefold pretence to it.—P.

Ver. 115. *Supperless the hero sate.*] It is amazing how the sense of this hath been mistaken by all the former commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the hero of the poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the hero of Homer's Odyssey is frequently in that circumstance, and, therefore, it can noway derogate from the grandeur of epic poem to represent such hero under a calamity, to which the greatest, not only of critics and poets, but of kings and warriors, have been subject. But much more refined, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author. It was to give us, obliquely, a curious precept, or what Bossu calls a *disguised sentence,* that "Temperance is the life of study." The

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Ver. He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay.]

> Round he throws his eyes,
> That witness'd huge affliction and dismay.—*Milt.* b. I.

The progress of a bad poet in his thoughts, being (like the progress of the Devil in Milton) through a chaos, might probably suggest this imitation.—P.

Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
That slipped through cracks and zig-zags of the head;
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget, 125
Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.
Next, o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug. 130
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
The frippery of crucified Molière;
There hapless Shakespear, yet of Tibbald sore,
Wished he had blotted for himself before.

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language of poesy brings all into action; and to represent a critic encompassed with books but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates, and often totally neglects for the greater improvement of the other.—*Scriblerus.*—P.

But since the discovery of the true hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was so natural, after so great a loss of money at dice, or of reputation by his play, as that the poet should have no great stomach to eat a supper? Besides, how well has the poet consulted his heroic character, in adding that he swore all the time?—*Bentl.*—P.*

Ver. 131. *Poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes.*—A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays.—P.*

Ver. 132. *The frippery.*] "When I fitted up an old play, it was as a good housewife will mend old linen, when she has not better employment."—*Life,* p. 217, 8vo.—P.*

Ver. 133. *Hapless Shakespear,* &c.] It is not to be doubted but Bayes was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespear. He was frequently liberal this way; and, as he tells us, "subscribed to Mr. Pope's Homer, out of pure generosity and civility; but when Mr. Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke."—*Letter to Mr. P.,* p. 24. This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespear, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8, "That to expose any errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other editor, he would still give above five hundred emendations, that *shall* escape them all."—P.*

Ver. 134. *Wish'd he had blotted.*] It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakespear, "that he never blotted a line." Ben

The rest on outside merit but presume, 135
Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own. 140



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Jonson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakespear would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the actors only (and especially the daring hero of this poem) have made on the *stage*, but the presumptuous critics of our days in their *editions*. – P.*

Ver. 135. *The rest on outside merit*, &c.] This library is divided into three parts; the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second, of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for show, or adorned with pictures; the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of divinity, old commentaries,

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Ver. 140. In the former edition.

The page admires new beauties not its own.]

Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.—*Virg. Geor.* II.

Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:
Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome 145
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

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Ver. 146 In the first edition it was

Well-purg'd, and worthy W—y, W—s, and Bl—.

And in the following altered to Withers, Quarles, and Blome, on which was the following note:

It was printed in the surreptitious editions W——ly, W——s, who were persons eminent for good life; the one writ the Life of Christ in verse, the other some valuable pieces in the lyric kind on pious subjects. The line is here restored according to its original.

[The persons referred to were the Rev. Samuel Wesley, father of the celebrated John Wesley, and Isaac Watts.]

"George Withers was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the

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old English printers, or old English translations; all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.—P.

Ver. 141 *Ogilby the great.*] "John Ogilby was one who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time, in sending into the world so many large volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil, done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures! And (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter."—*Winstanly, Lives of Poets.*—P.

Ver. 142. *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete.*] "The Duchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of poetry; leaving to posterity in print three ample volumes of her studious endeavours."—*Winstanly*, ibid. Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's, which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.—P.

Ver. 146. *Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City instead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy; though

But, high above, more solid learning shone,
The classics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide; 150

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vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him frequent correction. The Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him.—*Winstanly*. Quarles was a dull writer, but an honester man. Blome's books are remarkable for their cuts. —P.

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more successful in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive; Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. Those he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and thin prosaic, exactly imitated in Perolla and Isidora, Cæsar in Ægypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a serving-man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master, not entirely contemptible.—P.*

[John Banks was bred to the profession of the law. His tragedy, "The Unhappy Favourite, or the Earl of Essex," was brought out in 1682. Dryden wrote the prologue and epilogue, and Steele eulogised the play in the Tatler. Richard Broome, or Brome, wrote fifteen comedies, most of which were successful when produced. One of these, "The Jovial Crew," was revived in the time of Pope, and was well received. Broome died in 1632.]

Ver. 147. *More solid learning*.] Some have objected, that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bayes, which they imagine consisted of novels, plays, and obscene books; but they are to consider, that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the dry bodies of divinity, which, no doubt, were purchased by his father when he designed him for the gown. See the note on verse 200.—P.*

Ver. 149. *Caxton*.] A printer in the time of Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII.; Wynkyn de Worde, his successor, in that of Henry VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's Æneis, as a history; of which he speaks, in his Proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. "Happened that to my hande cam a lytyl book in frenche, whiche late was translated out of latyn by some noble clerke of fraunce, whiche booke is named *Eneydos* (made in latyn by that noble poete and grete clerk Vyrgyle) whiche booke I sawe over and redde therein, How after the generall destruc-

There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.
Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size, 155
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,

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cyon of the grete Troy, Eneas departed berynge his olde fader anchises upon his sholdres, his lytyl son yolas on his hande, his wyfe with moche other people followynge, and how he shipped and departed; wyth alle thystorye of his adventures that he had er he cam to the atchievement of his conquest of ytalye, as all alonge shall be shewed in this present booke In whiche booke I had grete playsyr, by cause of the fayr and honest termes and wordes in frenche, which I neuer sawe to fore lyke, ne none so playsaunt ne so well ordred; whiche booke as me semed sholde be moch requysite to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the hystoryes. How wel that many hondred yerys passed was the sayd booke of Eneydos wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis, specyally in ytalye and other places, which hystorye the sayd Vyrgyle made in metre." Tibbald quotes a rare passage from him in Mist's Journal of March 16, 1728, concerning a straunge and mervayllouse beaste called Sagittarye, which he would have Shakespear to mean rather than Teucer, the archer celebrated by Homer —P

[Old Caxton set up his printing press at Westminster, about the year 1474, and brought out a treatise on the Game of Chess, the first book printed in England. Three years before this, he had printed in Ghent "The Recuyell of the Histories of Troye," translated from the French. Before his death, in 1491, Caxton had translated, or written and "emprinted," about sixty different books.]

Ver. 153. *Nich. de Lyra*, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.—P.

He was born in Normandy, of Jewish parents, educated under some learned Rabbis, and for many years devoted to Judaism. He afterwards was converted to Christianity, and became a Cordelier at Verneuil, 1291. He taught with great reputation at Paris, and was made executor to the will of King Philip's Queen. He died in an advanced age, 1310.—*Warton*

Ver. 154. *Philemon Holland*, Doctor in Physic. "He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called Translator-general of his age. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a country gentleman a complete library."—*Winstanly*.—P.

Inspir'd he seizes: these an altar raise:
An hecatomb of pure, unsullied lays
That altar crowns: a folio common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base: 160
Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre;
A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.
Then he: Great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend, 165
With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,
E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
To the last honours of the butt and bays:

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Ver. 162. *A twisted,* &c.] In the former edition:

And last, a little Ajax tips the spire.

Var. *A little Ajax.*] In duodecimo, translated from Sophocles by Tibbald.—P.

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Ver. 167. *E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig.*] The first visible cause of the passion of the town for our hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottom'd periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the Fool in Fashion. It attracted, in a particular manner, the friendship of Colonel Brett, who wanted to purchase it. "Whatever contempt (says he) philosophers may have for a fine periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world, but to live in it, knew very well that so material an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial regard and benevolence than could possibly be hoped for in an ill-made one. This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of

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Ver. 166. *With whom my muse began, with whom shall end.*]

A te principium, tibi desinet.—*Virg. Ecl.* viii.
Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγετε, Μοῦσαι.—*Theoc.*
Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camœna.—*Hor.*

O thou! of bus'ness the directing soul!
To this our head like bias to the bowl, 170
Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light, 175
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 177. *Or, if to wit,* &c.] In the former editions thus:

> Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
> Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
> Where rebel to thy throne if science rise,
> She does but show her coward face and dies:
> There thy good scholiasts with unwearied pains,
> Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains:
> Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
> Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
> Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
> And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.
> For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
> Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
> Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
> My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;
> So gravest precepts may successless prove,
> But sad examples never fail to move.
> As forc'd from wind-guns, &c.—P.*

[There were other lines in this passage, edition 1729, which were subsequently transferred to the fourth book.]

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pleasure, first by a few familiar praises of her person, and then a civil inquiry into the price of it, and we finished our bargain that night over a bottle."—See *Life*, 8vo, p. 303. This remarkable periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.—P.*

[Nell Gwynne completed the conquest of Charles II. by a similar device. In ridicule of the French courtiers, Nell, in 1670, spoke the prologue to Dryden's Conquest of Granada in a broad-brimmed hat and waist-belt, which proved irresistible.]

Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead! 180
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
Me Emptiness and Dulness could inspire, 185
And were my elasticity and fire.
Some demon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
And once betray'd me into common sense:
Else all my prose and verse were much the same!
This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fallen lame. 190

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Var. *Nor sleeps one error—old puns restore, lost blunders,* &c.] As where he (Tibbald) laboured to prove Shakespear guilty of terrible anachronisms, or low conundrums, which time had covered; and conversant in such authors as Caxton and Wynkyn, rather than in Homer or Chaucer. Nay, so far had he lost his reverence to this incomparable author, as to say in print, "He deserved to be whipped." An insolence which nothing sure can parallel! but that of Dennis, who can be proved to have declared before company that Shakespear was a rascal. *O tempora! O mores!—Scriblerus.*—P.

Var. *And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.*] For some time, once a week or fortnight, he printed in Mist's Journal a single remark or poor conjecture on some word or pointing of Shakespear, either in his own name, or in letters to himself as from others without name. Upon these somebody made this epigram:

'Tis gen'rous, Tibbald! in thee and thy brothers,
To help us thus to read the works of others:
Never for this can just returns be shown;
For who will help us e'er to read thy own?—P.

Var. *Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays.*] As to Cooke's Hesiod, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even half a note, are carefully owned by him. And to Moore's comedy of the Rival Modes,

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Ver. 181. *As, forc'd from wind-guns,* &c.] The thought of these four verses is found in a poem of our author's of a very early date (namely, written at fourteen years old, and soon after printed) to the author of a poem called Successio.—P.

Did on the stage my fops appear confined?
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
The brisk example never failed to move.
Yet sure had Heaven decreed to save the state, 195
Heaven had decreed these works a longer date.
Could Troy be saved by any single hand,
This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide? 200

VARIATIONS.

and other authors of the same rank. These were people who writ about the year 1720.—P.

Ver. 195. *Yet sure had Heaven*, &c.] In the former editions thus:

> Had Heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
> Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grub-street state,
> But see great Settle to the dust descend,
> And all thy cause and empire at an end!
> Could Troy be saved, &c.—P.*

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Ver. 199. *My Fletcher.*] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern critics of a favourite author. Bayes might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon cher Cicéron! je le connois bien; c'est le même que Marc Tulle." But he had a better pride to call Fletcher his own, having made so free with him.—P.

Ver. 200. *Take up the Bible, once my better guide?*] When, according to his father's intention, he had been a clergyman, or (as he thinks himself) a bishop of the Church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of King James, the Prince of

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Ver. 195. *Had Heav'n decreed*, &c.]

> Me si cœlicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,
> Has mihi servâssent sedes.—*Virg. Æn.* ii.

Ver. 197, 198. *Could Troy be sav'd—This grey-goose weapon.*]

> Si Pergama dextra
> Defendi possent, etiam hâc defensâ fuissent.—*Virg. ibid.*



Or tread the path by venturous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right hand my god?
Or chaired at White's amidst the Doctors sit,
Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
Or bidst thou rather party to embrace? 205
(A friend to party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist;
To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)
Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the common weal? 210
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?

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Orange, and myself were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine, till theirs were determined; but had my father carried me a month sooner to the University, who knows but that purer fountain might have washed my imperfections into a capacity of writing, instead of plays and annual odes, sermons and pastoral letters?"—*Apology for his Life*, c. iii.—P.*

[Cibber received his education at Winchester, being sent there, as Mr. Bowles observes, with the view of succeeding to a Fellowship of New College.]

Ver. 203. *At White's amidst the Doctors*] These doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of overbearing; but, like true Masters of Arts, were only habited in black and white. They were justly styled *subtiles* and *graves*, but not always *irrefragabiles*, being sometimes examined, and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open. —*Scriblerus.*—W.

This learned critic is to be understood allegorically. The doctors in this place mean no more than false dice, a cant phrase used amongst gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, Shall I play fair or foul?—P.*

Ver. 208. *Ridpath—Mist*]* George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper called the Flying Post; Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory journal.—P.

Ver. 211. *Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories*] relates to

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Ver. 202. *This box my thunder, this right hand my god.*]

Dextra mihi Deus, et telum quod missile libro.
*Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius.*—W.

Hold—to the minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O queen! is serving thine.
And see! thy very gazetteers themselves give o'er, 215
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 213. *Hold—to the minister.*] In the former editions thus:

> Yes, to my country, I my pen consign,
> Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine.—P.*

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the well-known story of the geese that saved the Capitol; of which Virgil, *Æn.* VIII.:

> Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
> Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose sings? *canebat.* Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in *Ecl.* IX.:

> —— argutos interstrepere anser olores.

Read it, therefore, *adesse strepebat.* And why *auratis porticibus?* Does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

> Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.

Is this thatch in one line, and gold in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it *auritis.* Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

> —— Auritas fidibus canoris
> Ducere quercus.

And to say that walls have ears is common even to a proverb.—*Scriblerus.*—P.

Ver. 212. *And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?*] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingenuously confesses of himself, is true of all party-writers whatsoever: "That he defends the supreme powers, as the geese by their cackling defended the Romans who held the Capitol, for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, their enemies, but were as ready to have defended the Gauls if they had been possessed of the Capitol."—*Epist. Dedic. to the Leviathan.*—W.

Ver. 215. *Gazetteers.*] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the

What then remains? Ourself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen brightness, to the squire so dear;
This polished hardness, that reflects the peer: 220
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This mess, tossed up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the bear and fiddle of the town.
O born in sin, and forth in folly brought! 225
Works damp'd, or to be damn'd (your father's fault)!

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Ver. 225. *O born in sin*, &c.] In the former editions thus·

> Adieu, my children! better thus expire
> Unstall'd, unsold, thus glorious mount in fire,
> Fair without spot; than greased by grocer's hands,
> Or shipp'd with Ward to ape-and monkey lands,
> Or waiting ginger, round the streets to go,
> And visit ale-house, where ye first did grow
> With that he lilted thrice the sparkling brand,
> And thrice he dropp'd it, &c.

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price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316; who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in politics.—P.*

Ver. 218. *Cibberian forehead.*] So, indeed, all the MSS. read; but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the laureate being elsewhere celebrated by our poet for his great *modesty—modest Cibber.* Read, therefore, at my peril, *Cerberian forehead.* This is perfectly classical, and, what is more, *Homerical;* the *dog* was the ancient, as the *bitch* is the modern, symbol of impudence. (Κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, says Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in a superlative degree, may well be denominated from *Cerberus*, the *Dog with three heads.* But as to the latter part of this verse, *Cibberian brain*, that is certainly the genuine reading.—*Bentley*.—W.

Ver. 225. *O born in sin*, &c.] This is a tender and passionate

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Var. *And visit ale-house.*] Waller on the navy:

> Those tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains may go,
> And visit mountains where they once did grow.

Go, purified by flames, ascend the sky,
My better and more Christian progeny!
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230
Ye shall not beg like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a pass, and vagrant through the land;
Not sail with Ward, to ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:

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apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting, like a parent, on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.—P.

Ver 228. *My better and more Christian progeny!*] "It may be observable that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific; that the one was seldom the mother of a child, but in the same year the other made me the father of a play. I think we had a dozen of each sort between us; of both of which kinds some died in their infancy," &c —*Life of C. C*, p. 217, 8vo edition—P.*

Ver 231. *Gratis-given Bland—Sent with a pass.*] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer), and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom.—P.* [Dr. Bland, Provost of Eton.]

Ver. 233. *With Ward, to ape-and-monkey climes.*] "Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public-house in the City (but in a genteel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale), afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the High Church party."—*Jacob, Lives of Poets*, vol. ii. p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly sold into the plantations. Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public-house was not in the City, but in Moorfields.—P.

[Mr. Bowles quotes Ward's reply: "The only excuse made in the Preface to the Dunciad for the scurrilous liberties taken by the author of that murderous poem, is, that no man living is attacked,

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Ver. 229. *Unstain'd, untouch'd*, &c.]

Fœlix Priamëia virgo!
Jussa mori: quæ fortitus non pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
Nos, patria incensa, diversa per æquora vectæ, &c.
*Virg. Æn.* iii.—P.

Not sulphur-tipp'd, emblaze an alehouse fire; 235
Not wrap up oranges, to pelt your sire!
O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate:



SHADWELL.

...got, at once be blest
In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest! 240

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who had not before printed and published against this particular gentleman, meaning the author. This apology, at first sight, may seem to the friendly reader no less than reasonable; but, in short, his unguarded assertion, though expressed in positive terms, without the least exception, happens to fall under the misfortune of being utterly false; for the author of the following poem (against Pope, under the name of Durgen), in answer to his general charge, does solemnly protest that he never, till now, wrote a line that could give to the little gentleman the least provocation."]

Ver. 238, 240. *Tate—Shadwell.*] Two of his predecessors in the Laurel.—P.

Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
Where things destroyed are swept to things unborn.
With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
Stole from the master of the sevenfold face:
And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand, 245
And thrice he dropp'd it from his quivering hand;
Then lights the structure with averted eyes:
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns; 250

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Ver. 250. *Now flames the Cid*, &c.] In the former editions thus:

Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire
Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
When the last blaze, &c.

Var. Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire.]

Memnon, a hero in the Persian Princess, very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines, with which he begins the play:

By Heaven it fire my frozen blood with rage,
And makes it sca my aged trunk.

Rodrigo, the chief personage of the Perfidious Brother (a play

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Ver. 243. *With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)* &c.] It is to be observed that our poet hath made his hero, in imitation of

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Ver. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand.*] Ovid, of Althæa on a like occasion, burning her offspring.

Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
Cœpta quater tenuit.

Ver. 250. *Now flames the Cid*, &c.]

Jam Deïphobi dedit ampla ruinam,
Vulcano superante domus; jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.

Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires:
King John in silence modestly expires:
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Molière's old stubble in a moment flames.

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written between Tibbald and a watchmaker) The Rape of Proserpine, one of the farces of this author, in which Ceres, setting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the playhouse.—P.

Var. *And last, his own cold Eschylus took fire*] He had been (to use an expression of our poet) about Eschylus for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same, but then went about other books. The character of this tragic poet is fire and boldness in a high degree, but our author supposes it very much cooled by the translation; upon sight of a specimen of which was made this epigram:

> Alas! poor Eschylus! unlucky dog!
> Whom once a lobster kill'd, and now a log.

But this is a grievous error, for Eschylus was not slain by the fall of a lobster on his head, but of a tortoise, *teste*. Val. Max. l. ix. cap. 12.—*Scribl.*—P.

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Virgil's, obnoxious to the tender passions. He was indeed so given to weeping, that he tells us, when Goodman the player swore, if he did not make a good actor, he'd be damned, "the surprise of being commended by one who had been himself so eminent on the stage, and in so positive a manner, was more than he could support. In a word (says he) it almost took away my breath, and (laugh if you please) fairly drew tears from my eyes."—P. 149 *of his Life*, 8vo.—W.

Ver. 250. *Now flames the Cid*, &c.] In the first notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this author was particularly excellent at tragedy. "This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could not dance on a rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four tragedies (the names of which the poet preserves in these few lines). The three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed, in fear of the like treatment.—P.

Ver. 253. *The dear Nonjuror—Molière's old stubble.*] A comedy threshed out of Molière's Tartuffe, and so much the translator's fa-

Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes, 255
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.
  Roused by the light, old Dulness heaved the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulè from her bed;

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vourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from disaffection to the government:

> Qui méprise Cotin, n'estime point son Roi,
> Et n'a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi.—*Boil.*

He assures us, that "when he had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand upon presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously pleased, out of his royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this he doubts not grieved Mr. P."—P.

Ver. 256. *When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.*] See Virgil, *Æn.* ii., where I would advise the reader to peruse the story of Troy's destruction, rather than in Wynkyn. But I caution him alike in both to beware of a most grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what Trojan horse; there never having been any such thing. For, first, it was not Trojan, being made by the Greeks, and, secondly, it was not a horse, but a mare. This is clear from many verses in Virgil:

> Uterumque armato milite complent.
> Inclusos utero Danaos——

Can a horse be said *utero gerere?* Again:

> Uteroque recusso,
> Insonuêre cavæ
> —— Atque utero sonitum quater arma dedêre.

Nay, is it not expressly said,

> Scandit fatalis machina muros
> Fœta armis.

How is it possible the word *fœta* can agree with a horse? And, indeed, can it be conceived that the chaste and virgin goddess Pallas would employ herself in forming and fashioning the male of that species? But this shall be proved to a demonstration in our Virgil Restored.—*Scribl.*—P.

Ver. 258. *Thulè.*] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed, many years ago, by Amb. Philips, a northern author. It is a usual method of putting out a fire to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet



"Roused by the light, old Dulness heaved the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulè from her bed."

THE DUNCIAD, *book* i. *lines* 257, 258.

[*Page* 82.

Sudden she flies and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire. 260
Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and mayors
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred dome: 265
Well pleased he enter'd, and confessed his home.
So spirits ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognise their native place.

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Ver. 262. *A veil of fogs,* &c.] He had his eye on a couplet of Dryden, in Mac Flecknoe, a couplet of incomparable elegance:

> His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace;
> And lambent dulness play'd around his face.—*Wakefield.*

After ver. 268, in the former editions, followed these two lines:

> Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
> And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.

Var. *And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.*] He writ a poem called the Cave of Poverty, which concludes with a very extraordinary wish, "That some great genius, or man of distinguished merit, may be starved, in order to celebrate her power, and describe her cave." It was printed in 8vo, 1715.—P.

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was of the nature of the asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire: but I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.—P.

[The "sheet" is a fragment of about a hundred lines, first published in the Freethinker, and now included in Philips's Poems. It exhibits his usual soft and pleasing style of versification, but wants vigour.]

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Ver. 263. Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and mayors
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.]

> Alma parens confessa Deam; qualisque videri
> Cœlicolis, et quanta solet.—*Virg. Æn.* ii.
>
> Et lætos oculis afflavit honores.—*Ibid. Æn.* i.—P.

This the great mother dearer held than all
The clubs of quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall: 270
Here stood her opium, here she nursed her owls,
And here she planned th' imperial seat of fools.
Here to her chosen all her works she shows;
Prose swelled to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find, 275
Now leave all memory of sense behind:
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away:
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail: 280
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille, 285
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

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Ver. 265. *Sacred dome.*] Where he no sooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original, as Plato says the spirits shall, at their entrance into the celestial regions.—P.

Ver. 269. *Great mother.*] *Magna mater*, here applied to Dulness. The *Quidnuncs*, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were constantly inquiring *quid nunc?*—what news?—P.

Ver. 286. *Tibbald.*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney (says Mr Jacob) of Sittingbourne in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Censor, and a translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious

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Ver. 269. *This the great mother, &c.*]

> Urbs antiqua fuit——
> Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
> Posthabitâ coluisse Samo: hic illius arma,
> Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus esse
> (Si qua fata sinant) jam tum tenditque fovetque.
>
> *Virg. Æn.* i.—P.

The goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a Heideggre and owl), 290

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idiot, one hight Whachum, who, from an under-spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper to the playhouse, who hath lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called the Censor." —*Dennis Rem. on Pope's Hom.* pp. 9, 10.

Ibid. *Ozell.*] "Mr John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts, in the City, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays."—*Jacob, Lives of Dram Poets*, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of September 20, 1729, in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. "As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and everybody knows, that the whole bench of bishops, not long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas, for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common Prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland show better verses in all Pope's works, than Ozell's version of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. &c. Let him show better and truer poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket (*la Secchia rapita*). And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so likewise superior to Pope's. Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country!"—*John Ozell.*—We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies as those of the bench of bishops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.—P.

[The union of Toland with the bench of bishops—he being a well-known infidel—is ridiculous enough. Yet Toland deserves credit for having preserved some characteristic traits and information relative to Milton. Ozell, "well known for his translations," as the obituary notices record it, died October 7, 1743.]

Ver. 290. *A Heideggre.*] A strange bird from Switzerland, and

Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest, 295
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
With fool of quality, completes the quire.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 293 *Know, Eusden, &c.*] In the former editions [1729] thus:

> Know, Settle cloy'd with custard, and with praise,
> Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
> Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
> Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest
> I see a king! who leads my chosen sons,
> To lands that flow with clenches and with puns.
> Till each fam'd theatre my empire own,
> Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne!
> I see! I see!—Then rapt she spoke no more
> God save King Tibbald! Grub-street alleys roar.
> So when Jove's block, &c

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not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person, who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*. —P.—[See Additional Notes.]

Ver. 296. *Withers.*] See on ver. 116.

Ibid *Gildon.*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St Omer's with the Jesuits, but, renouncing Popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the Oracles of Reason, &c He signalised himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. P very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr Wycherley, printed by Curll; in another, called the New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes; and others.—P.

Ver. 297. *Howard.*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.—P.

Ver. 298. [In the first edition there was here a sarcastic allusion to Lord Hervey.—See Additional Notes at the end of the poem.]

Thou, Cibber! thou, his laurel shalt support,
Folly, my son, has still a friend at court. 300
Lift up your gates, ye Princes, see him come!
Sound, sound ye viols, be the cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
And thou! his aide-de-camp, lead on my sons, 305
Light-arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the king. 310
"O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;

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Ver. 309, 310. *Under Archer's wing,—Gaming,* &c.] When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the king, by ancient custom, plays at hazard one night in the year, and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the groom-porter had a room appropriated to gaming all the summer the court was at Kensington, which his Majesty, accidentally being acquainted of, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the court resides, and the hazard-table there open to all the professed gamesters in town.

Greatest and justest sov'reign! know you this?
Alas! no more than Thames' calm head can know
Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow.
*Donne to Queen Eliz.*—P.

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Ver. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.*]

Quorum Imagines lambunt,
Hederæ sequaces —*Pers.*—W.

Ver. 311. *O! when shall rise a monarch,* &c.] Boileau, Lutrin, Chant. II.:

Helas! qu'est devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,
Où les rois s'honoroient du nom de Fainéans, &c.

Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band, 315
And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land:
Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine."



COLLEY CIBBER.

She ceased. Then swells the chapel-royal throat:
God save King Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note. 320
Familiar White's, God save King Colley! cries;
God save King Colley! Drury-lane replies:

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Ver. 319. *Chapel-royal.*] The voices and instruments used in the service of the Chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the Birth-day and New-year Odes.—P.*

To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropp'd the name of God;
Back to the Devil the last echoes roll, 325
And Coll! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
So when Jove's block descended from on high
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)

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Ver. 324. *But pious Needham*.] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy; for, being convicted and set in the pillory [in 1731], she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill-used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.—P.*

Ver. 325. *Back to the Devil*.] The Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street, where these odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at Court.—P.

Ver. 326. *Hockley-hole*. [A place near Clerkenwell-green, kept for bear-baiting, boxing matches, and other coarse amusements and exhibitions.]

Ver. 328. *Ogilby*)—*God save King Log!*] See Ogilby's Æsop's Fables, where, in the story of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemistic is to be found.

Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the bad writers. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ, which shows how candid and patient a reader he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than these words in the preface to his Poems, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness towards these unlucky men by the most moderate representation of their case that has ever been given by any author? "Much may be said to extenuate the fault of bad poets: what we call a genius is hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a prevalent inclination: and if it be never so great, he can at first discover it no other way than by that strong propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. He has no other method but to make the experiment by writing, and so appealing to the judgment of others: and if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made the object of ridicule! I wish we had the humanity to reflect that even the worst authors might endeavour to please us, and in that endeavour, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting, and even that may admit of alleviating

Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log! 330

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circumstances. For their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere, and the rest of the world too well-bred to shock them with a truth which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of."

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct, and constant fate, in the following epigram:

> Ye little wits, that gleam'd awhile,
> When Pope vouchsafed a ray,
> Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
> How soon ye fade away!
>
> To compass Phœbus' car about,
> Thus empty vapours rise:
> Each lends his cloud, to put him out,
> That rear'd him to the skies.
>
> Alas! those skies are not your sphere,
> There he shall ever burn:
> Weep, weep, and fall! for earth ye were,
> And must to earth return.—P.

# BOOK THE SECOND.

## ARGUMENT.

The king being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games, and sports of various kinds: not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c., were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss. xxiv., proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a poetess. Then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: the first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the critics, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verse and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth, till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep, which naturally and necessarily ends the game.



High on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
Henley's gilt tub, or Flecknoe's Irish throne,

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Two things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported: the first, that an author could never fail to use the best word on every occasion; the second, that a critic cannot choose but know which that is. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could never have used it; and, secondly, that he must have used that very one which we conjecture in its stead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus:

> Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
> And the loud nation croak'd, God save King Log!

He has, with great judgment, transposed these two epithets; putting hoarse to the nation, and loud to the thunder: and this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former; for which assertion of the just right of a critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all sound commentators.—P.

Ver. 2. *Henley's gilt tub*] The pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it is this extraordinary inscription: "The Primitive Eucharist." See the history of this person, book iii.—P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. *High on a gorgeous seat*] Parody of Milton, book ii.:

> High on a throne of royal state, that far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
> Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
> Satan exalted sate.—P.

Or that where on her Curlls the public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden showers,
Great Cibber sate: the proud Parnassian sneer, 5
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face. 10
So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns
Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their horns.
  Not with more glee, by hands pontific crowned,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit, 15
Throned on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.

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Ibid. *Or Flecknoe's Irish throne.*] Richard Flecknoe was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Défaite des Bouts Rimés of Sarazin.—P.

Ver. 3. *Or that where on her Curlls the public pours.*] Edmund Curll stood in the pillory at Charing Cross, in March, 1727-8. "This (saith Edmund Curll) is a false assertion—I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the gentlemen of the long robe are pleased jocosely to call mounting the rostrum for one hour: but that scene of action was not in the month of March, but in February." (*Curliad*, 12mo, p. 19.) And of the history of his being tossed in a blanket, he saith, "Here, Scriblerus! thou leesest in what thou assertest concerning the blanket: it was not a blanket, but a rug."—P. 25. Much in the same manner Mr. Cibber remonstrated, that his brothers at Bedlam (mentioned book i.) were not brazen, but blocks; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that noway altered the relationship.—P.*

Ver. 15. *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit.*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel; a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
They summon all her race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land. 20
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
All who true dunces in her cause appear'd, 25
And all who knew those dunces to reward.
Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall Maypole once o'erlooked the Strand,
But now (so Anne and Piety ordain)
A church collects the saints of Drury-lane. 30
With authors, stationers obey'd the call,
(The field of glory is a field for all.)
Glory and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A poet's form she placed before their eyes, 35
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;

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a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the poet himself was so transported as to weep for joy.[1] He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. Paulus Jovius, Elog. Vir. Doct., chap. lxxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolusions.—P.

[The good fortune of this Italian Mac Flecknoe did not continue to the end of his life. He returned to Naples after the taking of Rome, and died in an hospital.]

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Ver. 35. *A poet's form she placed before their eyes.*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, *Æn.* x.:

> Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem sine viribus umbram
> In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum!)
> Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubasque
> Divini assimilat capitis——
> —— Dat inania verba,
> Dat sine mente sonum.

[1] See Life of C. C., chap. vi. p. 149.

No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun nightgown of his own loose skin,
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starv'ling bards of these degenerate days  40
All as a partridge plump, full fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-bodied air;
With pert, flat eyes she window'd well its head,
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead,
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,  45
But senseless, lifeless! idol, void and vain!
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit,
So like, that critics said and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More  50

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Ver 47 *Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit*] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of Dulness making a Wit (which could be done no other way than by chance) The fiction is the more reconciled to probability, by the known story of Apelles, who, being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, dashed his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke —P

Ver 50 *And call'd the phantom More*] Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James Moore Smythe Esq, and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the Testimonies) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to pass for one himself His case indeed, was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief "Sir (said the thief, finding himself detected), do not expose me, I did it for mere want, be so good as to take it privately out of my pocket again and say nothing." The honest man did so, but the other cried out, "See,

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The reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit with their allegorical application here to a plagiary There seems to me a great propriety in this episode, where such an one is imaged by a phantom that eludes the grasp of the expecting bookseller —P.

Ver 39. *But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise*]

Vix illud lecti bis sex——
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus —*Virg. Æn.* xii —P

All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
Others, a sword-knot and laced suit inflame.

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gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! Look, he is stealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. Arbuthnot a paper called an Historico-physical account of the South Sea; and of Mr. Pope, the Memoirs of a Parish Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr Young, F. Billers, Esq., and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it, unguardedly printing (in the Daily Journal of April 3, 1728) "That the contempt which he and others had for those pieces (which only himself had shown and handed about as his own) occasioned their being lost, and for that cause only not returned." A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following epigram:

> More always smiles whenever he recites;
> He smiles (you think) approving what he writes.
> And yet in this no vanity is shown,
> A modest man may like what's not his own.

This young gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by Mr. Savage, son of the late Earl Rivers, who, having shown some verses of his in manuscript to Mr. Moore, wherein Mr. Pope was called first of the tuneful train, Mr. Moore the next morning sent to Mr. Savage to desire him to give those verses another turn; to wit, "That Pope might now be the first, because Moore had left him unrivalled in turning his style to comedy." This was during the rehearsal of the Rival Modes, his first and only work; the town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modest motto,

*Hic cæstus, artemque repono.*

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author, are, An Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim, by Dr. Evans; Cosmelia, by Mr. Pitt, Mr. Jones, &c.; the Mock Marriage of a Mad Divine, with a Cl— for a parson, by Dr. W.; the Sawpit, a Simile, by a Friend; certain physical works of Sir James Baker; and some unowned

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose:
"This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
With me began this genius, and shall end." 55
He spoke: and who with Lintot shall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curll; "Behold that rival here!

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letters, advertisements, and epigrams against our author in the Daily Journal.

Notwithstanding what is here collected of the person imagined by Curll to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion, since our poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself, which every reader had done for him; since the name itself is not spelled Moore, but More; and, lastly, since the learned Scriblerus has so well proved the contrary.—P.

[The Sawpit, a Simile, is printed with the name of James Moore as author in Curll's "Atterburyana, being Miscellanies," &c, 1727. Curll says, "The enclosed Simile I this instant received by the post;" and, in the contents, he refers to it as "Simile, by James Moore, Esq." In the same volume, Curll prints Gay's recipe for making soup, "Take a knuckle of veal," &c, which he introduces as follows: "*Postscript*.—Just arrived from Twickenham (as I am assured), Mr. Pope's receipt to make soup—for the use of Dean Swift."]

Ver. 50. *The phantom More.*] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious. More from μῶρος, stultus, μωρία, stultitia, to represent the folly of a plagiary. Thus Erasmus, "Admonuit me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moriæ vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus." Dedication of Moriæ Encomium to Sir Tho. More; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiary, "Vale, More! et moriam tuam graviter defende." Adieu, More! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly.—*Scribl.* —P.

Ver. 53. *But lofty Lintot.*] We enter here upon the episode of the booksellers—persons whose names, being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising, just in this manner, to lay hold on a bull. This eminent bookseller printed the Rival Modes before mentioned. —P.

Ver. 58. *Stood dauntless Curll*] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curll. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it

The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won;
So take the hindmost, Hell." He said, and run. 60

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ever before had arrived at, and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the State, the Church, and the Law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity. He speaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is favoured of the gods; he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter: though he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetical. After this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curll some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings: witness innumerable instances; but it shall suffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from her to him, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him: so true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, "that any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse, for having but seen or spoken to a good or bad man."—P.

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Ver. 60. *So take the hindmost, Hell.*]

Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est.
*Hor. de Arte.*—P.

Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and outstripp'd the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops,
So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head, 65
Wide as a windmill, all his figure spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.

IMITATION.

Ver. 61, &c. Something like this is in Homer, Il. x. ver. 220, of Diomed. Two different manners of the same author in his similes are also imitated in the two following: the first, of the bailiff, is short, unadorned, and (as the critics well know) from familiar life; the second, of the waterfowl, more extended, picturesque, and from rural life. The 59th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer. —P.

Ver. 64, 65. On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops,
So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head.]

So eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
*Milton*, book ii. —P.

Ver. 67, 68. With arms expanded, Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.]

Milton, of the motion of the swan,

Rows
His state with oary feet.

And Dryden, of another's, "*With two left legs.*" W.

[Jacob Tonson having refused Dryden some payment on account of Virgil, the poet is said to have sent him these verses:

With leering look, bull-faced and freckled fair,
With two left legs, with Judas-colour'd hair,
And frowsy pores that taint the ambient air.

"Tell the dog," said Dryden to the messenger, "that he who wrote them can write more;" and the story runs that the money was paid accordingly.]

Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which Curll's Corinna chanced that morn to make: 70
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop,)
Here fortuned Curll to slide; loud shout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd, 75
Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:

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Ver. 70 *Curll's Corinna.*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. T—— [Mrs Eliz. Thomas], who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen to Curll, who printed them in 12mo 1727 [October, 1726]. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.—P.

Ver. 75. *Obscene with filth*, &c.] Though this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an Epic poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil; the very words ὄνθος and *fimus* are used by them, though our poet (in compliance to modern nicety) has remarkably enriched and coloured his language, as well as raised the versification, in this episode, and in the following one of Eliza. Mr Dryden, in Mack-Flecknoe, has not scrupled to mention the morning toast at which the fishes bite in the Thames, Pissing-Alley, relics of the bum, &c., but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer says of Virgil in his Georgics) tosses about his

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Ver. 73. *Here fortuned Curll to slide.*]

Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvencis
Fusus humum viridesque super madefecerat herbas—
Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore.
*Virg. Æn.* v. *of Nisus.*—P.

Ver. 74. *And Bernard! Bernard!*]

Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.—*Virg. Ecl.* vi.—P.

Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff vaticide conceived a prayer:
  Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any god's, or more; 80
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.
  A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear, 85
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply; 90

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dung with an air of majesty. If we consider that the exercises of his authors could with justice be no higher than tickling, chattering, braying, or diving, it was no easy matter to invent such games as were proportioned to the meaner degree of booksellers. In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Nisus, the persons drawn in this plight are heroes; whereas here they are such with whom it had been great impropriety to have joined any but vile ideas; besides the natural connexion there is between libellers and common nuisances. Nevertheless I have heard our author own, that this part of his poem was (as it frequently happens) what cost him most trouble and pleased him least; but that he hoped it was excusable, since levelled at such as understand no delicate satire. Thus the politest men are sometimes obliged to swear, when they happen to have to do with porters and oyster-wenches.—P.

Ver. 82. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.*] The Bible, Curll's sign; the Cross-keys, Lintot's.—P.

Ver. 83. See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus; where this fiction is more extended.—P.

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Ver. 83. *A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas.*]

Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,
Cœlestesque plagas.—*Ovid. Met.* xii.—P.

Amused he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.
In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's prayer, 95
And placed it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the goddess heard her servant's call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
Listening delighted to the jest unclean,
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene; 100
Where as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong 105
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.
And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand; 110

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Ver. 92. Alludes to Homer, Iliad v.

ῥέε δ' ἄμβροτον αἷμα θεοῖο,
Ἰχὼρ, οἷός πέρ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν.

A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd,
Sanguine, such as celestial sp'rits may bleed.—*Milton*.—P.

Ver. 93. *Cloacina.*] The Roman goddess of the common sewers. —P.

Ver. 101. *Where as he fish'd*, &c.] See the Preface to Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.—P.

Ver. 104. *As oil'd with magic juices.*] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments used by witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c.—P.

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Ver. 108. *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.*]

Faciem ostentabat, et udo
Turpia membra fimo.—*Virg. Æn.* v.—P.

A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air;
Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift, 115
And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey;
That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ. 120

REMARKS.

Ver. 116 *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of those persons whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned.—See Note on v. 50.—P.

[Dr. Evans was of St. John's College, Oxford; author of the Apparition, and of an Epistle to Bobart, the botanist, entitled Vertumnus. He was a man of remarkable wit and vivacity, and many of his repartees were long remembered and repeated at Oxford. The Apparition was a satire on Tindal.—*Warton.*]

Ver. 118. *An unpaid tailor.*] This line has been loudly complained of in Mist, June 8, Dedic. to Sawney, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the poverty of poets. But it is thought our author would be acquitted by a jury of tailors. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on anybody, it must be on a bad paymaster, since the person to whom they have here applied it was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as non-payment, which Mr Dennis so far asserts as boldly to pronounce that "if Homer himself was not in debt, it was because nobody would trust him."—*Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock,* p. 15.—P.

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Ver. 111. *A shapeless shade,* &c.]

Effugit imago
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.—*Virg. Æn.* vi.—P.

Ver. 114. *His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air.*] Virgil, *Æn.* vi. of the Sibyl's leaves,

Carmina—
turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.—P.

Heav'n rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.




THE STRUGGLE OF THE BOOKSELLERS.

Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;

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Ver 124 *Like Congreve, Addison, and Prior*] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary. Besaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers "Bond writ a satire against Mr P Captain Breval was author of The Confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance to expose Mr P, Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb., and some ladies of quality," says Curll, Key, p. 11.—P.

Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: delusive thought! 125
Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.
Curll stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seized, a puppy, or an ape. 130
To him the goddess: Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town:
As the sage dame, experienced in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade;
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris 135
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries;)

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Ver. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.*] Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff.—P.

Ver. 126. *Breval, Bond, Besaleel.*] I foresee it will be objected from this line that we were in an error in our assertion on ver. 50 of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since these persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may seem; but be not deceived, reader; these also are not real persons. It is true, Curll declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called The Confederates; but the same Curll first said it was written by Joseph Gay. Is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a satire on our poet. But where is such a satire to be found? where was such a writer ever heard of? As for Besaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou mayest depend upon it, no such authors ever lived; all phantoms.—*Scriblerus.*—P.

Ver. 128. Joseph Gay, a fictitious name put by Curll before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's.—P.

Ver. 132. *And turn this whole illusion on the town.*] It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.—P.

Ver. 135 and 136. [*Hapless Monsieur and Lady Maries:* allusion to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who had some questionable money transactions with M. Ruremonde, a Frenchman, at the time of the South Sea affair, in 1720-21. In the edition of the Dunciad, in Poetical Works, 1735, Pope had the following note on the above couplet: "This passage was thought to allude to a famous lady, who cheated a French wit of 5000*l.* in the South Sea year. But the author meant it in general of all bragging travellers, and of all whores and cheats under the name of ladies." This note was suppressed in the small edition of 1736, and was never again restored by Pope.]

Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cooke shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift:
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison. 140

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Ver. 138. *Cooke shall be Prior.*] The man here specified writ a thing called the Battle of Poets, in which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and daily journals; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half-notes, which he carefully owned. —P.

[Theobald did not "carefully own" the notes and half-notes which he contributed to Cooke's translation of Hesiod, 1728. Cooke, in his postscript to the work, says he had distinguished the remarks of his friends from his own; "lest by a general acknowledgment only," he adds, "such errors as I may have possibly committed should, by the wrong guess of some, be unjustly imputed to them."]

Ver. 138. *And Concanen, Swift.*] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.—P.

Ver. 140. *And we too boast our Garth and Addison.*] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself (presuming him to be author of the Careless Husband). It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth, both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dispensary attacked the whole body of apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable, drew in parts of private character, and introduced persons independent of his subject. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern). But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)

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to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author:

> The craven rook, and pert jackdaw,
> (Though neither birds of moral kind)
> Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
> To show us which way blows the wind.
>
> Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
> Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
> Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
> And point instruction every way.
>
> With Egypt's art thy pen may strive:
> One potent drop let this but shed,
> And ev'ry rogue that stunk alive,
> Becomes a precious mummy dead.—P.

Ver. 142. *Rueful length of face.*] "The decrepid person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his genius. An honest mind will love and esteem a man of worth, though he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the Dunciad hath libelled a person for his rueful length of face."—*Mist's Journal*, June 8. This genius and man of worth, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr. Curll. True it is, he stood in the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curll. But as to reflections on any man's face, or figure, Mr. Dennis saith excellently: "Natural deformity comes not by our fault; 'tis often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a monster can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to. But the deformity of this author is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself. 'Tis the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no

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Ver. 141, 142. Piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face.]

> Risit pater optimus illi.—
> Me liceat casum misereri insontis amici—
> Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immane leonis, &c.—*Virg. Æn.* v.—B.

A shaggy tapestry, worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;

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society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species; and they who have refused to take this warning which God and Nature have given them, and have, in spite of it, by a senseless presumption, ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. 'Tis certain his original is not from Adam, but from the devil," &c.—*Dennis, Character of Mr. P.*, 8vo, 1716.

Admirably it is observed by Mr. Dennis against Mr. Law, p. 33, "That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of charity, nor consequently of Christianity." I should else be tempted to use the language of a critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus portrayed? Yet I consider it really hurts not him; whereas to call some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it; therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a little ass or a young toad, far be it from us to call him a toothless lion or an old serpent. Indeed, had I written these notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *balatro*, *calceatum caput*, *scurra in triviis*, being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned; but in our mother tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby Christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preserved.—*Scriblerus.*

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shows his humanity. But it is far otherwise with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable verses:

While malice, Pope, denies thy page
  Its own celestial fire;
While critics, and while bards in rage,
  Admiring, won't admire;

While wayward pens thy worth assail,
  And envious tongues decry;
These times though many a friend bewail,
  These times bewail not I.

But when the world's loud praise is thine,
  And spleen no more shall blame,
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
  In one establish'd fame;

Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture 145
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.

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When none shall rail, and every lay
Devote a wreath to thee;
That day (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to see.—P.

[These verses first appeared in a collection of pieces in prose and verse on occasion of the Dunciad, 1729. They were written by one Lewis, author of "Philip of Macedon," a tragedy, published in 1727, and dedicated to Pope. In 1730, Lewis published a second volume of miscellaneous poems. See Croker's Boswell, under date of 1784.]

Ver. 143. *A shaggy tapestry.*] A sorry kind of tapestry frequent in old inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff; like that which is spoken of by Donne—"Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ in old hangings." The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in *Æn.* v.—P.

Ver. 144. *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed.*] Of Codrus the poet's bed, see Juvenal, describing his poverty very copiously, *Sat.* iii. v. 103, &c.

Lectus erat Codro, &c.

Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out.
His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers graced,
Beneath them was his trusty tankard placed;
And to support this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron, 'cast from honest clay.
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,
Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd,
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And on heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
'Tis true poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost.—*Dryden.*

But Concanen, in his dedication of the letters, advertisements, &c., to the author of the Dunciad, assures us, "that Juvenal never satirised the poverty of Codrus."

John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some minister of state, a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.—P.

Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue. 150
Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
And oh! (he cried) what street, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?
In every loom our labours shall be seen, 155
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!

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Ver. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge.*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called The Observator. He was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.—P.

Ver. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper.*] Authors of the Flying Post and Post-boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.—P. [Swift calls Ridpath a *Scotch rogue.*]

Ver. 151. *Himself among the storied chiefs he spies.*] The history of Curll's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see A Full and True Account of a Horrid Revenge on the Body of Edm. Curll, &c., in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.—P.

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Ver. 151. *Himself among the storied chiefs he spies.*]

> Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis—
> Constitit, et lacrymans· Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!
> Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?—*Virg. Æn.* i.—P.

Ver. 156. *And the fresh vomit run for ever green.*] A parody on these lines of a late noble author:

> His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
> And run for ever purple in the looms.—P.

See in the circle next, Eliza placed,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;



CURLL TOSSED IN A BLANKET BY THE WESTMINSTER SCHOLARS.

Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd. 160

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Ver. 157. *See in the circle next, Eliza placed.*] In this game is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scribblers (for the most part of that sex which

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Ver. 158. *Two babes of love close clinging to her waist.*]

Cressa genus, Pholoë, geminique sub ubere nati.—*Virg. Æn.* v.—P.

The goddess then: "Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far streaming to the sky;
His be yon Juno of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes
This china jordan let the chief overcome 165
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."

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ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who in libellous memoirs and novels reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame, or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet (by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to take off the irony) where he could not show his indignation, hath shown his contempt, as much as possible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of epic poesy.—*Scriblerus.*—P.

Ibid. *Eliza Haywood.* This woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called the Court of Carimania, and the New Utopia. For the *two babes of love*, see Curll, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curll's undertakings for reformation of manners, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow-creatures, that, though she should find the little inadvertencies of her own life recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve."—*Mrs. Haywood, Hist. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad*, p. 18.—P.

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Ver. 163. Yon Juno—
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]

In allusion to Homer's Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη.

Ver. 165. *This china jordan.*]

Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.—*Virg. Æn.* vi.

In the games of Homer, Iliad, xxiii., there are set together, as prizes, a lady and a kettle, as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the kettle, at which Mad. Dacier is justly displeased. Mrs. H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.—P.

Osborne and Curll accept the glorious strife,
(Though this his son dissuades, and that his wife.)

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Ver. 160. *Kirkall*, the name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.—P.

[This authoress, like Mrs. Centlivre, had tried the stage, and afterwards wrote some miserable novels and dramatic pieces. Her later works were more decent and becoming than those mentioned by Pope: they were the Female Spectator, Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy, the Invisible Spy, &c. She died in 1756, aged about sixty.]

Ver. 167. *Osborne, Thomas.*] A bookseller in Gray's Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; and therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. This man published advertisements, for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739: "How melancholy must it be to a writer to be so unhappy as to see his works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his fame! How, with honour to yourself, and justice to your subscribers, can this be done? What an ingratitude to be charged on the only honest poet that lived in 1738! and than whom virtue has not had a shriller trumpeter for many ages! That you were once generally admired and esteemed can be denied by none; but that you and your works are now despised, is verified by this fact:" which being utterly false, did not, indeed, much humble the author, but drew this just chastisement on the bookseller.—P.*

[Thomas Osborne was so *impassively dull*, according to Dr. Johnson, that he would not feel Pope's satire. Osborne purchased the great library of the Earl of Oxford for the sum of 13,000*l*. Johnson drew up the catalogue of the noble library, and in some dispute with the bookseller knocked him down with a folio volume. "Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him; but it was not in his shop, it was in my own chamber." (Boswell, under date of 1743.) In the Dunciad of 1728 and 1729, Chapman, another bookseller, occupies the place of Osborne in this disgusting competition. Pope also mentions in a note that the Curll in the text was "Henry Curll, the worthy son of his father Edmund." By suppressing this note, and slightly altering v. 168, this honour was transferred to the elder Curll.]

One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and superior size. 170
First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its watery round,
(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd)
A second effort brought but new disgrace, 175
The wild meander washed the artist's face:
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gardener's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curll; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head. 180
So (famed like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;

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Ver. 169, 170. One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour.]

Ille—melior motu, fretusque juventa;
Hic membris et mole valens.—*Virg. Æn.* v.—P.

Ver. 173, 174. So Jove's bright bow——
Sure sign——]

The words of Homer, of the Rainbow, in Iliad xi.:

ἅς τε Κρονίων
Ἐν νέφεϊ στήριξε, τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.

Que le fils de Saturne a fondé dans les nues, pour être dans tous les âges un signe à tous les mortels.—*Dacier*.—P.

Ver. 181, 182. So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus——]

Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. iv.:

Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu,
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum *violentior* influit amnis.

The poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed through the skies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:

Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents lost;
Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.—P.

Through half the heavens he pours the exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes: 185
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleased dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.

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Ver. 183. *Through half the heavens he pours the exalted urn.*] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines, thus,

> And lifts his urn, through half the heavens to flow;
> His rapid waters in their passage *glow.*

This I cannot but think the right: for first, though the difference between burn and glow may seem not very material to others, to me, I confess, the latter has an elegance, a *je ne sçay quoy*, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet must have observed how frequently he uses this word *glow* in other parts of this work: to instance only in his Homer:

(1.) Iliad ix. v. 726.—With one resentment glows.
(2.) Iliad xi. v. 626.—There the battle glows.
(3.) Ibid. v. 985.—The closing flesh that instant ceased to glow.
(4.) Iliad xii. v. 45.—Encompass'd Hector glows.
(5.) Ibid. v. 475.—His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows.
(6). Iliad xviii. v. 591.—Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.
(7.) Ibid. v. 654.—And curl'd on silver props in order glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent; but these are enough to prove his fondness for this beautiful word, which, therefore, let all future editions replace here.

I am aware, after all, that *burn* is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said of Mr. Curll's condition at this time: but from that very reason I infer the direct contrary. For surely every lover of our author will conclude he had more humanity than to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which could never befal him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. Theobald, half Scriblerus.—P.

Ver. 187. *The high-wrought day.*] Some affirm, this was originally, well-p—st day; but the poet's decency would not suffer it.

Here the learned Scriblerus manifests great anger; he exclaims against all such conjectural emendations in this manner: "Let it

Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home. 190
But now for authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest, 195
"He wins this patron, who can tickle best."
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dexterous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels the imputed sense; 200
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opes, 205
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

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suffice, O Pallas! that every noble ancient, Greek or Roman, hath suffered the impertinent correction of every Dutch, German, and Switz schoolmaster! Let our English at least escape, whose intrinsic is scarce of marble so solid, as not to be impaired or soiled by such rude and dirty hands. Suffer them to call their works their own, and after death at least to find rest and sanctuary from critics! When these men have ceased to rail, let them not begin to do worse, to comment! Let them not conjecture into nonsense, correct out of all correctness, and restore into obscurity and confusion. Miserable fate! which can befal only the sprightliest wits that have written, and will befal them only from such dull ones as could never write!" —*Scriblerus*.—P.

Ver. 203. *Paolo Antonio Rolli,* an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen who affected to direct the operas.—P.

[Warton states that Rolli translated Paradise Lost with spirit and elegance, and published Marchetti's fine translation of Lucretius.]

Ver. 205. *Bentley his mouth,* &c.] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Thom. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was

But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;

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Ver. 207. In the first edition,

But Oldmixon the poet's healing balm, &c.

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given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley. A taste of his classic elocution may be seen in his following panegyric on the peace of Utrecht: "Cupimus patrem tuum, fulgentissimum illud orbis Anglicani jubar, adorare! O ingens reipublicæ nostræ columen! O fortunatam tanto heroe Britanniam! Illi tali tantoque viro Deum per omnia adfuisse, manumque ejus et mentem direxisse, certissimum est. Hujus enim unius ferme opera, æquissimis et perhonorificis conditionibus, diuturno, heu nimium! bello, finem impositum videmus. O diem æterna memoria dignissimam! qua terrores patriæ omnes excidit, pacemque diu exoptatam toti fere Europæ restituit, ille populi Anglicani amor, Harleius."

Thus critically (that is verbally) translated:

"Thy father, that most refulgent star of the Anglican orb, we much desire to adore! Oh mighty column of our republic! O Britain fortunate in such a hero! That to such and so great a man God was ever present, in everything, and all along directed both his hand and his heart, is a most absolute certainty! For it is in a manner by the operation of this man alone, that we behold a war (alas! how much too long a one!) brought at length to an end, on the most just and most honourable conditions. Oh day eternally to be memorated! wherein all the terrors of his country were ended, and a peace (long wished for by almost all Europe) was restored by Harley, the love and delight of the people of England."

But that this gentleman can write in a different style may be seen in a Letter to Mr. Pope [occasioned by *Sober Advice from Horace*], wherein several noble lords are treated in a most extraordinary language, particularly the Lord Bolingbroke, abused for that very peace, which he here makes the single work of the Earl of Oxford, directed by God Almighty.—P.

[In edition of 1729, Welsted occupies the place here assigned to Bentley, and in ver. 209, instead of Welsted, we have Oldmixon. The alteration appears in the quarto of 1735 (Works, vol. ii.), but without the note. The note is in the small edition of 1736. In the edition of 1743 Pope left out the words referring to the *Sober Advice*

Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster. 210
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in heaven and prayer.

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*from Horace*, which we have enclosed within brackets, and which seemed a tacit acknowledgment of the authorship of that work. Bentley was a mere boy when he wrote the "classic elocution" quoted by Pope. He is said to have sent a challenge to Pope in consequence of this satire. The poet referred it to a military friend—probably the ever-ready Cleland—who, in consideration of the personal infirmity of Pope, took up his quarrel, and offered to meet his adversary. Upon this Bentley explained, or apologised.]

Ver. 207. *Welsted.*] Leonard Welsted, author of The Triumvirate, or a Letter in Verse from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends, about the year 1718 [1717]. He writ other things, which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator. ["A Hymn to the Creator, written by a Gentleman on occasion of the Death of his only Daughter," published by J. Walthoe, 1726.] And there was another in praise either of a Cellar or a Garret. L. W. characterised in the treatise Περὶ Βάθους, or the Art of Sinking, as a didapper, and after as an eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728. He was also characterised under another animal, a mole, by the author of the ensuing simile, which was handed about at the same time:

Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
That painful animal, a mole:
Above ground never born to grow;
What mighty stir it keeps below!
To make a mole-hill all this strife!
It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
How proud a little dirt to spread;
Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
'Till, labouring on for want of eyes,
It blunders into light—and dies.

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.—P.

Ver. 213. *A youth unknown to Phœbus*, &c.] The satire of this episode being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such

What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love 215
His sister sends, her votaress, from above.
As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary. 220
"Now turn to different sports (the goddess cries)
And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish every heart,
With Shakespear's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake the soul 225
With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell;
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand. 230

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men: that although their pens and praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures, of such vain, braggart, puffed nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded.—*Scriblerus*.—P.

Ver. 226. *With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl.*] The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, "'Sdeath! that is *my* thunder."—P.

Ver. 228. *With a tolling bell.*] A mechanical aid to the pathetic, not unuseful to the modern writers of tragedy.—P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 223, 225. To move, to raise, &c.
Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake, &c.]

Excudent alii spirantia molliùs æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultûs, &c.

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes.—*Virgil, Æn.* vi.—P.

Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whose chattering shames the monkey tribe:
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass."
Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din: 235
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in;
'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,
Dennis and dissonance, and captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart, 240
And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
And major, minor, and conclusion quick.
Hold (cried the queen) a cat-call each shall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-disputed game may end, 245
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake; 250
Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
So swells each wind-pipe; ass intones to ass,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;

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Ver. 231. *Three cat-calls.*] Certain musical instruments used by one class of critics to confound the poets of the theatre.—P.

Ver. 238. *Norton.*] See ver. 417. J. Durant Breval, author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and some poems. See before, note on ver. 126.—P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 243. *A cat-call each shall win,* &c.]

> Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,
> Et vitulâ tu dignus, et hic.—*Virg. Ecl.* iii.—P.

Ver. 247. *As when the,* &c.] A simile with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.—P.

Ver. 251. [The *Sir Gilbert* alluded to was Sir Gilbert Heathcote, one of the aldermen of London. See also Moral Essays and Satires.]

Such as from lab'ring lungs the enthusiast blows, 255
High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
Or such as bellow from the deep divine;
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield! thine.



REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

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Ver. 258. *Webster—and Whitefield.*] The one the writer of a newspaper called the Weekly Miscellany, the other a field-preacher. This thought the only means of advancing religion was by the new birth of spiritual madness; that, by the old death of fire and fagot. And, therefore, they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful bigotry and enthusiasm are, while the civil magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.—W.

[This note is characteristic of Warburton, but it was sanctioned by Pope, appearing in the edition of 1743. The allusion to Webster and

But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. 260
In Tot'nam fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;
Long Chancery-lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;

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Whitefield was, of course, a late addition to the poem. The celebrated George Whitefield was only fourteen years of age when the Dunciad was first published. Whitefield cannot be said to have had *small success* as a preacher. He drew crowds after him, and even David Hume said he was worth travelling twenty miles to hear. His influence over the lower classes as a field-preacher was perhaps unparalleled. This remarkable man died in Newbury, New England, in 1770.]

Ver. 263. *Long Chancery-lane.* The place where the offices of Chancery are kept. The long detention of clients in that court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humorously allegorised in these lines.—P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 260. *Bray back to him again.*] A figure of speech taken from Virgil:

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.—*Georg.* iii.

He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,
While neighbouring hills low back to them again.—*Cowley.*

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B., delighted much in the word bray, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the sound of armour, war, &c. In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our author has here admitted it into heroic poetry.—P.

Ver. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze.*]

Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca.—*Virg. Ecl.* viii.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-hall, and Hungerford-stairs, are imitated from Virgil, *Æn.* vii., on the sounding the horn of Alecto:

Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
Sulphureâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini, &c.—P.

Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall, 265
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

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Ver. 268. *Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.*] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

"Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels,

and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; The Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio; the whole Book of Psalms; The Creation, seven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. 'Tis in this sense he is styled afterwards the "everlasting Blackmore." Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured that "this admirable author did not think himself upon the same foot with Homer."—*Comp. Art of Poetry*, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the Times? p. 25, who says, "Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents; and that he has not for many years been so much as named, or even thought of, among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's action (saith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and, consequently, he can have no fable, and no heroic poem. His narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his characters have none of the necessary qualifications; the things contained in his narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic." Nay, he proceeds so far as to say, Sir Richard has no genius; first laying down that "Genius is caused by a furious joy and pride of soul, on the conception of an extraordinary hint. Many men (says he) have their hints, without these motions of fury and pride of soul, because they want fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writers. Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the forementioned motions, without the extraordinary hints; and these we call fustian writers." But he declares that "Sir Richard had neither the hints nor the motions."—*Remarks on Pr. Arth.*, 8vo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman, in his first works, abused the character of Mr. Dryden; and, in his last, of Mr. Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality (Essay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270), on a mere report from Edmund Curll that he

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning prayer, and flagellation end) 270

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was author of a travesty on the first Psalm. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an argument to prove it; which, being very curious, we shall here transcribe. "It was he who burlesqued the Psalm of David. It is apparent to me that Psalm was burlesqued by a Popish rhymester. Let rhyming persons who have been brought up Protestants be otherwise what they will, let them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be atheists, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a Popish rhymester has been brought up with a contempt for those sacred writings; now show me another Popish rhymester but he." This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the same against Sir Richard himself, in a like charge of impiety and irreligion. "All Mr. Blackmore's celestial machines, as they cannot be defended so much as by common received opinion, so are they directly contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England, for the visible descent of an angel must be a miracle. Now, it is the doctrine of the Church of England that miracles had ceased a long time before Prince Arthur came into the world. Now, if the doctrine of the Church of England be true, as we are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial machines in Prince Arthur insufferable, as wanting not only human, but divine probability. But if the machines are sufferable, that is, if they have so much as divine probability, then it follows of necessity that the doctrine of the Church is false. So I leave it to every impartial clergyman to consider," &c.—*Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur*.—P.

[In the edition of 1729, to this note was added a declaration, that Mr. Pope never had any obligations to Sir R. B., and never saw him but twice in his life.]

Ver. 270. *As morning prayer, and flagellation end.*] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipped in Bridewell. This is to mark punctually the time of the day. Homer does it by the circumstance of the judges rising from court, or of the labourers' dinner; our author, by one very proper both to the persons and the scene of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord Mayor's day. The first book passed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by booksellers), then they proceed by Bridewell towards Fleet-ditch, and, lastly, through Ludgate to the City and the temple of the goddess.—P.

To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
"Here strip, my children! here at once leap in, 275
Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well.
Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the weekly journals bound; 280
A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."
In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands;

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Ver. 276, 277, 278. *Dash through thick and thin,—love of dirt,—dark dexterity.*] The three chief qualifications of party-writers: to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark, by guess.—P.

Ver. 280. *The weekly journals.*] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the London Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c., the concealed writers of which, for some time, were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others: persons never seen by our author.—P.

Ver. 282. *A peck of coals a-piece.*] Our indulgent poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the poverty of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a thief, a pickpocket, an highwayman, or a knight of the post are spoken of, how much our hate to those characters is lessened, if they add a *needy* thief, a *poor* pickpocket, an *hungry* highwayman, a *starving* knight of the post, &c.—P.

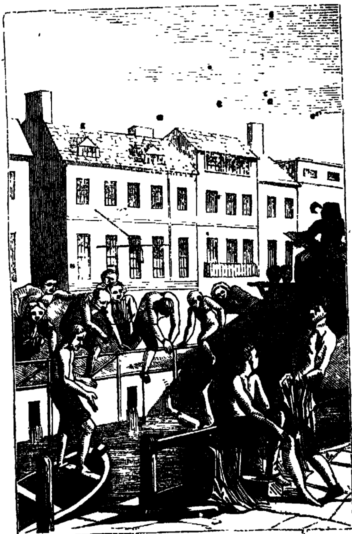
Ver. 283. *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands.*] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism,

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Ver. 273. *The king of dykes,* &c.]

Fluviorum rex Eridanus,
—— quo non alius, per pinguia culta,
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.—*Virg.*—P.

Then sighing, thus, "And am I now threescore? 285
Ah why, ye gods! should two and two make four?"



FLEET DITCH.

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whom, also, in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric), he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for, in p. 45, he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and in page 304, is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43, which says of his

He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plunged downright.

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own simile, that "'Tis as great as ever entered into the mind of man." "In poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and therefore characterised by the Tatler, No. 62, by the name of Omicron, the Unborn Poet."—*Curll, Key*, p. 13. "He writ dramatic works, and a volume of poetry, consisting of heroic epistles, &c., some whereof are very well done," saith that great judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our author. But the top of his character was a perverter of history, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet in publishing the historians in his collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the Preface to the first of these books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the Lord Clarendon's History: which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late Bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified, produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death. He is here likened to Milo, in allusion to that verse of Ovid,

> Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
> Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos;

either with regard to his age, or because he was undone by trying to pull to pieces an oak that was too strong for him.

> —— Remember Milo's end,
> Wedg'd in that timber which he strove to rend.—*Lord Rosc.*—P.

[Oldmixon merited the poet's censure. He died July 9, 1742, aged sixty-nine. In the first edition Dennis occupied the place here assigned to Oldmixon:

> In naked majesty great Dennis stands.]

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Ver. 285. *Then sighing thus, "And am I now threescore?"* &c.]

> Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
> Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos.—*Ovid.*

The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher. 290
Next Smedley dived; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that closed, and oped no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
Smedley, in vain, resounds through all the coast.
Then * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight, 295
He buoys up instant, and returns to light:

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Ver. 286. "*Ah why, ye gods! should two and two make four?*"] Very reasonably doth this ancient critic complain: without doubt it was a fault in the constitution of things. For the world, as a great writer saith, being given to man for a subject of disputation, he might think himself mocked with a penurious gift, were anything made certain. Hence those superior masters of wisdom, the sceptics and academics, reasonably concluded that two and two do not make four.—*Scriblerus.*—W.

But we need not go so far to remark what the poet principally intended, the absurdity of complaining of old age, which must necessarily happen, as long as we are indulged in our desires of adding one year to another.—P.*

Ver. 291. *Next Smedley dived.*] In the surreptitious editions, this whole episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work; whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book i. ver. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.—P.

Ver. 295. *Then * essayed.*] A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipped in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet

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Ver. 293. *And call on Smedley lost,* &c.]

Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
Hylas, in vain, resounds through all the coast.
*Lord Roscom. Translat. of Virgil's* vi. *Ecl.*—P.

He bears no token of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.
True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded native of the deep: 300

VARIATIONS.

After v. 298 in the first edition, followed these:

> Far worse unhappy D——r succeeds:
> He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

["D——r" was Diaper, whom Curll calls "a very modest and ingenious clergyman: he wrote, among other poetical pieces, 'Nereides, or Sea Eclogues,' inscribed to Mr. Congreve, 1712." Instead of Concanen, Young and Newcome were introduced into the early editions—alluding, as Curll says, to Dr. Young's Seven Satires on the Universal Passion, still left unfinished (whence, probably, the phrase "long-winded"), and to the Rev. T. Newcome, of Sussex, who wrote a large folio volume, in twelve books, on the Last Judgment. It may be doubted whether Pope could have aimed his satire at the author of the Night Thoughts; but this constant shifting of characters in the Dunciad certainly weakened the force of his ridicule, and gave some truth to Curll's remark, that the Dunciad seemed to "mimic a weather-glass, and vary every impression, as the author's malice increased to one or abated to another." Johnson makes a somewhat similar observation.]

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bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels and personal invectives.—P. [Aaron Hill. See Life of Pope.]

Ver. 299. *Concanen.*] Mathew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren, in enmity to Swift), in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, p. 7, accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatist. In a pamphlet, called the Supplement to the Profund, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did), but those of the Duke of Buckingham and others. To this rare piece, somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi.* He was since a hired scribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much

If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plunged a feeble, but a desperate pack, 305
With each a sickly brother at his back:
Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those. 310
Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits mother Osborne, stupified to stone!
And monumental brass this record bears,
"These are,—ah no! these were the gazetteers!"

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Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica.—P.

Ver. 306, 307. *With each a sickly brother at his back: Sons of a day*, &c.] These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expense, were printed one on the back of another.—P.*

Ver. 311. *Like Niobe.*] See the story in Ovid, Met. vii., where the miserable petrifaction of this old lady is pathetically described. —P.*

Ver. 312. *Osborne.*] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last, being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.—P.*

Ver. 314. *Gazetteers.*] We ought not to suppress that a modern critic here taxeth the poet with an anachronism, affirming these gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert, these gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this day. Surely, therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly.—*Scriblerus.*—P.*

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the

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Ver. 302. *Not everlasting Blackmore.*]

"Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honori, &c.—*Virg. Æn.*—P.

Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull, 315
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.

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Daily Gazetteer was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several journals, and circulated at the public expense of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men, though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from statesmen, courtiers, bishops, deans, and doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money; others with places or benefices, from an hundred to a thousand a year. It appears from the Report of the Secret Committee for Inquiring into the Conduct of R. Earl of O., "That no less than fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds eighteen shillings were paid to authors and printers of newspapers, such as Free Britons, Daily Courants, Corn-Cutters' Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers, between February 10, 1731, and February 10, 1741." Which shows the benevolence of one minister to have expended, for the current dulness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV. so much honour in annual pensions to learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a pension at Court, nor preferment in the Church or Universities, of any consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his learning separately from party merit, or pamphlet-writing. It is worth a reflection, that of all the panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great minister, not one is at this day extant or remembered; nor even so much credit done to his personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our author:

> Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
> Of social pleasure, ill exchang'd for pow'r!
> Seen him, uncumber'd by the venal tribe,
> Smile without art, and win without a bribe.—P.*

Ver. 315. *Arnall.*] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the Temple of Infamy. Witness a paper, called the Free Briton; a

No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance. 320
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.
The plunging prelate, and his pond'rous grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.
When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood, 325
Slow rose a form, in majesty of mud;
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.

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dedication, intituled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not, indeed, without cause, it appearing by the aforesaid Report that he received, "for Free Britons, and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds six shillings and eightpence out of the Treasury." But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable patron to disavow his scurrilities.—P.

[In the edition of 1729, the unlucky Welsted is the diver. The line stands,

Not Welsted so, drawn endlong by his skull.]

Ver. 323. *The plunging prelate,* &c.] It having been invidiously insinuated that by this title was meant a truly great prelate, as respectable for his defence of the present balance of power in the civil constitution, as for his opposition to no power at all, in the religious, I owe so much to the memory of my deceased friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this insinuation, he called it vile and malicious, as any candid man, he said, might understand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the poem.—W.

[Bishop Sherlock. This prelate had been Sir R. Walpole's contemporary at Eton; and, according to Warton, Sir Robert used to relate, that when some of the scholars, going to bathe in the Thames, stood shivering on the bank, Sherlock plunged in immediately over his head and ears.]

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Ver. 329. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares.*] Virg. *Æn.* vi. of the Sibyl:

Majorque videri,
Nec mortale sonans.—P.

Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares. 330
First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vied for his love in jetty bowers below, 335
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
Then sung, how shown him by the nut-brown maids
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,
That tinctured as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams, 340
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's offerings to his Arethuse)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:

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Ver. 336. *As Hylas fair.*] Who was ravished by the water-nymphs, and drawn into the river. The story is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, lib. iii. Argon. See Virgil, Ecl. vi.—P.

Ver. 338. *A branch of Styx*, &c.]

> Οἵ τ' ἀμφ' ἱμερτὸν Τιταρήσιον ἔργ' ἐνέμοντο,
> Ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πηνειὸν προΐει καλλίῤῥοον ὕδωρ,
> Οὐδ' ὅγε Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνῃ,
> Ἀλλά τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιῤῥέει ἠΰτ' ἔλαιον.
> Ὅρκου γὰρ δεινοῦ Στυγὸς ὕδατός ἐστιν ἀποῤῥώξ.
> *Hom. Il.* ii. Catal.

Of the Land of Dreams, in the same region, he makes mention, Odyss. xxiv. See also Lucian's True History. Lethe and the Land of Dreams allegorically represent the stupefaction and visionary madness of poets, equally dull and extravagant. Of Alphcus's waters gliding secretly under the sea of Pisa, to mix with those of Arethuse in Sicily, see Moschus, Idyll. viii., Virg. Ecl. x.

> Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos,
> Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.

And again, *Æn.* iii.:

> —— Alphæum fama est huc, Elidis amnem,
> Occultas egisse vias subter mare, qui nunc
> Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.—P.

Here brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep, 345
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.
Thence to the banks where reverend bards repose,
They led him soft; each reverend bard arose;
And Milbourne chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 350
"Receive (he said,) these robes which once were mine,
Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."
He ceased, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The reverend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Around him wide a sable army stand, 355
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,

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Ver. 349. *And Milbourne.*] Luke Milbourne, a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Appendix.—P.

[The Rev. Luke Milbourne actually made the suicidal attempt mentioned by Pope. He published Notes on Dryden's Virgil, in a Letter to a Friend, and after much irrelevant criticism, added a specimen of his own ability as a translator. "That Mr. Dryden," he said, "might be satisfied that I'd offer no foul play, nor find faults in him without giving him an opportunity of retaliation, I have subjoined another metaphrase or translation of the First and Fourth Pastoral, *which I desire may be read with his by the original.*" Milbourne died in 1720.]

Ver. 355. *Around him wide,* &c.] It is to be hoped that the satire in these lines will be understood in the confined sense in which the author meant it, of such only of the clergy who, though solemnly

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Ver. 347. *Thence to the banks,* &c.]

> Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
> Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis;
> Ut Linus hæc illi divino, carmine pastor,
> Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
> Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,
> Ascræo quos ante seni, &c.—*Virg. Ecl.* vi.—P.

Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn,
Heav'n's Swiss, who fight for any god, or man.
Through Lud's famed gates, along the well-known Fleet
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street, 360
Till showers of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopped the goddess; and in pomp proclaims 365
A gentler exercise to close the games.
"Ye critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;
Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
My H—ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers; 370

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engaged in the service of religion, dedicate themselves for venal and corrupt ends to that of ministers or factions; and though educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aspire to interfere in the government of it, and, consequently, to disturb and disorder it; in which they fall short only of their predecessors, when invested with a larger share of power and authority, which they employ indifferently (as is hinted at in the lines above) either in supporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion; in canonising the vices of tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of patriots; in corrupting religion by superstition, or betraying it by libertinism, as either was thought best to serve the ends of policy, or flatter the follies of the great.—W.

[Pope followed Dryden,

Those Swisses fight for any side or pay,

but Dryden's satire was applied to the French proselytes or refugees, who came to this country after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.]

Ver. 359. *Lud's famed gates.*] "King Lud repairing the City, called it after his own name, Lud's Town; the strong gate which he built in the west part, he likewise, for his own honour, named Ludgate. In the year 1260, this gate was beautified with images of Lud and other kings. Those images, in the reign of Edward VI., had their heads smitten off, and were otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen Mary did set new heads upon their old bodies again. The 28th of Queen Elizabeth the same gate was clean taken down, and newly and beautifully builded, with images of Lud and others, as afore."—*Stow's Survey of London.*—P.

Ver. 370. [In the early editions it was "Henley's periods." Pope

Attend the trial we propose to make:
If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
To him we grant our amplest powers to sit 375
Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three college Sophs, and three pert Templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same; 380
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poesy and prate.
The ponderous books two gentle readers bring;
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clamorous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum, 385
'Till all tuned equal, send a general hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;

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afterwards reduced it as above, wishing probably that the satire should be transferred to Bishop Hoadley, whose "periods of a mile" he alludes to in his Satires of Dr. Donne Versified.]

Ver. 374. See Hom. Odyss. xii.; Ovid, Met. i.—P.

Ver. 379. [In the early editions, "Three *Cambridge Sophs*." After Oxford had refused the degree of D.D. to his friend Warburton, Pope was by no means disposed to claim any special favour or honour for that University over the University of Cambridge. In the fourth book he satirises it under the designation of "Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen."]

Ver. 388. *Through the long, heavy, painful page*, &c.] "All these

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Ver. 380, 381. *The same their talents—Each prompt*, &c.]

> Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
> Et certare pares, et respondere parati.—*Virg. Ecl.* vi.—P.

Ver. 382. *And smit with love of poetry and prate.*]

> Smit with the love of sacred song.—*Milton.*—P.

Ver. 384. *The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.*]

> Consedere duces, et vulgi stante coronâ.—*Ovid. Met.* xiii.—P.

Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze. 390
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that they nod, 395
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god.
Thrice Budgell aimed to speak, but thrice suppress'd
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to Christ's no kingdom here. 400

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 399. In the first edition it was:

Collins and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer.—W.

REMARKS.

lines very well imitate the slow drowsiness with which they proceed. It is impossible to any one who has a poetical ear, to read them without perceiving the heaviness that lags in the verse, to imitate the action it describes. The simile of the pines is very just, and well adapted to the subject," says An Enemy, in his Essay on the Dunciad, p. 21.—P.*

Ver. 397. *Thrice Budgell aimed to speak.*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent epilogues to plays, and *one small* piece on Love, which is very pretty."—*Jacob, Lives of Poets*, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.—P.

["Potent Arthur," in the next line, was Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons.]

Ver. 399. *Toland and Tindal.*] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the Atheist's Liturgy, called Pantheisticon, was a spy, in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the Rights of the Christian Church, and Christianity as old as the Creation. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S., which was suppressed, while yet in MS., by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he showed it, expecting his approbation. This doctor after-

Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes.



THE CLERKS READING THE WORKS OF THE TWO VOLUMINOUS WRITERS.

As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 405
One circle first, and then a second makes;

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wards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person.—P.

Ver. 400. *Christ's no kingdom*, &c.] This is said by Curll, Key to Dunciad, to allude to a sermon of a reverend bishop.—P.

[Bishop Hoadley. See Additional Notes.]

What Dulness dropp'd among her sons impress'd
Like motion from one circle to the rest;
So from the midmost the nutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads. 410
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,
Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandeville could prate no more;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 413. In the first edition it was:

> T—s and T— the church and state gave o'er,
> Nor * * * talk'd, nor S—— whisper'd more.

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Ver. 411. *Centlivre.*] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many plays and a song (says Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32) before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.—P.

Ver. 413. *Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er.*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c. William Law, A.M., wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great. Their books were printed in 1726. Mr. Law affirmed, that "The playhouse is the temple of the devil; the peculiar pleasure of the devil; where all they who go yield to the devil; where all the laughter is a laughter among devils; and all who are there are hearing music in the very porch of hell." To which Mr. Dennis replied, that "There is every jot as much difference between a true play and one made by a poetaster, as between two religious books, the Bible and the Alcoran." Then he demonstrates, that "All those who had written against the stage were Jacobites and Nonjurors; and did it always at a time when something was to be done for the Pretender. Mr. Collier published his Short View when France declared for the Chevalier; and his Dissuasive just at the great storm, when the devastation which that hurricane wrought had

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Ver. 410. *O'er all the sea of heads.*]

> A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
> And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.—*Blackm. Job.*—P.

Norton, from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung, 415
Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,



MRS. CENTLIVRE.

Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

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amazed and astonished the minds of men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and desponding thoughts. Mr. Law took the opportunity to attack the stage upon the great preparations he heard were making abroad, and which the Jacobites flattered themselves were designed in their favour. And as for Mr. Bedford's Serious Remonstrance, though I know nothing of the time of publishing it, yet I dare to lay odds it was either upon the Duke d'Aumont's being at Somerset House, or upon the late rebellion."—*Dennis, Stage Defended against Mr. Law*, p. ult.—P.

Ver. 414. *Morgan.*] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe than by the pompousness of his title; for having stolen his morality from Tindal, and his philosophy

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Ver. 418. *And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verse in the Indian Emperor:

> All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead.—P.

Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay. 420
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumbering visit and convey to stews;
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some famed roundhouse, ever open gate!
How Henley lay inspired beside a sink, 425
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink:

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from Spinoza, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a moral philosopher.—W.

Ibid. *Mandeville.*] This writer, who prided himself as much in the reputation of an immoral philosopher, was author of a famous book called the Fable of the Bees; written to prove that moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render society flourishing and happy.—W.

Ver. 415. *Norton.*] Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel. *Fortes creantur fortibus.* One of the authors of the Flying Post, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had some time the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name, in a due fear of laws and cudgels.—P.

Ver. 426. *And to mere mortals seemed a priest in drink.*] This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to pass judgment merely by appearances; a lesson to all men who may happen to see a reverend person in the like situation, not to determine too rashly; since not only the poets frequently describe a bard inspired in this posture,

(On Cam's fair bank, where Chaucer lay inspir'd,

and the like) but an eminent casuist tells us, that "if a priest be seen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of sight, or illusion of the devil, who sometimes takes upon him the shape of holy men on purpose to cause scandal." How little the profane author of the Characters of the Times, printed 1728, regarded this admonition, appears from these words, p. 26, speaking of the Rev. Mr. Eusden: "A most worthy successor of Tate in the laureateship, a man of insuperable modesty, since certainly it was not his ambition that led him to seek this illustrious post, but his affection to the perquisite of *sack.*"—*Scriblerus*—P.

While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the muses) made their safe retreat.

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Ver. 427. *Fleet.*] A prison for insolvent debtors on the bank of the ditch.—P. [In which Wycherley lay seven years!]



DANIEL DEFOE.

# BOOK THE THIRD.

## ARGUMENT.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap: a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led, by a mad poetical Sibyl, to the Elysian shade, where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world: there he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a mount of vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion: then, distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire: some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden, the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of those. He prophesies how first the nation shall be overrun with farces, operas, and shows; how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the theatres, and set up even at Court; then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences; giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

# BOOK III.



UT in her temple's last recess inclosed,
On Dulness' lap th' anointed head reposed.
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew.
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow, 5
Which only heads refined from reason know.
Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:
Hence the fool's Paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream, 10
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.
And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The king descending, views th' Elysian shade.

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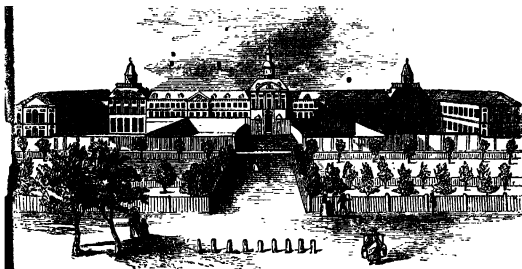
Ver. 5, 6, &c. Hereby is intimated that the following vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great geniuses in divinity, politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all passed through the Ivory Gate, which (according to the ancients) denoteth Falsity.—*Scriblerus.*—P.

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Ver. 7, 8. Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods.]

Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio.—*Virg. Æn.* viii.—P.

A slip-shod sibyl led his steps along, 15
In lofty madness meditating song;
Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.



OLD BEDLAM.

Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more) 20

REMARKS.

Ver. 19. *Taylor.*] John Taylor, the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the accidence: a rare example of modesty in a poet!

> I must confess I do want eloquence,
> And never scarce did learn my accidence;
> For having got from *possum* to *posset*,
> I there was gravel'd, could no farther get.

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I., and

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 15. *A slip-shod sibyl,* &c.]

> Conclamat Vates——
> ——furens antro se immisit aperto.—*Virg.*—W.

Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows.
Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,

REMARKS.

afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an alehouse in Long-acre. He died in 1654.—P.

Ver. 21. *Benlowes.*] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronising bad poets, as may be seen from many dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagramed his name, Benlowes, into Benevolus; to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.—P.*

Ver. 22. *And Shadwell nods the poppy,* &c.] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.—P.

Ver. 24. *Old Bavius sits.*] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bayes by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner; for heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works: *Qui Bavium non odit;* whereas we have often had occasion to observe our poet's great good nature and mercifulness through the whole course of this poem.—*Scriblerus.*—P.

Mr. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author; nay, that "He and Mævius had (even in Augustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace: for (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary credit."—*Rem. on Pr. Arthur*, part ii. c. i. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.—P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 23. *Here, in a dusky vale,* &c.]

> ——Videt Æneas in valle reducta
> Seclusum nemus——
> Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amnem, &c.
> Hunc circum innumeræ gentes, &c.—*Virg. Æn.* vi.—P.

Ver. 24. *Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls.*] Alluding to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles, to render him impenetrable:

> At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti
> Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,
> Lustrabat.—*Virg. Æn.* vi.—P.

And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull 25
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:



KING CIBBER MEETING SETTLE ON THE BANKS OF LETHE.

Instant, when dipp'd, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,

REMARKS.

Ver. 28. *Brown and Mears.*] Booksellers, printers for anybody. The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible.—P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 28.—*Unbar the gates of light.*] Milton.—P. [Par. Lost, b. vi. v. 4.]

Demand new bodies, and in calf's array,
Rush to the world, impatient for the day. 30
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.
Wond'ring he gazed: when lo! a sage appears, 35
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,

REMARKS.

Ver. 34. *Ward in pillory.*] John Ward, of Hackney, Esq., member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory, on the 17th of February, 1727. Mr. Curll (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a gentleman in a satire as a great act of barbarity.—*Key to the Dunciad,* 3rd edit. p. 16. And another author reasons thus upon it—*Durgen,* 8vo, pp. 11, 12: "How unworthy it is of Christian charity to animate the rabble to abuse a worthy man in such a situation! What could move the poet thus to mention a brave sufferer, a gallant prisoner, exposed to the view of all mankind? It was laying aside his senses, it was committing a crime, for which the law is deficient not to punish him; nay, a crime which man can scarce forgive, or time efface! Nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great lady," &c. (to whom this brave, honest, worthy gentleman was guilty of no offence but forgery, proved in open court, &c.). But it is evident this verse could not be meant of him; it being notorious that no eggs were thrown at that gentleman. Perhaps, therefore, it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward, the poet.—P.

Ver. 36. *And length of ears.*] This is a sophisticated reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the copyists are mistaken here. I believe I may say the same of the critics: Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted, have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert, it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some transcriber, whose head ran on the pillory, mentioned two lines before;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 31, 32. *Millions and millions—Thick as the stars, &c.*]

> Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo
> Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
> Quam multæ glomerantur aves, &c.—*Virg. Æn.* vi.—P.

Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before:
All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another yet the same. 40
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son.
"Oh born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of the oblivious lake.

REMARKS.

it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curll himself should overlook it! Yet that scholiast takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our author was blamed for personal satire on a man's face (whereof doubtless he might take the ear to be a part); so likewise Concanen, Ralph, the Flying Post, and all the herd of commentators.—*Tota armenta sequuntur.*

A very little sagacity (which all these gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore us to the true sense of the poet; thus:

By his broad shoulders known, and length of years.

See how easy a change, of one single letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is most certain; but he was (happily) a stranger to the pillory. This note partly Mr. Theobald, partly Scriblerus.—P.

Ver. 37. *Settle.*] Elkanah Settle was once a writer in vogue, as well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry and politics. Mr. Dennis tells us that "he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the University of Cambridge there were those who gave him the preference." Mr. Welsted goes yet further in his behalf: "Poor Settle was formerly the mighty rival of Dryden; nay, for many years, bore his reputation above him."—*Pref to his Poems*, 8vo, p. 31. And Mr. Milbourne cried out, "How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle!"—*Notes on Dryd. Vir.*, p. 175. These are comfortable opinions, and no wonder some authors indulge them.—P. [See *ante*, book i. v. 90. Settle's first tragedy, Cambyses, King of Persia, was, according to Dennis, acted for three successive weeks. His Empress of Morocco had a run of a month, and was acted at Whitehall, before the King, by the gentlemen and ladies of the Court, the prologue being written by Lord Rochester, and spoken by Lady Betty Howard. Rochester was the great patron of Settle, that he might mortify Dryden, and Dryden's friend, the Earl of Mulgrave.]

Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore; 45
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll? 50
How many Dutchmen she vouchsafed to thrid?
Now many stages through old monks she rid?
And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital spring 55
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate. 60
For this our queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:

REMARKS.

Ver. 50. *Might from Bœotian*, &c.] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the wits formerly, as Ireland does now, though it produced one of the greatest poets, and one of the greatest generals of Greece:

Bœotum crasso jurares aere natum.—*Horat.*—P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 54. *Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.*]

—— Sine tempora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.—*Virg. Ecl.* viii.—P.

Ver. 61, 62. For this our queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view.]

This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton, book xi., where the angel

To noble sights from Adam's eye removed
The film; then purged with euphrasie and rue
The visual nerve—For he had much to see.

There is a general allusion, in what follows, to that whole episode.—P.

Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign, 65
And let the past and future fire thy brain.
"Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning line, 70
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!
"Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science their bright course begun:
One godlike monarch all that pride confounds, 75
He, whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds;
Heavens! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.
"Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise, 80

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 73. In the former editions:

> Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
> And orient science at a birth begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that line of the introduction,

> In eldest times, e'er mortals writ or read,

which supposes the sun and science did not set out together, it was altered to their bright course begun. But this slip, as usual, escaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.—W.

REMARKS.

Ver. 69. *See, round the poles,* &c.] Almost the whole southern and northern continent wrapt in ignorance.—P.

Ver. 73. Our author favours the opinion that all sciences came from the eastern nations.—P.

Ver. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti, Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.—P.

From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their physic of the soul.
"How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean skies 85
Embodied dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,
The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns! 90
See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genseric! and Attila's dread name!
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore 95
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conquering tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving ignorance enthrones by laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep. 100

REMARKS.

Ver. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I., having conquered Egypt, caused his general to burn the Ptolemean library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Physic of the Soul.—P.

Ver. 87, 88. [Pope, it is said, declared his own ear to be more gratified with this couplet, than with any other in his works. The lines are very musical, and present an image of savage picturesque desolation. "Mæotis," and "Tanais," are also words of liquid sound; and there is often an undefinable charm in mere names. Many lines as melodious might, however, be pointed out in the poet's works. For example, the noble winter-piece (Zembla's frosts) in the Temple of Fame; and some even in his early translations.]

Ver. 96. *The soil that arts and infant letters bore.*] Phœnicia, Syria, &c., where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.—P.

Ver. 99, 100. [A modification of his exemplar, Dryden, Epist. xiv.:

> Long time the sister-arts, in iron sleep,
> A heavy sabbath did supinely keep.—*Wakefield.*]

"Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore;
Her grey-hair'd synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn, 105
And even th' antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
Streets paved with heroes, Tiber choked with gods:
Till Peter's keys some christened Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn; 110

REMARKS.

Ver. 102. *Thundering against heathen lore.*] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him: "Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit ecclesiam; non modo Mathesin jussit ab aulâ, sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo." And in another place: "Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior esset locus, et major authoritas, et diligentia studiosior." Desiderius, Archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reproved by him for teaching grammar and literature, and explaining the poets; because (says this Pope), "In uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque sit episcopis canere quod nec laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera." He is said, among the rest, to have burned Livy: "Quia in superstitionibus et sacris Romanorum perpetuo versatur." The same Pope is accused by Vossius, and others, of having caused the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who came to Rome should give more attention to triumphal arches, &c., than to holy things.—*Bayle, Dict.*—P.

Ver. 109. *Till Peter's keys some christened Jove adorn.*] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen temples and statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the temples, by converting them to churches; and some of the statues, by modifying them into images of saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the lyre easily be-

See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
"Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and piebald, linsey-woolsey brothers, 115
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
In peace, great goddess, ever be adored;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword! 120
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.
"And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway;
This favourite isle, long sever'd from her reign, 125
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look through Fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light. 130

REMARKS.

came a harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes. —P.

Ver. 117, 118. *Happy!—had Easter never been.*] Wars in England, anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.—P.

Ver. 126. *Dove-like, she gathers.*] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.—P.*

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Ver. 117, 118. *Happy!—had Easter never been.*]

Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent.—*Virg. Ecl.* vi.

Ver. 127, 129. *Now look through Fate!—See all her progeny, &c.*]

Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quæ deinde sequatur
Gloria, qui maneant Italâ de gente nepotes,
Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,
Expediam.—*Virg. Æn.* vi.—P.

As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
An hundred sons, and every son a god:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd, 135
Shall take through Grub-street her triumphant round;
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred sons, and each a dunce.
"Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face. 140
With all thy father's virtues blest, be born!
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.
"A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free, 145
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 131. *As Berecynthia*, &c.]

Felix prole virûm, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Læta deûm partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.—*Virg. Æn.* vi.—P.

Ver. 139. *Mark first that youth*, &c.]

Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta,
Proxima sorte tenet lucis loca.—*Virg. Æn.* vi.—P.

Ver. 141. *With all thy father's virtues blest, be born.*] A manner of expression used by Virgil, Ecl. viii.

Nascere! præque diem veniens, age, Lucifer——

As also that of patriis virtutibus, Ecl. iv.

It was very natural to show to the hero, before all others, his own son, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities. By the attitude in which he here presents himself, the reader may be cautioned against ascribing wholly to the father the merit of the epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be understood with an eye to the son.—P.*

Ver. 145. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free.*]

——si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!—*Virg. Æn.* vi.

Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn,
And answering gin-shops sourer sighs return.
"Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe,
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law. 150

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 149. In the first edition it was:

> Woolston, the scourge of scripture, mark with awe!
> And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of law!

REMARKS.

Ver. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe.*] "This gentleman is son of a considerable maltster of Romsey, in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney, who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way. He has writ in prose the Lives of the Poets, Essays, and a great many law-books, The Accomplished Conveyancer, Modern Justice, &c."—Giles Jacob of himself, *Lives of Poets*, vol. i. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the author's friend, Mr. Gay.—P.

[Curll styles Jacob a Bristol attorney, the author of many useful law-books. The attack on Gay by Jacob, glanced also at Pope, for it was directed against the unsuccessful play, The What d'ye call it. Jacob died shortly before his satirist, May 8, 1744.]

Ver. 149, 150:

> Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;
> Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.]

There may seem some error in these verses, Mr. Jacob having proved

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 147. *Thee shall each ale house, &c.*]

> Te nemus Angitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
> Te liquidi flevêre lacus.—*Virg. Æn.* viii.

Virgil again, *Ecl.* x.:

> Illum etiam lauri, illum flevêre myricæ, &c.

Ver. 150. Virg. *Æn.* vi.:

> ——duo fulmina belli
> Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ!

"Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.
Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 151. *Lo P—p—le's brow, &c.*] In the former edition:

Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.

[But in still earlier editions, "Haywood and Trotter."]

REMARKS.

our author to have a respect for him, by this undeniable argument: "He had once a regard for my judgment, otherwise he would never have subscribed two guineas to me, for one small book in octavo."—*Jacob's Letter to Dennis*, printed in Dennis's *Remarks on the Dunciad*, p. 49. Therefore I should think that the appellation of blunderbuss to Mr. Jacob, like that of thunderbolt to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the same way: "My writings having made great impression on the minds of all sensible men, Mr. P. repented, and to give proof of his repentance, subscribed to my two volumes of select works, and afterwards to my two volumes of Letters."—*Ibid.* p. 80. We should hence believe the name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem by some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader, thou mayest beware, when thou givest thy money to such authors, not to flatter thyself that thy motives are good-nature or charity.—P.

Ver. 152. *Horneck and Roome.*] These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in honour and employment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet-street, and writ some of the papers called Pasquin, and Mr. Ducket others; where, by malicious innuendoes, he endeavoured to represent our author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:

You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
Yet if he writes, is dull as other folks?
You wonder at it.—This, sir, is the case,
The jest is lost unless he prints his face.—P.

Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race, 155
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:
Each songster, riddler, every nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks; 160
Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 157. *Each songster, riddler,* &c.] In the former edition:

Lo Bond and Foxton, every nameless name.

[With this note by Pope: "Two inoffensive offenders against our poet; persons unknown, but by being mentioned by Curll."]
After ver. 158, in the first edition, followed,

How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear!
How rhymes eternal jingle in their ear!—W.

REMARKS.

P—le [Popple] was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a paper called The Prompter. —P.*

Ver. 153. *Goode.*] An ill-natured critic, who writ a satire on our author, called The Mock Æsop, and many anonymous libels in newspapers for hire.—P.

[In the edition of 1729, Pope says, that Goode's Mock Æsop, or Mac-Æsop, was written to be fathered by James Moore. Barnaby Goode was an inferior dramatic writer, but a man in respectable circumstances.]

Ver. 156. *Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass.*] There were several successions of these sort of minor poets at Tunbridge, Bath, &c., singing the praise of the annuals flourishing for that season, whose names, indeed, would be nameless; and therefore the poet slurs them over with others in general.—P.*

[This allusion, both in thought and expression, seems to be taken from Young:

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in winter with his strain,
At Bath in summer chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly whistles as the waters pass.
*Love of Fame*, Sat. i.]

Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll.
"Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls, 165
And makes night hideous—answer him, ye owls!
"Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,
Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear; 170

REMARKS.

Ver. 165. *Ralph.*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing piece called Sawney, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, entitled Night, a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's account of English poets, printed in a London journal, September, 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, "Shakespear writ without rules." He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall, and received a small pittance for pay.—P.

Ver. 168. *Morris.*] *Besaleel*, see book ii.—P.

Ver. 169. *Flow, Welsted*, &c.] Of this author see the remark on book ii. v. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

Mr. Welsted had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 166. *And makes night hideous.*]

—— Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous.—*Shakespear.*—P.

Ver. 169. *Flow, Welsted, flow*, &c.] Parody on Denham, Cooper's Hill:

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme:
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full!

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.
"Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor, 175
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.

future genius, that there was a kind of struggle between the most eminent in the two Universities which should have the honour of his education. To compound this, he (civilly) became a member of both, and after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the darling expectation of all the polite writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that will make no small part of the fame of his protectors. It also appears from his works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age. Encouraged by such a combination in his favour, he published a book of poems, some in the Ovidian, some in the Horatian manner, in both which the most exquisite judges pronounce he even rivalled his masters. His love verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt. In his translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His Ode—his Epistle—his Verses—his Love tale—all, are the most perfect things in all poetry.—Welsted of himself, *Char. of the Times*, 8vo, 1728, pp. 23, 24.—P. Is should not be forgot to his honour, that he received at one time the sum of five hundred pounds for secret service, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the ministry.—See *Report of the Secret Committee*, &c., in 1742.—P.*

Ver. 173. *Ah Dennis*, &c.] The reader, who has seen, through the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) set his name to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr. Jacob's Lives, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. Durfey, who hitherto of all our poets enjoyed the longest bodily life.—P.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 172. *O'erflowing, though not full.*] It was stronger in the first edition, "and *foaming*, though not full."—*Bowles.*

Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.



DENNIS.

"Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind! 180

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Ver. 179. *Behold yon pair.*] The first of these was son of the Bishop of S., author of a weekly paper called the Grumbler, as the

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!*] Virg. *Æn.* vi.:

> ——Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
> Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires:
> Tuque prior, tu parce—sanguis meus!—P.

Ver. 179. *Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd.*] Virg. *Æn.* vi.:

> Illæ autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
> Concordes animæ——

And in the fifth:

> Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juventa,
> Nisus amore pio pueri.

M

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;

REMARKS.

other was concerned in another called Pasquin, in which Mr. Pope was abused with the Duke of Buckingham and Bishop of Rochester. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the Iliad, intituled Homerides, by Sir Iliad Doggrel, printed 1715. Mr. Curll gives us this further account of Mr. Burnet: "He did himself write a letter to Mr. E. of Halifax, informing his lordship (as he tells him) of what he knew much better before. And he published in his own name several political pamphlets, A Certain Information of a Certain Discourse, A Second Tale of a Tub, &c., all which, it is strongly affirmed, were written by Colonel Ducket."—*Curll, Key*, p. 17. But the author of the Characters of the Times tells us these political pieces were not approved of by his own father, the reverend bishop.

Of the other works of these gentlemen the world has heard no more than it would of Mr. Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the public that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one Hercules in his cradle.—C. [Cleland.]

The union of these two authors gave occasion to this epigram:

——and Ducket, friends in spite,
Came hissing out in verse;
Both were so forward, each would write,
So dull, each hung an a—.
Thus Amphisbœna (I have read,)
At either end assails;
None knows which leads, or which is led,
For both heads are but tails.—P.

After many editions of this poem, the author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date. In the verses he omitted

[Famed for good nature, Burnet, and for truth,
Ducket for pious passion to the youth.

The lines appear in all the editions up to 1736, with the explanatory note referring to the passage in Virgil], it was said that one of them

Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a consul, this commissioner.
"But who is he, in closet close y-pent, 185
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

REMARKS.

had a pious passion for the other. It was a literal translation of Virgil, *Nisus amore pio pueri*—and there, as in the original, applied to friendship. That between Nisus and Euryalus is allowed to make one of the most amiable episodes in the world, and surely was never interpreted in a perverse sense. But it will astonish the reader to hear that, on no other occasion than this line, a dedication was written to that gentleman to induce him to think something further. "Sir, you are known to have all that affection for the beautiful part of the creation which God and nature designed. Sir, you have a very fine lady—and, sir, you have eight very fine children," &c.—[*Dedication to Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.*] The truth is, the poor dedicator's brain was turned upon this article. He had taken it into his head, that ever since some books were written against the stage, and since the Italian opera had prevailed, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be named. He went so far as to print upon the subject, and concludes his argument with this remark: "That he cannot help thinking the obscenity of plays excusable at this juncture; since, when that execrable sin is spread so wide, it may be of use to the reducing men's minds to the natural desire of women."—*Dennis, Stage defended against Mr. Law,* p. 20. Our author solemnly declared he never heard any creature but the dedicator mention that vice and this gentleman together.—P.

Ver. 184. *That shines a consul, this commissioner.*] Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers.—P.*

[Burnet was consul at Lisbon; Ducket a commissioner of the Customs.]

Ver. 187. *Arede.*] Read, or peruse; though sometimes used for counsel. "Reade thy read, take thy counsaile. Thomas Sternhold,

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Ver. 185. *But who is he,* &c.] Virg. *Æn.* vi. questions and answers in this manner, of Numa:

> Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ,
> Sacra ferens?—nosco crines, incanaque menta, &c.—P.

To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past! 190

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in his translation of the first Psalm into English metre, hath wisely made use of this word,

> The man is blest that hath not bent
> To wicked READ his ear.

But in the last spurious editions of the singing Psalms the word read is changed into men. I say spurious editions, because not only here, but quite throughout the whole book of Psalms, are strange alterations, all for the worse; and yet the title-page stands as it used to do! and all (which is abominable in any book, much more in a sacred work) is ascribed to Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others. I am confident, were Sternhold and Hopkins now living, they would proceed against the innovators as cheats.—A liberty, which, to say no more of their intolerable alterations, ought by no means to be permitted or approved of by such as are for uniformity, and have any regard for the old English Saxon tongue."—*Hearne, Gloss. on Rob. of Gloc. artic. Rede.*

I do herein agree with Mr. Hearne. Little is it of avail to object that such words are become unintelligible: since they are truly English, men ought to understand them; and such as are for uniformity should think all alterations in a language strange, abominable, and unwarrantable. Rightly, therefore, I say again, hath our poet used ancient words, and poured them forth as a precious ointment upon good old Wormius in this place.—*Scriblerus.*—P.

Ibid. *Myster wight.*] Uncouth mortal.—P.

Ver. 188. *Wormius hight.*] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own antiquary, Mr. Thomas Hearne, who had noway aggrieved our poet, but, on the contrary, published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Most rightly are ancient words here employed, in speaking of such who so greatly delight in the same. We may say not only rightly, but wisely, yea, excellently, inasmuch as for the like practice the like praise is given by Mr. Hearne himself, Glossar. to Rob. of Glocester, artic. Behett: "Others say behight, promised, and so it is used excellently well by Thomas Norton, in his translation into metre of the 116th Psalm, ver. 14:

> I to the Lord will pay my vows,
> That I to him BEHIGHT.

"There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
A lumberhouse of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
"But, where each science lifts its modern type, 195
History her pot, Divinity her pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands. 200

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Ver. 197. In the first edition it was:

And proud Philosophy with breeches tore,
And English music with a dismal score.
Fast by in darkness palpable inshrin'd
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.—W.

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Where the modern innovators, not understanding the propriety of the word (which is truly English, from the Saxon), have most unwarrantably altered it thus:

I to the Lord will pay my vows,
With joy and great delight.

"In Cumberland they say to hight, for to promise, or vow; but hight usually signifies, was called; and so it does in the north even to this day, notwithstanding what is done in Cumberland."—*Hearne*, ibid.—P.

Ver. 192. *Wits, who, like owls*, &c.] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic. The darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous quack doctor, who put up in his bills, he delighted in matters of difficulty. Somebody said well of these men, that their heads were libraries out of order.—P.

Ver. 199. *Lo! Henley stands*, &c.] J. Henley, the orator: he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. Welsted, in Oratory Transactions, N. 1, published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him: "He was born at Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire. From his own parish school he went to St. John's College, in Cambridge. He

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!

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began there to be uneasy; for it shocked him to find he was commanded to believe against his own judgment in points of religion, philosophy, &c., for his genius leading him freely to dispute all propositions, and call all points to account, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind. Being admitted to priest's orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not necessary to conform to the Christian religion, in order either to deaconship or priesthood." He came to town, and after having for some years been a writer for booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for ministers of state. The only reason he did not rise in the Church, we are told, "was the envy of others, and a disrelish entertained of him, because he was not qualified to be a complete spaniel." However, he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite; by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new project, and styled himself the "Restorer of ancient eloquence." He thought "it as lawful to take a license from the king and parliament at one place as another; at Hickes's-hall, as at Doctors'-commons; so set up his Oratory in Newport-market, Butcher-row. There (says his friend) he had the assurance to form a plan, which no mortal ever thought of; he had success against all opposition; challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and none would dispute with him; writ, read, and studied twelve hours a day; composed three dissertations a week on all subjects; undertook to teach in one year what schools and universities teach in five; was not terrified by menaces, insults, or satires, but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the Church and all that in danger."
—*Welsted, Narrative in Orat. Transact.*, N. 1.

After having stood some prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all public and private occurrences. All this passed in the same room; where sometimes he broke jests, and sometimes that bread which he called the primitive eucharist. Being at last become a scorn even to butchers, he took up a weekly paper to abuse the men out of power; it was called the Hyp-Doctor, and exceeded all that was ever writ of gallimatias and impertinence. This wonderful person struck medals, which he dispersed as tickets to his subscribers; the device, a star rising to the meridian, with this motto, AD SUMMA; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM.—P.

[Orator Henley published a piece called Oratory Transactions, written by Mr. Welstede, spelt with an *e* at the end, as an evasion, if Mr. Welsted should call upon him for using his name, when he knew

Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
Oh great restorer of the good old stage, 205
Preacher at once, and zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers placed thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and maul; 210
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.
"Yet oh, my sons, a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame, 215
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But oh! with One, immortal One dispense,
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
Content, each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires, 220
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are given for you to hate.

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nothing of the piece; and that Mr. Pope could not but know; and yet he quotes Welsted in several places as the author of these Oratory Transactions.—*Nichols's Memoirs of Welsted.*]

Ver. 204. *Sherlock, Hare, Gibson.*] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London.—P.*

[This line underwent various transformations. In the edition of 1729, it stands:

While K——, B——, W——, preach in vain.

In 1735, it was:

While Kennet, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.]

Ver. 212. Of *Toland* and *Tindal*, see book ii. Thomas Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the miracles of the Gospel, in the years 1726, &c.—P.

Ver. 216. [In early editions:

A Newton's genius, or a seraph's flame.]

Persist, by all divine in man unawed,
But, 'Learn, ye DUNCES! not to scorn your God.'"
  Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole 225
Half through the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the sire:
"See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!
See, what the charms, that smite the simple heart
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art." 230
  His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
(Not half so pleased when Goodman prophesied)
And look'd, and saw a sable sorcerer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and dragons glare, 235
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth:
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,

Ver. 232. *Not half so pleased when Goodman prophesied.*] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149, that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d——d. And (says Mr. Cibber) I make it a question whether Alexander himself, or Charles XII. of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine."—P.*

Ver. 233. *A sable sorcerer.*] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagances in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.—P.

Ver. 237. *Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth.*] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine.—P.

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Ver. 224. *Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.*] Virg. Æn. vi. puts this precept into the mouth of a wicked man, as here of a stupid one:

Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.—*Virg.*

A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all. 240
  Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, 245
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.
  Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
What power, he cries, what power these wonders wrought?
Son, what thou seek'st is in thee! Look, and find 251
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more? In yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarcenet skirts are edged with flamy gold,
A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls, 255
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.

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Ver. 248. *Lo! one vast egg.*] In another of these farces Harlequin is hatched upon the stage, out of a large egg.—P.

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Ver. 244. *And other planets.*]

——solemque suum, sua sidera nôrunt.—*Virg. Æn.* vi.—P.

Ver. 246. *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies.*]

Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.—*Hor.*—P.

Ver. 251. *Son, what thou seek'st is in thee.*]

Quod petis in te est——
——Ne te quæsiveris extra.—*Pers.*—P.

Ver. 256. *Wings the red lightning,* &c.] Like Salmoneus in *Æn.* vi.:

Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.
——nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,
Ære et cornipedum cursu simularat equorum.—P.

Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire. 260
Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease
'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air 265
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!

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Ver. 261. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr. John Rich, master of the Theatre Royal in Covent-garden, was the first that excelled this way.—P.

Ver. 266. *I see my Cibber there!*] The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words (Life, chap. xv.): "Then sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, which arose upon one another alternately at both houses, outvying each other in expense." He then proceeds to excuse his own part in them, as follows: "If I am asked why I assented? I have no better excuse for my error than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had not virtue enough to starve. Had Henry IV. of France a better for changing his religion? I was still in my heart, as much as he could be, on the side of truth and sense;

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Ver. 258. *O'er all unclassic ground.*] Alludes to Mr. Addison's verse, in praises of Italy:

> Poetic fields encompass me around,
> And still I seem to tread on classic ground.

As ver. 264 is a parody on a noble one of the same author in The Campaign; and verses 259, 260, on two sublime verses of Dr. Y. —P.

[The *sublime verses*—a sarcastic allusion—occur in Young's Epistle to Lord Lansdowne. Their extravagance borders upon blasphemy:

> Anna, be thou content to fix the fate
> Of various kingdoms and control the great,
> But O! to bid thy Granville brighter shine,
> To him that great prerogative resign.
> Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure higher,
> His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.]

Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrined,
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn; 270
Contending theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.
And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.

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After ver. 274, in the former editions, followed:

For works like these let deathless journals tell
"None but thyself can be thy parallel."

Var. *None but thyself can be thy parallel.*] A marvellous line of Theobald, unless the play called the Double Falsehood be (as he would have it believed) Shakespear's. But whether this line be his or not, he proves Shakespear to have written as bad (which, methinks in an author for whom he has a veneration almost rising to idolatry, might have been concealed), as for example:

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but with this difference, that I had their leave to quit them when they could not support me.—But let the question go which way it will, Harry IV. has always been allowed a great man." This must be confessed a full answer, only the question still seems to be—1st. How the doing a thing against one's conscience is an excuse for it? 2ndly. It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of Truth and Sense to quit their service, unless he can produce a certificate that he ever was in it.—P.*

Ver. 266, 267. *Booth* and *Cibber* were joint managers of the theatre in Drury-lane.—P.

Ver. 268. *On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.*] In his Letter to Mr. P., Mr. C. solemnly declares this not to be literally true. We hope, therefore, the reader will understand it allegorically only. —P.*

[Cibber's declaration is as follows: "If you figuratively mean by this, that I am an encourager of these fooleries, you are mistaken; for it is not true. If you mean it literally that I was dunce enough to mount a machine, there is as little truth in that too; but if you meant it only as a pleasant abuse, you have done it with infinite drollery indeed."]

These Fate reserved to grace thy reign divine, 275
Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.

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> Try what repentance can: what can it not?
> But what can it, when one cannot repent?
> ——For cogitation
> Resides not in the man who does not think, &c.
> *Mist's Journal.*

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate Shakespear.—P.

[In editions of 1735 and 1736 these two lines of comment are omitted, and the following substituted: "But the last of these is no man's nonsense but Tibbald's, as he might have found had he read what follows:

> ——Who does not think
> My wife is slippery.—*Cymbeline.*]

Var. *ibid.* The former annotator seeming to be of opinion that the Double Falsehood is not Shakespear's, it is but justice to give Mr. Theobald's arguments to the contrary: First, that the MS. was above sixty years old: Secondly, that once Mr. Betterton had it, or he hath heard so: Thirdly, that somebody told him the author gave it to a bastard daughter of his: but Fourthly, and above all, "That he has a great mind everything that is good in our tongue should be Shakespear's." I allow these reasons to be truly critical; but what I am infinitely concerned at is, that so many errors have escaped the learned editor: a few whereof we shall here amend, out of a much greater number, as an instance of our regard to this dear relic.

ACT I. SCENE I.

> I have his letters of a modern date,
> Wherein by Julio, good Camillo's son
> (Who as he says [ ] shall follow hard upon,
> And whom I with the growing hours [ ] expect)
> He doth solicit the return of gold,
> To purchase certain horse that like him well.

This place is corrupted: the epithet good is a mere insignificant expletive, but the alteration of that single word restores a clear light to the whole context, thus:

> I have his letters of a modern date,
> Wherein, by July, (by Camillo's son,
> Who, as he saith, shall follow hard upon,
> And whom I with the growing hours expect)
> He doth solicit the return of gold.

**In Lud's old walls though long I ruled, renown'd**
**Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;**

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Here you have not only the person specified, by whose hands the return was to be made, but the most necessary part, the time by which it was required. Camillo's son was to follow hard upon—What? Why, upon July.—Horse that like him well, is very absurd. Read it, without contradiction:

——Horse, that he likes well.

ACT I., *at the end.*

——I must stoop to gain her,
Throw all my gay comparisons aside,
And turn my proud additions out of service,

saith Henriquez of a maiden of low condition, objecting his high quality. What have his comparisons here to do? Correct it boldly:

Throw all my gay caparisons aside,
And turn my proud additions out of service.

ACT II. SCENE I.

All the verse of this scene is confounded with prose:

-O that a man
Could reason down this fever of the blood,
Or soothe with words the tumult in his heart!
Then, Julio, I might be indeed thy friend.

Read:

——This fervor of the blood,
Then, Julio, I might be in deed thy friend,

marking the just opposition of deeds and words.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

How his eyes shake fire!—said by Violante, observing how the lustful shepherd looks at her. It must be, as the sense plainly demands:

——How his eyes take fire!
And measure every piece of youth about me!

That though I wore disguises for some ends.

Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise, 280
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific mayors,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:

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She had but one disguise, and wore it but for one end. Restore it, with the alteration but of two letters:

That, though I were disguised for some end.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

——To oaths no more give credit,
To tears, to vows; false both!

False grammar, I'm sure. Both can relate but to two things: and see! how easy a change sets it right?

To tears, to vows, false troth——

I could show you that very word troth, in Shakespear, a hundred times.

*Ibid.* For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
That can bring comfort, but a quiet grave.

This, I fear, is of a piece with "None but itself can be its parallel:" for the grave puts an end to all sorrow, it can then need no comfort. Yet let us vindicate Shakespear where we can. I make no doubt he wrote thus:

For there is nothing left thee now to look for,
Nothing that can bring quiet, but the grave.

Which reduplication of the word gives a much stronger emphasis to Violante's concern. This figure is called anadyplosis. I could show you a hundred just such in him, if I had nothing else to do.—*Scriblerus.*—P. [This note was omitted in edit. 1743.]

After ver. 284, in the former editions, followed:

Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
The goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race.

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Ver. 282. *Annual trophies*, on the Lord Mayor's-day; and *monthly wars* in the Artillery-ground.—P.

Though long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting popes;
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on! 285
Reduced at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, Heaven! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets, 290
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carried off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray, 295
But lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,
And every year be duller than the last.

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Ver. 295. *Safe in its heaviness*, &c.] In the former editions:

> Too safe in inborn happiness to stray;
> And lick up every blockhead in the way.
> Thy dragons, magistrates, and peers shall taste,
> And from each show rise duller than the last.
> Till rais'd from booths, &c.

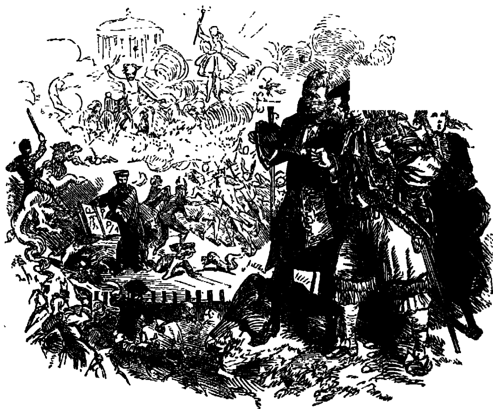
REMARKS.

Ver. 283. *Though long my party.*] Settle, like most party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the character of a popish successor, but afterwards printed his Narrative on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680, then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called St. George for England, he acted in his old age in a dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at last taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years.—P.

[He was much older. Settle was born at Dunstable, in Bedfordshire, in 1648; in 1666 he was entered as a commoner at Trinity College, Cambridge; and he died in the Charter-house in 1724. He was seventy-six at the time of his death.]

Ver. 297. *Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste.*] It stood in the first edition with blanks, * * and * *. Concanen was sure

Till raised from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport. 300
Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway:



SETTLE SHOWING CIBBER THE GLORIES OF HIS REIGN.

Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age.

REMARKS.

"they must needs mean nobody but King George and Queen Caroline; and said he would insist it was so, till the poet cleared himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his allegiance."—*Pref. to a Collection of Verses, Essays, Letters, &c., against Mr. P.*, printed for A. Moore, p. 6.—P.

Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar, 305
And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!
To aid our cause, if Heaven thou can'st not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine. 310
Grub-street! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from fire.
Another Æschylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed, 315
While opening hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
  Now Bavius take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye heroes bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times. 320

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Ver. 305. *Polypheme.*] He translated the Italian opera of Polifemo; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclops asks Ulysses his name, who tells him his name is Noman: after his eye is put out, he roars and calls the brother Cyclops to his aid. They inquire, who has hurt him? he answers, Noman; whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious translator made Ulysses answer, "I take no name," whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English translation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with respect to the Odyssey, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek pun-nology.—P.*

Ver. 308, 309. *Faustus, Pluto,* &c.] Names of miserable farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.—P.

Ver. 312. *Ensure it but from fire.*] In Tibbald's farce of Proserpine,

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Ver. 319, 320. This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes,
Th' Augustus, &c.]

> Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
> Augustus Cæsar, divum genus; aurea condet
> Secula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
> Saturno quondam.—*Virg. Æn.* vi.

Saturnian here relates to the age of Lead, mentioned book i. ver. 26. —P.

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!
See! the dull stars roll round and reappear.
See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays!
On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ! 325
Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit!

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Ver. 323. *See, see, our own,* &c.] In the former edition:

> Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,
> Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,
> Benson sole judge of architecture sit,
> And Namby-Pamby be preferr'd for wit!
> I see th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall,
> I see the Savoy totter to her fall;
> Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy doom,
> And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome.
> Proceed great days, &c.

[In the edition of 1729 the lines are slightly different, and to the mention of the Dormitory Pope has this note, omitted by Warburton. "The Dormitory in Westminster was a building intended for the lodging of the king's scholars; toward which a sum was left by Dr. Edward Hannes; the rest was raised by contributions procured from several eminent persons by the interest of Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, and Dean of Westminster. He requested the Earl of Burlington to be the architect, who carried on the work till the bill against that learned prelate was brought in, which ended in his banishment. The shell being finished according to his design, the succeeding dean and chapter employed a common builder to do the inside, which is per-

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a corn-field was set on fire: whereupon the other playhouse had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus.—P.

Ver. 313. *Another Æschylus appears!*] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrified, that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.—P.

Ver. 315. *Like Semele's.*] See Ovid, Met. iii.—P.

Ver. 325. *On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ.*] William Benson (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their House and the Painted Chamber adjoin-

See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends, 330

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formed *accordingly*." On the name "Namby-Pamby," Pope says, "Ambrose Philips, an author whose eminence in the infantine style obtained him this name." Henry Carey is said to have been the first who applied the name to Philips. See Additional Notes.]

REMARKS.

ing were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the king against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.—P.

Ver. 326. *Ambrose Philips.*] "He was (saith Mr. Jacob) one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace." But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 157. "Indeed he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery; but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper called the Examiner: a falsehood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.—P.

Ver. 328. *While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall.*] At the time when this poem was written, the banqueting-house of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of

Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.



SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

Proceed, great days! till Learning fly the shore,
Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,

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Ver. 331. In the former editions thus:

— O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's, translating ten whole years with Broome.

On which was the following note: "He concludes his irony with a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The opinion our author had of him was sufficiently shown by his joining him in the undertaking

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Covent-garden church had been just then restored and beautified at the expense of the Earl of Burlington; who at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of architecture in this kingdom.—P.

Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play, 335
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,

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of the Odyssey; in which Mr. Broome having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of five hundred pounds, and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of one hundred more. The author only seems to lament, that he was employed in translation at all."

[In editions of 1729 and 1735, it is "translating three (not ten) whole years," &c. In 1736 the verse stands:

And Pope's, whole years to comment and translate.]

Ver. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd*, &c.] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What-d'ye-call-it, Fables, and lastly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble: that verse of Horace,

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: it was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian

Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils sport,
And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in port!

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Opera; which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*—P.

Ver. 331. *Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate.*] See book i. v. 26. —P.

Ver. 332. *And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.*] The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakespear (which he undertook merely because nobody else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the scenery, &c., and the translation of half the Odyssey employed him from that time to 1725.—P.

Ver. 333. *Proceed, great days!* &c.] Here the Muse, like Jove's eagle, after a sudden stoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of poesy, our poet here fortels from what we feel, what we are to fear, and in the style of other prophets hath used the future tense for the preterite: since what he says shall be is already to be seen in the writings of some even of our most adored authors in divinity, philosophy, physics, metaphysics, &c. (who are too good, indeed, to be named in such company). Do not, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of the instruments for such a revolution in learning, or despise such weak agents as have been described in our poem; but remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single water-rat.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the diligence of our schools, from the regularity of our universities, the discernment of our great men, the accomplishments of our nobility, the encouragement of our patrons, and the genius of our writers in all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each), may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where, causing all this vision to pass through the Ivory Gate, he expressly, in the language of poesy, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious.—*Scriblerus.*—P.

Enough! enough! the raptured monarch cries;
And through the Ivory Gate the vision flies. 340

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Ver. 340. *And through the Ivory Gate*, &c.]

Sunt geminæ Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes.—*Virg. Æn.* vi.

[Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;
Of polish'd ivory this, that of transparent horn:
True visions through transparent horn arise;
Through polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.—*Dryden.*]



"AND THROUGH THE IVORY GATE THE VISION FLIES."

# BOOK THE FOURTH.

## ARGUMENT.

The Poet being, in this Book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation, as the greater poets are wont when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the Goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the dull upon earth; how she leads captive the sciences, and silenceth the Muses, and what they be who succeed in their stead; all her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her, and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts, such as half wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them; all these crowd round her; one of them, offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause, by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer, with her charge to them and the Universities. The Universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors: one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruit of their travels, presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering

about her a number of indolent persons, abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: to these approaches the antiquary Annius, entreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him. But Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature: but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds'-nests, moss, &c., but with particular caution not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the Author of nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth, thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body by the hands of Silenus, and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus, her high-priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds; confers on them orders and degrees; and then, dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue, the progress and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the poem.

## BOOK IV.



ET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil the deep intent.

#### REMARKS.

The Dunciad, Book IV.] This book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in size, but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the Greater and Lesser Iliad. But much are they mistaken who imagine this work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our poet; of which I am much more certain than that the Iliad itself was the work of Solomon, or the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed.—*Bentley.*—P. W.

[Warburton claimed to have assisted Pope in nearly all these notes, and he has marked them "P. W." Those solely written by him are marked "W." We have admitted a few not seen by the poet, which first appeared in Warburton's edition of 1751. They are marked "W.*"]

Ver. 1, &c.] This is an invocation of much piety. The poet, willing to approve himself a genuine son, beginneth by showing (which is ever agreeable to Dulness) his high respect for antiquity and a great family, how dead or dark soever; next declareth his passion for explaining mysteries; and lastly, his impatience to be re-united to her.—*Scriblerus.*—P. W.

Ver. 2. *Dread Chaos, and eternal Night.*] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem.—P. W.

Ver. 4. *Half to show, half veil the deep intent.*] This is a great propriety, for a dull poet can never express himself otherwise than by halves, or imperfectly.—*Scriblerus.*—P. W.

I understand it very differently; the author in this work had indeed a deep intent; there were in it mysteries or ἀπόῤῥητα which he durst not fully reveal, and doubtless in divers verses (according to Milton)

> more is meant than meets the ear.—*Bentley.*—P. W.

Ye powers! whose mysteries restored I sing, 5
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend awhile your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the poet and the song.
Now flamed the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote every brain, and wither'd every bay; 10
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light,

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Ver. 6. *To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing.*] Fair and softly, good poet! (cries the gentle Scriblerus on this place). For sure, in spite of his unusual modesty, he shall not travel so fast toward oblivion as divers others of more confidence have done: for when I revolve in my mind the catalogue of those who have the most boldly promised to themselves immortality, viz., Pindar, Luis Gongora, Ronsard, Oldham, lyrics; Lycophron, Statius, Chapman, Blackmore, heroics; I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkness. But it becometh not us, who have taken up the office of his commentator, to suffer our poet thus prodigally to cast away his life; contrariwise, the more hidden and abstruse is his work, and the more remote its beauties from common understanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and exalt the same, in the face of men and angels. Herein shall we imitate the laudable spirit of those, who have (for this very reason) delighted to comment on dark and uncouth authors, and even on their darker fragments; preferred Ennius to Virgil, and chosen to turn the dark lantern of Lycophron, rather than to trim the everlasting lamp of Homer.—*Scriblerus.*

Ver. 7. *Force inertly strong.*] Alluding to the *vis inertiæ* of matter, which, though it really be no power, is yet the fountain of all the qualities and attributes of that sluggish substance.—P. W.

Ver. 11, 12. *Sick was the sun,—The moon-struck prophet.*] The poet introduceth this (as all great events are supposed by sage historians to be preceded) by an eclipse of the sun; but with a peculiar propriety, as the sun is the emblem of that intellectual light which dies before the face of Dulness. Very apposite, likewise, is it to make this eclipse, which is occasioned by the moon's predominancy, the very time when Dulness and Madness are in conjunction; whose relation and influence on each other the poet hath shown in many places. Book i. ver. 29; book iii. ver. 5 *et seq.*—W.

Ver. 14. *To blot out order, and extinguish light.*] The two great

Of dull and venal a new world to mould, 15
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.
She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd,
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines. 20

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ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of Chaos, the other as daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinctions between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals: Light, as intellectual only; Wit, science, arts.—P. W.

Ver. 15. *Of dull and venal.*] The allegory continued; dull, referring to the extinction of light or science; venal, to the destruction of order, or the truth of things.—P. W.

Ibid. *A new world.*] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into night and chaos, a new one should arise; this the poet alluding to, in the production of a new moral world, makes it partake of its original principles.—P. W.

Ver. 16. *Lead and gold.*] *i. e.* Dull and venal.—P. W.

Ver. 18. *All below reveal'd.*] It was the opinion of the ancients, that the divinities manifested themselves to men by their back-parts. Virg. Æn. i. *et averteens, rosea cervice refulsit.* But this passage may admit of another exposition. *Vet. Adag.*: The higher you climb, the more you show your a——. Verified in no instance more than in dulness aspiring. Emblematised also by an ape climbing and exposing his posteriors.—*Scriblerus.*—P. W.

Ver. 20. *Her laureate son reclines.*] With great judgment it is imagined by the poet, that such a colleague as Dulness had elected should sleep on the throne, and have very little share in the action of the poem. Accordingly, he hath done little or nothing from the day of his anointing; having passed through the second book without taking part in anything that was transacted about him; and through the third in profound sleep. Nor ought this, well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many king-consorts have done the like.—*Scriblerus.*—P. W.

This verse our excellent laureate took so to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, "if he was not as seldom asleep as any fool?" But it is hoped the poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his prophecy (p. 243 of his own Life, 8vo, c. ix.), where he says, "The reader will be as much pleased to find me a dunce in my old age, as he was to prove me a brisk blockhead in my youth." Wherever there was any room for briskness, or alacrity of any sort, even in



"She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd."

THE DUNCIAD, *book* iv. *lines* 17, 18.

[*Page* 188

Beneath her footstool, Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound,
There, stripp'd, fair Rhetoric languish'd on the ground;
His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne, 25
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,

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sinking, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his historian to be silent. It is from their actions only that princes have their character, and poets from their works: and if in those he be as much asleep as any fool, the poet must leave him and them to sleep to all eternity.—*Bentley*.—P.

[It was very unlike Colley Cibber to be asleep anywhere, or to have no action in a piece of which he was hero. At eighty years of age he was the same brisk, airy character that he was in his youth, and his gallant attentions to Mrs. Woffington, when long past three-score and ten, were the talk of the town.]

Ibid. *Her laureate.*] "When I find my name in the satirical works of this poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but profit to himself. For he considers that my face is more known than most in the nation; and therefore a lick at the laureate will be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers."—*Life of Colley Cibber*, c. ii.

Now, if it be certain that the works of our poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable argument, that this fourth Dunciad, as well as the former three, hath had the author's last hand, and was by him intended for the press: or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable lick at the laureate?—*Bentley*.—P. W.

Ver. 21, 22. *Beneath her footstool,* &c.] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the goddess leads in captivity. Science is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but Wit or Genius, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away: Dulness being often reconciled in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something like each science, as Casuistry, Sophistry, &c., but nothing like Wit, Opêra alone supplying its place. —P. W.

Ver. 27. *By her false guardians drawn.*] Morality is the daughter of Astræa. This alludes to the mythology of the ancient poets, who

Gasps, as they straighten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word. 30
Mad Máthesis alone was unconfined,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the circle, finds its square.
But held in ten-fold bonds the Muses lie, 35
Watched both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye:

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tells us that in the gold and silver ages, or in the state of nature, the gods cohabited with men here on earth; but when, by reason of human degeneracy, men were forced to have recourse to a magistrate, and that the ages of brass and iron came on (that is, when laws were wrote on brazen tablets enforced by the sword of justice), the celestials soon retired from earth, and Astræa last of all; and then it was she left this her orphan daughter in the hands of the guardians aforesaid.—*Scriblerus.*—W.

Ver. 30. *Gives her Page the word.*] There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage. Though the candid Scriblerus imagined Page here to mean no more than a page or mute, and to allude to the custom of strangling state criminals in Turkey by mutes or pages. A practice more decent than that of our Page, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language.—*Scriblerus.*—P. W.

Ver. 31. *Mad Máthesis.*] Alluding to the strange conclusions some mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the real quantity of matter, the reality of space, &c.—P. W.

Ver. 33. *Pure space.*] *i. e.* pure and defecated from matter—*ecstatic stare*, the action of men who look about with full assurance of seeing what does not exist, such as those who expect to find space a real being.—W.

Ver. 34. *Running round the circle, finds its square.*] Regards the wild and fruitless attempts of squaring the circle.—P. W.

Ver. 36. *Watched both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye.*] One of the misfortunes falling on authors, from the Act for subjecting plays to the power of a licenser, being the false representations to which they were exposed, from such as either gratified their envy to merit, or made their court to greatness, by perverting general reflections against vice into libels on particular persons.—P. W.

[The refusal of the Lord Chamberlain to license Gay's "Polly" no doubt prompted this note.]

There to her heart sad Tragedy address'd
The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promised vengeance on a barbarous age. 40
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister Satire held her head:
Nor could'st thou, CHESTERFIELD! a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle muse.

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Ver. 39. *But sober History.*] History attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their substitutes in the discharge of their distinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and punishments of the great; the other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be asked, How came History and Satire to be admitted with impunity to minister comfort to the Muses, even in the presence of the goddess, and in the midst of all her triumphs? A question, says Scriblerus, which we thus resolve: History was brought up in her infancy by Dulness herself; but being afterwards espoused into a noble house, she forgot (as is usual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occasioned a long estrangement between her and Dulness. At length, in process of time, they met together in a monk's cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a second quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reasonable terms, and so are like to continue. This accounts for the connivance shown to History on this occasion. But the boldness of Satire springs from a very different cause; for the reader ought to know, that she alone of all the sisters is unconquerable, never to be silenced, when truly inspired and animated (as should seem) from above, for this very purpose, to oppose the kingdom of Dulness to her last breath.—W.

[Ver. 39 and 40 are not in the first edition, and the two following stand thus:

Oft her gay sister's life and spirit fled,
But History and Satire held their head.]

Ver. 43. *Nor could'st thou, &c.*] This noble person, in the year 1737, when the Act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr. Cibber), "with a lively spirit and uncommon eloquence." This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the eighth chapter of his Life and Manners. And here, gentle reader, would I gladly insert the other speech,

When lo! a harlot form soft sliding by, 45
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patchwork fluttering, and her head aside:
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand; 50
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke:
O Cara! Cara! silence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence, 55
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:

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whereby thou mightest judge between them: but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble author and myself, concerning the true reading of certain passages.—*Bentley*.—W. P.

Ver. 45. *When lo! a harlot form.*] The attitude given to this phantom represents the nature and genius of the Italian opera: its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these operas with favourite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the nobility. This circumstance, that opera should prepare for the opening of the grand sessions, was prophesied of in book iii. v. 304:

Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway.—P. W.

Ver. 54. *Let Division reign.*] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the passions. Mr. Handel had introduced a great number of hands and more variety of instruments into the orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus; which proved so much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his music into Ireland. After which they were reduced, for want of composers, to practise the patchwork above mentioned.—P. W.

Ver. 55. *Chromatic tortures.*] That species of the ancient music

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Ver. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*] *Joy to great Cæsar.*—The beginning of a famous old song.—W.*

One trill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting stage;
To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, Encore! 60
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon, rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense:
Strong in new arms, lo! giant HANDEL stands, 65
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Joves's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, empress; or you sleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore. 70
And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.

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called the chromatic, was a variation and embellishment, in odd irregularities, of the diatonic kind. They say it was invented about the time of Alexander, and that the Spartans forbad the use of it, as languid and effeminate.—W.

Ver. 58. *Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting stage.*] *i. e.* dissipate the devotion of the one by light and wanton airs, and subdue the pathos of the other by recitative and sing-song.—W.

Ver. 61. *Thy own Phœbus, reigns.*]

Tuus jam regnat Apollo.—*Virg.*

Not the ancient Phœbus, the god of harmony, but a modern Phœbus of French extraction, married to the Princess Galimathia, one of the handmaids of Dulness, and an assistant to Opera. Of whom see Bouhours, and other critics of that nation.—*Scriblerus.*—P. W.

Ver. 71. *Fame's posterior trumpet.*] Posterior—viz., her second or more certain report; unless we imagine this word posterior to relate to the position of one of her trumpets, according to Hudibras:

She blows not both with the same wind,
But one before and one behind;
And therefore modern authors name
One good, and t'other evil fame.—P. W.

None need a guide, by sure attraction led, 75
And strong impulsive gravity of head:
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the goddess, and cohered around.
Not closer, orb in orb, conglobed are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen. 80
  The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confess.
Not those alone who passive own her laws, 85
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits. 90
  Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;
Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or impious, preach his word without a call.
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead, 95
Withhold the pension, and set up the head;

Ver. 75. *None need a guide—None want a place.*] The sons of Dulness want no instructors in study, nor guides in life. They are their own masters in all sciences, and their own heralds and introducers into all places.—P. W.

Ver. 76 to 101.] It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the goddess, and are imaged in the simile of the bees about their queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from verse 81 to 90. The third, of such as, though not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronising vile scribblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and men of taste in arts they understand not; from verse 91 to 101.—P. W.

Ver. 93. *False to Phœbus.*] Spoken of the ancient and true Phœbus; not the French Phœbus, who hath no chosen priests or poets, but equally inspires any man that pleaseth to sing or preach. —*Scriblerus.*—P. W.

Or vest dull Flattery in the sacred gown;
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown.
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite. 100
There march'd the bard and blockhead, side by side,
Who rhymed for hire, and patronised for pride.
Narcissus, praised with all a parson's power,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.
There moved Montalto with superior air; 105
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side:
But as in graceful act, with awful eye
Composed he stood, bold Benson thrust him by: 110
On two unequal crutches propp'd he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent knight retired with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and closed the pompous page.

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Ver. 99, 100.

And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite.]

In this division are reckoned up—1. The idolisers of Dulness in the great; 2. Ill judges; 3. Ill writers; 4. Ill patrons; but the last and worst, as he justly calls him, is the Muse's hypocrite, who is, as it were, the epitome of them all. He who thinks the only end of poetry is to amuse, and the only business of the poet to be witty; and consequently who cultivates only such trifling talents in himself, and encourages only such in others.—W.

Ver. 103. [*Narcissus* was Lord Hervey, praised by Dr. Conyers Middleton, in his dedication of the Life of Cicero. *Montalto* was Sir T. Hanmer.]

Ver. 110. *Bold Benson.*] This man endeavoured to raise himself to fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, of Milton; and afterwards by as great passion for Arthur Johnston, a Scotch physician's, version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, book iii. v. 325.—P. W.

Ver. 113. *The decent knight.*] An eminent person, who was about

But (happy for him as the times went then) 115
Appear'd Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capped youths await,
To lug the ponderous volume off in state.
When Dulness, smiling—"Thus revive the Wits!
But murder first, and mince them all to bits; 120
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new edition of old Æson gave;

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to publish a very pompous edition of a great author, at his own expense.—P. W.

[In the first edition it is said more pointedly, "very much at his own expense indeed."]

Ver. 115, &c. These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr. Pope in the last edition, which he himself gave, of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer to put this leaf into its place as soon as Sir T. H.'s Shakespear should be published.—*B.*—W.*

["B." is perhaps Bowyer, the printer. The lines are not in the edition of 1743. Warburton had a quarrel with Sir Thomas Hanmer, the "decent knight," relative to Sir Thomas's edition of Shakspeare. Warburton charged the knight with making an unauthorised use of his emendations on the text of Shakspeare, while the knight, on the other hand, charged Warburton with a desire to produce a "paltry edition," with the view of getting "a greater sum of money by it." The result, said Warburton, was that Sir Thomas "applied to the University of Oxford, and was at the expense of his purse in procuring cuts for this edition, and at the expense of his reputation in employing a number of my emendations on the text, without my knowledge or consent; and his behaviour was what occasioned Mr. Pope's perpetuating the memory of the Oxford edition of Shakspeare in the Dunciad."]

Ver. 119. *Thus revive,* &c.] The goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of persons not eminent in any branch of learning to those of the most distinguished writers; either by printing editions of their works with impertinent alterations of their text, as in the former instances, or by setting up monuments disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter.—P. W.

Ver. 122. *Old Æson.*] Of whom Ovid (very applicable to these restored authors),

Æson miratur,
Dissimilemque animum subiit.—P. W.

Let standard-authors, thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my critics! in the chequer'd shade, 125
Admire new light through holes yourselves have made.
"Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick. 130
So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
A heavy lord shall hang at every wit,
And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."
Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press, 135
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.

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Ver. 128. *A page, a grave.*] For what less than a grave can be granted to a dead author? or what less than a page can be allowed a living one?—P. W.

Ver. 128. *A page.*] Pagina, not Pedissequus. A page of a book, not a servant, follower, or attendant; no poet having had a page since the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey.—*Scriblerus.*—P. W.

[Durfey's plays and "Pills to Purge Melancholy" were popular during his lifetime, but have sunk into deserved oblivion. He died in 1723.]

Ver. 131. *So by each bard an alderman,* &c.] Vide the Tombs of the Poets, Editio Westmonasteriensis.—P. W.

Ibid. *An alderman shall sit.*] Alluding to the monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.—W.*

Ver. 137, 138. Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.]

This is not to be ascribed so much to the different manners of a court

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Ver. 126. *Admire new light,* &c.]

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made.
*Waller.*—W.*

When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand; 140




GENIUS OF THE SCHOOLS.

His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infants' blood, and mothers' tears.

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and college, as to the different effects which a pretence to learning and a pretence to wit have on blockheads. For as judgment consists in finding out the differences in things, and wit in finding out their

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Ver. 142. *Dropping with infants' blood,* &c.]

> First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
> Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears.—*Milton.*—W.*

O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs;
Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race 145
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place:
The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
  Then thus. Since man from beast by words is known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone, 150
When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Placed at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.

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likenesses, so the dunce is all discord and dissension, and constantly busied in reproving, examining, confuting, &c., while the fop flourishes in peace, with songs and hymns of praise, addresses, characters, epithalamiums, &c.—W.

Ver. 140. *The dreadful wand.*] A cane usually borne by schoolmasters, which drives the poor souls about like the wand of Mercury. —*Scriblerus.*—P. W.

[Ver. 143 and 144 not in first edition.]

Ver. 148. *And holds his breeches.*] An effect of fear somewhat like this is described in the viith Æneid:

> Contremuit nemus——
> Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos;

nothing being so natural in any apprehension as to lay close hold on whatever is supposed to be most in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would insinuate these youthful senators (though so lately come from school) to be under the undue influence of any master. —*Scriblerus.*—P. W.

Ver. 151. *Like the Samian letter.*] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice. Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos.—*Pers.*—P. W.

Ver. 153. *Placed at the door,* &c.] This circumstance of the *genius loci* (with that of the index-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the Table of Cebes, where the genius of human nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life. Ὁ δέ γέρων ὁ ἄνω ἑστηκὼς, ἔχων χαρτην τινα ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, και τῇ ἑτέρᾳ ὥσπερ δεικνύων, τὶ, οὗτος Δαίμων καλεῖται, &c.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence, 155
As fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale of words till death. 160
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall, 165
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
There truant Wyndham every Muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost! 170
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can;
And South beheld that masterpiece of man.
Oh (cried the goddess) for some pedant reign! 175
Some gentle James, to bless the land again;

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Ver. 159. *To exercise the breath.*] By obliging them to get the classic poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for conversation and verbal amusement for their whole lives.—P. W.

Ver. 162. *We hang one jingling padlock,* &c.] For youth being used like pack-horses and beaten on under a heavy load of words, lest they should tire, their instructors contrive to make the words jingle in rhyme or metre.—W.

Ver. 166. *In yonder house or hall.*] Westminster-hall and the House of Commons.

Ver. 167—170. [Sir William Wyndham Charles Talbot, who entered the House of Commons in 1719, and rose to be Lord Chancellor in 1733; Murray, Lord Mansfield; and Pulteney, Earl of Bath. See Epilogue to the Satires.]

Ver. 174. *That masterpiece of man.*] Viz., an epigram. The famous Dr. South declared a perfect epigram to be as difficult a performance as an epic poem. And the critics say, "an epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of."—P. W.

Ver. 175. *Oh (cried the goddess),* &c.] The matter under debate is

To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,

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how to confine men to words for life. The instructors of youth show how well they do their parts; but complain that when men come into the world they are apt to forget their learning, and turn themselves to useful knowledge. This was an evil that wanted to be redressed. And this the goddess assures them will need a more extensive tyranny than that of grammar schools. She therefore points out to them the remedy, in her wishes for arbitrary power; whose interest it being to keep men from the study of things, will encourage the propagation of words and sounds; and, to make all sure, she wishes for another pedant monarch. The sooner to obtain so great a blessing, she is willing even for once to violate the fundamental principle of her politics, in having her sons taught at least one thing; but that sufficient, the doctrine of divine right.

Nothing can be juster than the observation here insinuated, that no branch of learning thrives well under arbitrary government but verbal. The reasons are evident. It is unsafe under such governments to cultivate the study of things of importance. Besides, when men have lost their public virtue, they naturally delight in trifles, if their private morals secure them from being vicious. Hence so great a cloud of scholiasts and grammarians so soon overspread the learning of Greece and Rome, when once those famous communities had lost their liberties. Another reason is the encouragement which arbitrary governments give to the study of words, in order to busy and amuse active geniuses, who might otherwise prove troublesome and inquisitive. So when Cardinal Richelieu had destroyed the poor remains of his country's liberties, and made the supreme court of parliament merely ministerial, he instituted the French Academy. What was said upon that occasion, by a brave magistrate, when the letters patent of its erection came to be verified in the parliament of Paris, deserves to be remembered: he told the assembly, that this adventure put him in mind after what manner an emperor of Rome once treated his senate; who, when he had deprived them of the cognisance of public matters, sent a message to them in form for their opinion about the best sauce for a turbot.—W.

Ver. 176. *Some gentle James,* &c.] Wilson tells us that this king, James I., took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces. This great prince was the first who assumed the title of Sacred Majesty, which his loyal clergy transferred from God to him. "The principles

Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a grammar school! 180
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain, 185
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, my Cam and Isis, preach it long!
"The RIGHT DIVINE of kings to govern wrong."

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of passive obedience and non-resistance (says the author of the Dissertation on Parties, Letter 8) which before his time had skulked perhaps in some old homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that inglorious reign."—P. W.

Ver. 181, 182. *If Dulness sees a grateful day—'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.*] And grateful it is in Dulness to make this confession. I will not say she alludes to that celebrated verse of Claudian,

Nunquam Libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub Rege pio.

But this I will say, that the words liberty and monarchy have been frequently confounded and mistaken one for the other by the gravest authors. I should therefore conjecture that the genuine reading of the fore-cited verse was thus:

Nunquam Libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub Lege pia,

and that *Rege* was the reading only of Dulness herself; and therefore she might allude to it.—*Scriblerus.*

I judge quite otherwise of this passage. The genuine reading is *Libertas*, and *Rege*: so Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the first verse: it should be *exit*, not *exstat*, and then the meaning will be, that liberty was never lost, or went away with so good a grace, as under a good king; it being, without doubt, a tenfold shame to lose it under a bad one.

This further leads me to animadvert upon a most grievous piece of nonsense to be found in all the editions of the author of the Dunciad himself. A most capital one it is, and owing to the confusion above-mentioned by Scriblerus, of the two words liberty and monarchy. Essay on Criticism:

Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal: 190
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.

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Nature, like monarchy, is but restrain'd
By the same laws herself at first ordain'd.

Who sees not, it should be, nature, like liberty? Correct it, therefore, *repugnantibus omnibus* (even though the author himself should oppugn), in all the impressions which have been, or shall be, made of his works. —*Bentley*.—P. W.

Ver. 192. *A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.* [The philosophy of Aristotle hath suffered a long disgrace in this learned university: being first expelled by the Cartesian, which, in its turn, gave place to the Newtonian. But it had all this while some faithful followers in secret, who never bowed the knee to Baal, nor acknowledged any strange god in philosophy. These, on this new appearance of the goddess, come out like confessors, and make an open profession of the ancient faith, in the *ipse dixit* of their master. Thus far Scriblerus.

But the learned Mr. Colley Cibber takes the matter quite otherwise; and that this various fortune of Aristotle relates not to his natural, but his moral philosophy. For, speaking of that university in his time, he says, they seemed to have as implicit a reverence for Shakespear and Jonson, as formerly for the ethics of Aristotle. See his Life, p. 385. One would think this learned professor had mistaken ethics for physics; unless he might imagine the morals too were grown into disuse, from the relaxation they admitted of during the time he mentions, viz., while he and the players were at Oxford. —W.

Ibid. *A hundred head*, &c.] It appears by this the goddess has been careful of keeping up a succession, according to the rule:

Semper enim refice: ac ne post amissa requiras,
Anteveni; et sobolem armento sortire quotannis.

It is remarkable with what dignity the poet here describes the friends of this ancient philosopher. Horace does not observe the same decorum with regard to those of another sect, when he says, *Cum ridere voles epicuri de grege porcum.* But the word drove, *armentum*, here understood, is a word of honour, as the most noble Festus the grammarian assures us, *Armentum id genus pecoris appellatur, quod est idoneum opus armorum.* And alluding to the temper of this warlike breed, our poet very appositely calls them a hundred head.—*Scriblerus.*—W.

Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
Each stanch polemic, stubborn as a rock, 195
Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall, 200
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.

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Ver. 194. *Though Christ-church.*] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the editor; and, accordingly, we have put it between hooks. For I affirm this college came as early as any other, by its proper deputies; nor did any college pay homage to Dulness in its whole body.—*Bentley.*—P. W.

Ver. 196. *Still expelling Locke.*] In the year 1703, there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his letters in the last edition.

Ver. 198. *On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.*] There seems to be an improbability that the doctors and heads of houses should ride on horseback, who, of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with names, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus.—*Scriblerus.* —P. W.

Ver. 199. *The streams.*] The river Cam, running by the walls of these colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in disputation.—P. W.

Ver. 202. *Sleeps in port.*] Viz., "Now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So Scriblerus. But the learned Scipio Maffei understands it of a certain wine called port, from Oporto, a city of Portugal, of which this professor invited him to drink abundantly.—*Scip. Maff. De Compotationibus Academicis.*—P. W.

[These lines contain an admirable portrait of the great Richard Bentley, an "excellent painting and highly finished," as Mr. Bowles remarks. Walker, mentioned in the 206th line, was John Walker, Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, while Bentley was master. He was the associate and friend of the "awful Aristarch" in all his

Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark:
His hat, which never vail'd to human pride, 205
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers please both man and God.
"Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt; is Aristarchus yet unknown? 210
Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains?
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again.

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contests classical and personal. Bentley died July 14, 1742, in his eightieth year.]

Ver. 205. *His hat, &c.—So upright Quakers please both man and God.*] The hat-worship, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that sect: yet, where it is necessary to pay that respect to man (as in the courts of justice and Houses of Parliament), they have, to avoid offence, and yet not violate their conscience, permitted other people to uncover them.—P. W.

Ver. 210. *Aristarchus.*] A famous commentator, and corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete critic. The compliment paid by our author to this eminent professor, in applying to him so great a name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part, which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability.—*Scriblerus.*—P. W.

[Ver. 211 and 212 not in first edition.]

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Ver. 207. *He, kingly, did but nod.*] Milton:

—He, kingly, from his state
Declined not.

Ver. 210. *Is Aristarchus yet unknown?*]

— Sic notus Ulysses?—*Virg.*

Dost thou not feel me, Rome?—*Ben Jonson.*

Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better; 215
Author of something yet more great than letter:
While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all.
" 'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Dispute of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*; 220
To sound or sink, in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.

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Ver. 217, 218. *While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,—Stands our digamma.*] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected edition of Homer. He calls it something more than letter, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one gamma set upon the shoulders of another.—P. W.

Ver. 220. *Of* me *or* te.] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written: had it been about *meum* or *tuum* it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first ode of Horace, to read, *Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*, or, *Te doctarum hederæ*. [In first edition is cited from the same ode, *Me gelidum nemus*, or *Te gelidum nemus*.]

Ver. 222. *Or give up Cicero to C or K.*] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a dispute whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras should end in *as*, or *a*. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it Hermagora, which Bentley rejects, and says Quintilian must be mistaken; Cicero could not write it so; and that in this case he would not believe Cicero himself. These are his very words: *Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.—Epist. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.*—W.

[Warburton told Spence that Lord Granville had long wanted to pass an evening with Pope; that he at last did so. Mr. P. said that the two hours were wholly taken up by his lordship in debating and settling how the first verse in the Æneid was to be pronounced, and whether we should say Cicero or Kikero.]

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Ver. 215. *Roman and Greek grammarians*, &c.] Imitated from Propertius, speaking of the Æneid:

> Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!
> Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke;
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny, 225
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicensed Greek.
In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal; 230
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole, 235
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.
"Ah, think not, mistress! more true dulness lies
In Folly's cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise. 240

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Ver. 223, 224. *Freind—Alsop.*] Dr. Robert Freind, Master of Westminster School, and Canon of Christ-church. Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.—P. W.

Ver. 226. *Manilius or Solinus.*] Some critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity.—P. W.

Ver. 228, &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus.*] The first, a dictionary writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second, a minute critic; the third, an author, who gave his Commonplace book to the public, where we happen to find much mincemeat of old books.—P. W.

[In first edition:

What Gellius or Stobæus *cook'd* before.]

Ver. 232. *Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.*] These taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one another.—P. W.

Ver. 239, 240. *Ah, think not, mistress,* &c.—*In Folly's cap,* &c.] By this it appears the dunces and fops, mentioned v. 139, 140, had a contention of rivalship for the goddess's favour on this great day. Those got the start, but these make it up by their spokesman in the next

Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity without a Νοῦς.
Nor could a Barrow work on every block, 245
Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.

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speech. It seems as if Aristarchus here first saw him advancing with his fair pupil.—*Scriblerus*.—W.

Ver. 241, 242. *Like buoys*, &c.—*On Learning's surface*, &c.] So that the station of a professor is only a kind of legal noticer to inform us where the shattered hulk of learning lies at anchor; which after so long unhappy navigation, and now without either master or patron, we may wish, with Horace, may lie there still:

> ---Nonne vides, ut
> Nudum remigio latus?
> ——non tibi sunt integra lintea;
> Non Dî, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
> Quamvis pontica pinus,
> Sylvæ filia nobilis,
> Jactes et genus, et nomen inutile.—*Hor.*—*Scribl.*—W.

Ver. 244. *And much divinity without a* Νοῦς.] A word much affected by the learned Aristarchus in common conversation, to signify genius, or natural acumen. But this passage has a further view: Νοῦς was the Platonic term for mind, or the First Cause; and that system of divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind nature without a Νοῦς: such as the poet afterwards describes (speaking of the dreams of one of these later Platonists):

> Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
> Which Theocles in raptured vision saw,
> That Nature, &c.—P. W.

Ver. 245, 246. *Barrow, Atterbury.*] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity; Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ-church: both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.—P. W.

Ver. 247. *The heavy canon.*] Canon here, if spoken of artillery, is in the plural number; if of the canons of the house, in the singular, and meant only of one: in which case I suspect the pole to be a false

For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read: 250
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it:
So spins the silkworm small its slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.
"What though we let some better sort of fool 255
Thrid every science, run through every school?

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reading, and that it should be the poll, or head of that canon. It may be objected, that this is a mere paronomasia or pun. But what of that? Is any figure of speech more apposite to our gentle goddess, or more frequently used by her and her children, especially of the university? Doubtless it better suits the character of Dulness, yea of a doctor, than that of an angel; yet Milton feared not to put a considerable quantity into the mouths of his. It hath indeed been observed, that they were the devil's angels, as if he did it to suggest the devil was the author as well of false wit as of false religion, and that the father of lies was also the father of puns. But this is idle: it must be owned a Christian practice, used in the primitive times by some of the fathers, and in later by most of the sons of the Church; till the debauched reign of Charles the Second, when the shameful passion for wit overthrew everything: and even then the best writers admitted it, provided it was obscene, under the name of the *double entendre*.—*Scriblerus*.—P. W.

Ver. 248. *And metaphysic smokes*, &c.] Here the learned Aristarchus, ending the first member of his harangue in behalf of words, and entering on the other half, which regards the teaching of things, very artfully connects the two parts in an encomium on metaphysics, a kind of middle nature between words and things: communicating, in its obscurity, with substance, and, in its emptiness, with names.—*Scriblerus*.—W.

[From v. 249 to 254 not in the first edition. They were transposed from book i. of the early editions of the Dunciad.]

Ver. 255, to 271. *What though we let some better sort of fool*, &c.] Hitherto Aristarchus hath displayed the art of teaching his pupils words, without things. He shows greater skill in what follows, which is to teach things, without profit. For with the better sort of fool the first expedient is, v. 254 to 258, to run him so swiftly through the circle of the sciences that he shall stick at nothing, nor nothing stick with him; and though some little, both of words and things, should by chance be gathered up in his passage, yet he shows, v. 259 to 261, that it is never more of the one than just to enable him

Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme. 260
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce:
Or, set on metaphysic ground to prance, 265
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind.
Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man. 270

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to persecute with rhyme, or of the other than to plague with dispute. But, if after all, the pupil needs learn a science, it is then provided by his careful directors, v. 261, 262, that it shall either be such as he can never enjoy when he comes out into life, or such as he will be obliged to divorce. And to make all sure, v. 263 to 267, the useless or pernicious sciences, thus taught, are still applied perversely; the man of wit petrified in Euclid, or trammelled in metaphysics; and the man of judgment married, without his parents' consent, to a Muse. Thus far the particular arts of modern education, used partially, and diversified according to the subject and the occasion: but there is one general method, with the encomium of which the great Aristarchus ends his speech, v. 267 to 270, and that is authority, the universal cement, which fills all the cracks and chasms of lifeless matter, shuts up all the pores of living substance, and brings all human minds to one dead level. For if nature should chance to struggle through all the entanglements of the foregoing ingenious expedients to bind rebel wit, this claps upon her one sure and entire cover. So that well may Aristarchus defy all human power to get the man out again from under so impenetrable a crust. The poet alludes to this masterpiece of the schools in v. 501, where he speaks of vassals to a name.—W.

Ver. 257, 258. [These two verses are verbatim from an epigram of Dr. Evans, of St. John's College, Oxford; given to my father twenty years before the Dunciad was written.—*Warton.*]

Ver. 264. *Petrify a genius.*] Those who have no genius, employed in works of imagination; those who have, in abstract sciences.—P. W.

Ver. 270. *And hew the block off.*] A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble a statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts.—P. W.

But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, pupil, and laced governor from France.
Walker! our hat:"—nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race, 275
And tittering push'd the pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the opening hound.
The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the queen. 280

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Ver. 272. *Laced governor.*] Why laced? Because gold and silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this governor came from France? Know? Why, by the laced coat.—*Scriblerus.*—P. W.

Ibid. *Whore, pupil, and laced governor.*] Some critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the governor should have the precedence before the whore, if not before the pupil. But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the governor led the pupil to the whore: and where the pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the governor to her. But our impartial poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen—namely, the pupil between the whore and the governor; but placeth the whore first, as she usually governs both the others.—P. W.

[Supposed to allude to the Duke of Kingston and his mistress, Mad. de Latouche.]

Ver. 274. *Stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.*] See Homer, Odyss. xi., where the ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses. A passage extremely admired by Longinus.

Ver. 276. *And tittering push'd, &c.*]

Rideat et pulset lasciva decentiùs ætas.—*Hor.*—P. W.

Ver. 279. *The first came forwards, &c.*] This forwardness or pertness is the certain consequence, when the children of Dulness are spoiled by too great fondness of their parent.—W.

Ver. 280. *As if he saw St. James's.*] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.—P. W.

When thus th' attendant orator begun:
"Receive, great empress! thy accomplish'd son:
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scared with God.
The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake: 285
The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
Thou gav'st that ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceased so soon, he ne'er was boy, nor man;
Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas pass'd: 290

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Ver. 281. *The attendant orator.*] The governor above-said. The poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it.—*Scriblerus.*—P. W.

Ver. 284. *A dauntless infant! never scared with God.*] *i. e.* brought up in the enlarged principles of modern education, whose great point is to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing spirit unbroken by terrifying names. Amongst the happy consequences of this reformed discipline, it is not the least that we have never afterwards any occasion for the priest, whose trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to finish what the nurse began.—*Scriblerus.*—W.*

Ver. 288. *He ne'er was boy, nor man.*] Nature hath bestowed on the human species two states or conditions, infancy and manhood. Wit sometimes makes the first disappear, and folly the latter; but true dulness annihilates both. For want of apprehension in boys, not suffering that conscious ignorance and inexperience which produce the awkward bashfulness of youth, makes them assured; and want of imagination makes them grave. But this gravity and assurance, which is beyond boyhood, being neither wisdom nor knowledge, do never reach to manhood.—*Scriblerus.*—W.

Ver. 290. *Unseen the young Æneas pass'd—Thence bursting glorious.*] See Virg. *Æn.* i.:

> At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit,
> Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu,
> Cernere ne quis eos;—1. neu quis contingere possit;
> 2. Molirive moram;—aut 3. veniendi poscere causas.

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Ver. 284. *A dauntless infant! never scared with God.*]

> —— sine Dîs animosus infans.—*Hor.*

Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy 'larum half the town.



YOUNG GENTLEMEN RETURNED FROM TRAVEL.

Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew:
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.                295
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way,

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Where he enumerates the causes why his mother took this care of him—to wit: 1. That nobody might touch or correct him; 2. Might stop or detain him; 3. Examine him about the progress he had made, or so much as guess why he came there.—P. W.

To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tiber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian hearts, Italian souls: 300
To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines;
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing or of dancing slaves, 305
Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves.
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps;

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Ver. 303. *Lily-silver'd vales.*] Tuberoses.

Ver. 306. [On this exquisite passage, so musical and so picturesque, Warton has a fine note: "I cannot forbear saying, though indeed every reader of taste will perceive the thing, that Pope has never written, nor indeed does our language afford, six more delicious lines. The three compound epithets, which are more in number than he ever has used so near each other, have a fine effect, and are most happily constructed. So also is 'greatly-daring,' in line 318. Ver. 302, 'Abbots, purple as their wines,' is from Rousseau, the poet."]

Ver. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps.*] The winged lion, the arms of Venice. This Republic, heretofore the most considerable in Europe for her naval force and the extent of her commerce, now illustrious for her carnivals.—P. W.

[Let us append Wordsworth's glorious sonnet on the extinction of the Venetian Republic:

> Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee;
> And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
> Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
> Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.
> She was a maiden city, bright and free;
> No guile seduced, no force could violate;
> And when she took unto herself a mate,
> She must espouse the everlasting sea.
> And what if she had seen those glories fade,
> Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
> Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
> When her long life hath reach'd its final day:
> Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
> Of that which once was great is passed away.]

Where, eased of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain, 310
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every vice on Christian ground;
Saw every court, heard every king declare
His royal sense of operas or the fair;
The stews and palace equally explored, 315
Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whored:
Tried all hors-d'œuvres, all liqueurs defined,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring dined;
Dropp'd the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquired no more; 320
All classic learning lost on classic ground;
And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound!
See now, half-cured, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a solo in his head;
As much estate, and principle, and wit, 325
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber, shall think fit;

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Ver. 318. *Greatly-daring dined.*] It being indeed no small risk to eat through those extraordinary compositions, whose disguised ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.—P. W.

Ver. 322. *And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound!*] Yet less a body than echo itself; for echo reflects sense or words at least, this gentleman, only airs and tunes:

—— Sonus est, qui vivit in illo.—*Ovid, Met.*

So that this was not a metamorphosis either in one or the other, but only a resolution of the soul into its true principles; its real essence being harmony, according to the doctrine of Orpheus, the inventor of opera, who first performed to a choice assembly of beasts.—*Scriblerus.*—W.

Ver. 324. *With nothing but a solo in his head.*] With nothing but a solo? Why, if it be a solo, how should there be anything else? Palpable tautology! Read boldly an opera, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin.—*Bentley.*—P. W.

Ver. 326. *Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber.*] Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays; who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth, and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of

Stolen from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
And, if a borough choose him not, undone;
See, to my country happy I restore
This glorious youth, and add one Venus more. 330
Her too receive (for her my soul adores)
So may the sons of sons of sons of whores
Prop thine, O empress! like each neighbour throne,
And make a long posterity thy own."
Pleased, she accepts the hero and the dame, 335
Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.
Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
Of ever-listless loiterers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend. 340
Thee, too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,

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their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see book i. v. 199, &c.—P. W.

Ver. 331. *Her too receive*, &c.] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his note on verse 272, that the governor, as well as the pupil, had a particular interest in this lady.—P. W.

Ibid. *Sons of whores.*] For such have been always esteemed the ablest supports of the throne of Dulness, even by the confession of those her most legitimate sons, who have unfortunately wanted that advantage. The illustrious Vanini, in his divine encomium on our goddess, entitled De Admirandis Naturæ Reginæ Deæque mortalium Arcanis, laments that he was not born a bastard: "O utinam extra legitimum ac connubialem thorum essem procreatus!" &c. He ex-

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Ver. 332. *So may the sons of sons*, &c.]

Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.—*Virg.*

Ver. 342. Stretch'd on the rack——
And heard, &c.]

Sedet, æternumque sedebit,
Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnes
Admonet.—*Virg.*

And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.
She pitied; but her pity only shed 345
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,
False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines. 350
Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whisper'd first his prayer:
"Grant, gracious goddess, grant me still to cheat! 355
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!

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patiates on the prerogatives of a free birth, and on what he would have done for the great mother with those advantages, and then sorrowfully concludes, "At quia conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatus sum bonis."—W.

Ver. 341. *Thee, too, my Paridel!*] The poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a wandering courtly squire, that travelled about for the same reason for which many young squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to Paris.—P. W.

Ver. 347. *Annius.*] The name taken from Annius, the monk of Viterbo, famous for many impositions and forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity; but our Annius had a more substantial motive.—P. W. [Sir A. Fountaine. See Additional Notes.]

Ver. 355. *Still to cheat.*] Some read skill, but that is frivolous, for Annius hath that skill already; or if he had not, skill were not wanting to cheat such persons.—*Bentley.*—P. W.

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Ver. 355. —— grant me still to cheat!
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!]

—— Da, pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere——
Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem.—*Hor.*

Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers, rise; 360
Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl;
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold, 365
And keep his Lares, though his house be sold;
To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two." 370
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool-renown'd,
Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,

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Ver. 361. *Hunt th' Athenian fowl.*] The owl stamped on the reverse on the ancient money of Athens.

Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl

is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer,

Χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσι Θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δε Κύμινδιν.—P. W.

Ver. 363. *Attys* and *Cecrops.*] The first king of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbade all images; and the story of whose pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless, one of these Anniuses made a counterfeit medal of that impostor, now in the collection of a learned nobleman.—P. W.

Ver. 371. *Mummius.*] This name is not merely an allusion to the mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman general of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious statues to the captain of a ship, assuring him, "that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead:" by which it would seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no virtuoso.—P. W.

Ver. 371. *Fool-renown'd.*] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, renowned by fools, or renowned for making fools.—P.*

[First published by Warburton in 1751.]

Ver. 372. *Cheops.*] A king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to

Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head:
"Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? Traitor base! 375
Mine, goddess! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chased him on the deep. 380
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
Received each demi-god with pious care,
Deep in his entrails—I revered them there,

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be known, as being buried alone in his pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This royal mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the museum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned voyager assures us that he saw the sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.—P. W.

Ver. 375. *Speak'st thou of Syrian princes?* &c.] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the history of the Syrian kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being pursued by a corsair of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden *bourasque* freed him from the rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised purgations, the other vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend, the famous physician and antiquary, Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour first asked him whe-

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 383. *Received each demi-god.*]

Emissumque ima de sede Typhoëa terræ
Cœlitibus fecisse metum; cunctosque dedisse,
Terga fugæ: donec fessos Ægyptia tellus
Ceperit.—*Ovid.*

I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine, 385
And, at their second birth, they issue mine."
"Witness, great Ammon, by whose horns I swore,
(Replied soft Annius,) this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat. 390
To prove me, goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup as well as dine:
There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand."
The goddess smiling seem'd to give consent; 395
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.
Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the Power,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower. 400

REMARKS.

ther the medals were of the higher empire? He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing such a treasure: he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expense.—P. W.

Ver. 383. *Each demi-god.*] They are called Θεοὶ on their coins.—P. W.

Ver. 387. *Witness, great Ammon!*] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian empire, and whose horns they wore on their medals.—P. W.

Ver. 394. *Douglas.*] A physician of great learning and no less taste; above all, curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.—P. W.

[Dr. James Douglas lectured on anatomy in London, and wrote notices of anatomical writers from Hippocrates to Harvey. He was also author of "Myographiæ Comporata Specimen," and other professional treatises. He died the same year this fourth book of the Dunciad appeared, 1742.]

Ver. 397. *Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground.*] The similitude of locusts does not refer more to the numbers than to the qualities of the virtuosi, who not only devour and lay waste every tree, shrub, and green leaf in their course, *i. e.* of experiments, but suffer neither a moss nor fungus to escape untouched.—*Scriblerus.*—W.

But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent to the throne appeal.



THE BUTTERFLY-HUNTER AND FLOWER-FANCIER LAYING THEIR CASE BEFORE THE QUEEN.

The first thus open'd: "Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower, 405
Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and shower;

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 405. Fair from its humble bed, &c. named it Caroline!
Each maid cried, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!]

Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipp'd its head:
Then, throned in glass, and named it Caroline:
Each maid cried, Charming! and each youth, Divine! 410
Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze?
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust 415
Laid this gay daughter of the spring in dust.
Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades."
He ceased and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' accused stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen: 420
"Of all th' enamell'd race, whose silvery wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shined this child of heat and air.

REMARKS.

Ver. 409. *And named it Caroline.*] It is a compliment which the florists usually pay to princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious flowers of their raising. Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious gardener at Hammersmith, who caused his favourite to be painted on his sign, with this inscription, "This is My Queen Caroline."—P. W.

IMITATIONS.

These verses are translated from Catullus, Epith.:

> Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
> Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
> Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
> Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
> Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ, &c.

Ver. 421. *Of all th' enamel'd race.*] The poet seems to have an eye to Spenser, Muiopotmos:

> Of all the race of silver-winged flies
> Which do possess the empire of the air.

I saw, and started, from its vernal bower, 425
The rising game, and chased from flower to flower.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It stopp'd, I stopp'd; it moved, I moved again.
At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleased,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seized: 430
Rose or carnation was below my care;
I meddle, goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but show the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye, 435
Fair ev'n in death! this peerless butterfly."
"My sons (she answer'd) both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends. 440
The common soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 441. *The common soul*, &c.] In first edition thus:

> Of souls the greater part, Heav'n's common make,
> Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
> And most but find that sentinel of God,
> A drowsy watchman in the land of Nod.

[And this note was given: "*Land of Nod*. Beware, reader, not to mistake this for a mere idle paronomasia. It was the land to which Cain retreated with his family, when they laid reason (this sentinel of God) asleep, and followed only the guidance of their passions."]

REMARKS.

Ver. 440. *Our sleeping friends*.] Of whom, see ver. 345 above.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 427, 428. *It fled, I follow'd*, &c.]

> ——I started back,
> It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
> Pleas'd it return'd as soon.—*Milton*.

A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's o'clock.
Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd: 445
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the cockle-kind;
The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss; 450
The head, that turns at superlunar things,
Poised with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.
"O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason giv'n them but to study flies!
See nature in some partial narrow shape, 455
And let the author of the whole escape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve."

REMARKS.

Ver. 444. *And breaks our rest, to tell us what's o'clock.*] *i. e.* when the feast of life is just over, calls us to think of breaking up, but never watches to prevent the disorders that happen in the heat of the entertainment.—W.*

Ver. 450. *A wilderness of moss.*] Of which the naturalists count I cannot tell how many hundred species.—P. W.

["Three hundred species" in first edition.]

Ver. 452. *Wilkins' wings.*] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society; who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose. —P. W.

Ver. 453. *O! would the sons of men,* &c.] This is the third speech of the goddess to her supplicants, and completes the whole of what she had to give in instruction on this important occasion, concerning learning, civil society, and religion. In the first speech, ver. 119, to her editors and conceited critics, she directs how to deprave wit and discredit fine writers. In her second, ver. 175, to the educators of youth, she shows them how all civil duties may be extinguished, in that one doctrine of Divine hereditary right. And in this third, she charges the investigators of nature to amuse themselves in trifles, and rest in second causes, with a total disregard of the first. This being all that Dulness can wish, is all she needs to say; and we may apply to her (as the poet hath managed it) what hath been said of true wit, that she neither says too little, nor too much.—P. W.

"Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark; 460
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatise:)
Let others creep by timid steps, and slow, 465
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's cause through Nature led:
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and source of pride! 470
We nobly take the high priori road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:

REMARKS.

Ver. 459. *A gloomy clerk.*] The epithet gloomy in this line may seem the same with that of dark in the next. But gloomy relates to the uncomfortable and disastrous condition of an irreligious sceptic; whereas dark alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled systems.—P. W.

Ver. 462. *When moral evidence shall quite decay.*] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of moral evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate-House. See Craig's Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica. But as it seems evident that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago, it is plain that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our goddess; for whose help, therefore, they have reason to pray.—P. W.

Ver. 465—468. *Let others creep—through Nature led.*] In these lines are described the disposition of the rational inquirer, and the means and end of knowledge. With regard to his disposition, the contemplation of the works of God with human faculties must needs make a modest and sensible man timorous and fearful; and that will naturally direct him to the right means of acquiring the little knowledge his faculties are capable of, namely, plain and sure experience; which, though supporting only an humble foundation, and permitting only a very slow progress, yet leads surely to the end, the discovery of the God of Nature.—W.

Ver. 471. *The high priori road.*] Those who, from the effects in this visible world, deduce the Eternal Power and Godhead of the First

Make Nature still encroach upon his plan;
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some mechanic cause into his place; 475
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
Or, at one bound, o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God man's image, man the final cause,

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Cause, though they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him, as enables them to see the end of their creation, and the means of their happiness: whereas they who take this high priori road (such as Hobbes, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better reasoners), for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in mists, or ramble after visions, which deprive them of all sight of their end, and mislead them in the choice of wrong means.—P. W.

Ver. 472. *And reason downward, till we doubt of God.*] This was, in fact, the case of those who, instead of reasoning from a visible world to an invisible God, took the other road; and from an invisible God (to whom they had given attributes agreeable to certain metaphysical principles formed out of their own imaginations) reasoned downwards to a visible world in theory, of man's creation; which not [illegible] might be expected, to that of God's, they began, from

[illegible] saw in his w[illegible]

[illegible] nd whose a[illegible]

duced *à priori*, on weak and mistaken principles.—W.

Ver. 473. *Make Nature still.*] This relates to such as, being ashamed to assert a mere mechanic cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it entirely, have had recourse to a certain plastic nature, elastic fluid, subtile matter, &c.—P. W.

> Ver. 475. Thrust some mechanic cause into his place;
> Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.]

The first of these follies is that of Des Cartes; the second of Hobbes the third of some succeeding philosophers.—P. W.

Ver. 477. *Or, at one bound,* &c.]. These words are very significant: in their physical and metaphysical reasonings, it was a chain of pretended demonstrations that drew them into all these absurd conclusions. But their errors in morals rest only on bold and impudent assertions, without the least shadow of proof, in which they overleap all the laws of argument as well as truth.—W.

Ver. 478, &c.:

> Make God man's image, man the final cause,
> Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
> See all in self.]

Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
See all in self, and but for self be born: 480
Of nought so certain as our reason still,
Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will.
Oh hide the God still more! and make us see,
Such as Lucretius drew, a God like thee:
Wrapp'd up in self, a God without a thought, 485
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptured vision saw,

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Here the poet, from the errors relating to a Deity in natural philosophy, descends to those in moral. Man was made according to God's image; this false theology, measuring his attributes by ours, makes God after man's image. This proceeds from the imperfection of his reason. The next, of imagining himself the final cause, is the effect of his pride: as the making virtue and vice arbitrary, and morality the imposition of the magistrate, is of the corruption of his heart. Hence he centres everything in himself. The progress of dulness herein differing from that of madness; one ends in seeing all in God, the other in seeing all in self.—P. W.

Ver. 481. *Of nought so certain as our reason still.*] Of which we have most cause to be diffident. *Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will:* two things the most self-evident, the existence of our soul, and the freedom of our will.—P. W.

Ver. 484. *Such as Lucretius drew.*] Lib. i. ver. 57:

> Omnis enim per se Divam natura necesse est
> Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,
> Semota ab nostris rebus, summotaque longe—
> Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira;

from whence the two verses following are translated, and wonderfully agree with the character of our goddess.—*Scriblerus.*

Ver. 487. *Or that bright image.*] Bright image was the title given by the latter Platonists to that vision of Nature which they had formed out of their own fancy, so bright, that they called it Αὐτοπτον Αγαλμα, or, the self-seen image; *i. e.* see by its own light.

Ver. 488. *Which Theocles in raptured vision saw.*] Thus this philosopher calls upon his friend to partake with him in these visions:

> "To-morrow, when the eastern sun
> With his first beams adorns the front

While through poetic scenes the Genius roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves; 490
That Nature our society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores."

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Of yonder hill, if you're content
To wander with me in the woods you see,
We will pursue those loves of ours,
By favour of the sylvan nymphs:

and invoking first the Genius of the place, we'll try to obtain at least some faint and distant view of the sovereign Genius and first beauty."
—*Charact.*, vol. ii. p. 245.

This Genius is thus apostrophised (p. 345) by the same philosopher:

——O glorious Nature!
Supremely fair, and sovereignly good!
All-loving, and all-lovely! all-divine;
Wise substitute of Providence! empower'd
Creatress! or empow'ring Deity,
Supreme Creator!
Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

Sir Isaac Newton distinguishes between these two in a very different manner. [Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.] *Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates suas et attributa, et per sapientissimas et optimas rerum structuras, et causas finales; veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium. Deus etenim sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam fatum et natura.*—P. W.

Ver. 489. *Roves—Or wanders wild in academic groves.*] "Above all things I loved ease, and of all philosophers those who reasoned most at their ease, and were never angry or disturbed, as those called sceptics never were. I looked upon this kind of philosophy as the prettiest, agreeablest, roving exercise of the mind, possible to be imagined."—Vol. ii. p. 206.—P. W.

Ver. 492. *Silenus.*] Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi., where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink.—P. W.

[Silenus was said to mean Gordon, the translator of Tacitus, and publisher of the Independent Whig. As a defender of Bishop Hoadley and a supporter of Walpole, Gordon was obnoxious to Pope. He was a coarse, but powerful party-writer. Gordon survived his satirist, dying in 1750.]

Roused at his name, up rose the bowsy sire,
And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire;
Then snapp'd his box, and strok'd his belly down: 495
Rosy and reverend, though without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the goddess Dame.
Then thus: "From priestcraft happily set free,
Lo! every finish'd son returns to thee: 500
First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
Then dupe to party; child and man the same:
Bounded by nature, narrow'd still by art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart:
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen, 505
Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a queen?
Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on earth:

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Ver. 494. *Seeds of fire.*] The Epicurean language, *semina rerum*, or atoms. Virg. Eclog. vi., *semina ignis—semina flammæ.*—P. W.

Ver. 499, 500. From priestcraft happily set free.
Lo! ev'ry finish'd son returns to thee.]

The learned Scriblerus is here very whimsical. It would seem, says he, by this, as if the priests (who are always plotting mischief against the law of nature) had inveigled these harmless youths from the bosom of their mother, and kept them in open rebellion to her, till Silenus broke the charm, and restored them to her indulgent arms. But this is so singular a fancy, and at the same time so unsupported by proof, that we must in justice acquit them of all suspicions of this kind.—W.

Ver. 501. *First slave to words, &c.*] A recapitulation of the whole course of modern education described in this book, which confines youth to the study of words only in schools; subjects them to the authority of systems in the universities; and deludes them with the names of party distinctions in the world. All equally concurring to narrow the understanding, and establish slavery and error in literature, philosophy, and politics. The whole finished in modern Free-thinking; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes self-love for the sole principle of action.—P. W.

Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down in pension, or in punk! 510
So K* so B** sneak'd into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
Poor W** nipp'd in Folly's broadest bloom,
Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast; 515
Thy magus, goddess! shall perform the rest."
With that a wizard old his cup extends;
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,

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Ver. 511. *So K* so B***, &c.] Warton says: "It is vain to inquire the names that belong to these initial letters. Some of the finest passages in Absalom and Achitophel, one of Dryden's capital poems, though concerning persons of far more consequence and importance, are now already unknown; and the satire has lost all its force and poignancy." [The difficulty is greatly enhanced by the uncertainty as to the time in which the parties lived. In the first edition no initials are given. The Queen in the above passage is, of course, Queen Caroline, whom Pope and Swift were so fond of "girding at;" and "K*" may be the Duke of Kent, who died in 1740, and who was a persevering courtier. Chesterfield, in one of his letters, says of this duke, that he hopes the continuation of his family will not be at the same time the continuation of his species. Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, a privy councillor, died in March, 1741, about a twelvemonth before the date of this fourth book of the Dunciad; but there were within the first forty years of the last century so many English noblemen (to say nothing of distinguished commoners) to whom the initial letter "B**" would apply—as Berkeley, Bolton, Beaufort, Beauclerk, Bingley, Blandford, &c.—that it would be idle to hazard conjectures as to the person satirised by Pope. The female appellation in the next line was unfortunately quite as general at the court.]

Ver. 513. [*Poor W***, &c. Philip Duke of Wharton. See Moral Essays, Ep. i.]

Ver. 517. *With that a wizard old*, &c.] Here beginneth the cele-

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Ver. 518. *Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends—Sire*, &c.] Homer of the Nepenthe, Odyss. iv.:

Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εις οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον
Νηπενθής τ' ἀχολόν τε, κακων ἐπίληθον ἁπαντων.

Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a star, and, like Endymion, dies: 520
A feather, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and principle is fled:
Lost is his God, his country, everything;
And nothing left, but homage to a king!

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bration of the greater mysteries of the goddess, which the poet in his invocation, ver. 5, promised to sing. For when now each aspirant, as was the custom, had proved his qualification and claim to a participation, the high priest of Dulness first initiateth the assembly by the usual way of libation. And then each of the initiated, as was always required, putteth on a new nature, described in ver. 530. Firm Impudence and Stupefaction mild, which the ancient writers on the mysteries call τῆς ψυχῆς ἔρμα, the great prop or fulcrum of the human mind. When the high priest and goddess have thus done their parts, each of them is delivered into the hands of his conductor, an inferior minister or hierophant, whose names are Impudence, Stupefaction, Self-conceit, Self-interest, Pleasure, Epicurism, &c., to lead them through the several apartments of her mystic dome, or palace. When all this is over, the sovereign goddess, from ver. 565 to 600, conferreth her titles and degrees, rewards inseparably attendant on the participation of the mysteries, which made the ancient Theon say of them, κάλλιστα μὲν οὖν, καὶ τῶν μεγίστων ἀγαθῶν, τὸ Μυστηρίων μετέχειν. Hence being enriched with so many various gifts and graces, initiation into the mysteries was anciently, as well as in these our times, esteemed a necessary qualification for every high office and employment, whether in Church or State. Lastly, the great mother, the *bona dea*, shutteth up the solemnity with her gracious benediction, which concludeth in drawing the curtain, and laying all her children to rest. It is to be observed that Dulness, before this her restoration, had her pontiffs *in partibus*; who from time to time held her mysteries in secret, and with great privacy. But now, on her re-establishment, she celebrateth them like those of the Cretans (the most ancient of all mysteries), in open day, and offereth them to the inspection of all men.—*Scriblerus*.—W.

Ibid. *His cup—Which whoso tastes*, &c.] The cup of Self-love, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of friendship or honour; and of the service of God or our country; all sacrificed to vain-glory, court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of lucre and brutal pleasures. From ver. 520 to 528.—P. W.

Ver. 523, 524. *Lost is his God, his country—And nothing left but homage to a king.*] So strange as this must seem to a mere English

The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs, 525
To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
But, sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.
But she, good goddess, sent to every child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild; 530
And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the flatt'rer or dependent paint, 535
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.
On others Interest her gay livery flings,
Interest, that waves on party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise. 540

reader, the famous Mons. de la Bruyère declares it to be the character of every good subject in a monarchy: "Where (says he) there is no such thing as love of our country, the interest, the glory, and service of the prince, supply its place."—*De la République*, chap. x.

Of this duty another celebrated French author speaks, indeed, a little more disrespectfully; which, for that reason, we shall not translate, but give in his own words: "L'amour de la patrie, le grand motif des premiers héros, n'est plus regardé que comme une chimère; l'idée du service du roi, étendue jusqu'à l'oubli de tout autre principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on appelloit autrefois grandeur d'âme et fidélité."—*Boulainvilliers, Hist. des Anciens Parlements de France*, &c.—P. W.

Ver. 528. *Still keep the human shape.*] The effect of the Magus's cup are just contrary to that of Circe, which only represents the sudden plunging into pleasures. Hers took away the shape, and left the human mind; this takes away the mind, and leaves the human shape.—W.

Ver. 529. *But she, good goddess,* &c.] The only comfort people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dulness; which makes some stupid, others impudent, gives self-conceit to some, upon the flatteries of their dependents, presents the false colours of interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle pleasures or sensuality, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under allegorical persons.—P. W.

Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*, 545
Why all your toils? your sons have learned to sing.

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Ver. 544. *The balm of Dulness.*] The true balm of Dulness, called by the Greek physicians Κολακεία, is a sovereign remedy against inanity, and has its poetic name from the goddess herself. Its ancient dispensators were her poets; and for that reason our author, book ii. v. 207, calls it the Poet's healing balm, but it is now got into as many hands as Goddard's Drops or Daffy's Elixir. It is prepared by the clergy, as appears from several places of this poem, and by verses 534, 535, it seems as if the nobility had it made up in their own houses. This, which Opera is here said to administer, is but a spurious sort. See my Dissertation on the Silphium of the Ancients. —*Bentley*.—W.

Ver. 545. *Great C**, &c.*]

[In the first edition no initials are given, and the line stands:

Great shades of **, **, **, **, *.

If the verse had been continued without initials, we should have been disposed to read the commencement, "Great Shades of Dorset," &c., for the most conspicuous supporter of music and operas at this time was Lord Middlesex, son of Lionel Cranfield, first Duke of Dorset. This nobleman, according to Walpole, had all the reserve of his family, and all the dignity of his ancestors. "He was a poet, too, because they had been poets. His passion was the direction of operas, on which he had not only wasted immense sums, but had stood lawsuits in Westminster-hall with some of these poor devils for their salaries." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu mentions that, in 1721, the young Duchess of Marlborough entertained the town with concerts of Bononcini's composition. Twenty years later, Walpole says half the young noblemen in town were engaged as subscribers to the Opera. The Court was no less interested in the fashionable amusement, and it is probable that Pope aimed his shaft at the royal circle. "If the letter K.," says Colly Cibber, "could be filled up but with one monosyllable in our whole language that *sing* would be a rhyme to, pray, sir, how far does this fall short of audaciously spelling them outright?" (Cibber's Second Letter to Pope.) Lord Hervey gives a lively description of the divisions in the royal family respecting the Opera. The Princess Royal supported Handel, who had been her singing-master, and the Prince of Wales set himself at

How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule!
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.
On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight! 550
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.

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the head of a rival Opera. Thus, Handel, at the Haymarket, was the favourite of the King and Queen, while the Prince and most of the nobility went to the Opera at Lincoln's Inn-fields. "The affair grew as serious as that of the Greens and Blues under Justinian at Constantinople; an anti-Handelist was looked upon as an anti-courtier, and voting against the Court in Parliament was hardly a less remissible or more venial sin than speaking against Handel or going to the Lincoln's Inn-fields Opera. The Princess Royal said she expected in a little while to see half the House of Lords playing in the orchestra in their robes and coronets; and the King—though he declared he took no other part in this affair than subscribing 1000*l.* a year to Handel—often added, at the same time, that 'he did not think setting oneself at the head of a faction of fiddlers a very honourable occupation for people of quality; or the ruin of one poor fellow (Handel) so generous or so good-natured a scheme as to do much honour to the undertakers, whether they succeeded or not; but the better they succeeded in it the more he thought they would have reason to be ashamed of it.' The Princess Royal quarrelled with the Lord Chamberlain for affecting his usual neutrality on this occasion, and spoke of Lord Delaware, who was one of the chief managers against Handel, with as much spleen as if he had been at the head of the Dutch faction who opposed the making her husband Stadtholder." —*Lord Hervey's Memoirs*, under date of 1734.]

Ver. 553. *The board with specious miracles he loads,* &c.] Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. *Speciosa miracula* (says he), according to Horace, were the monstrous fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to the transformation of hares into larks, or of pigeons into toads? I shall tell thee. The Læstrygons spitted men upon spears, as we do larks upon skewers; and the fair pigeon turned to a toad is similar to the fair virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty, why pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a table? Hares, indeed, might be cut into larks at a second dressing, out of frugality: yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extrava-

Another (for in all what one can shine?) 555
Explains the *sève* and *verdeur* of the vine.
What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy truffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain. 560
Knight lifts the head, for what are crowds undone,
To three essential partridges in one?

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gance before mentioned of dissolving whole oxen and boars into a small phial of jelly—nay, it is expressly said, that all flesh is nothing in his sight. I have searched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feast of Trimalchio, in vain: I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious rite, as it is said to be done by a priest, and soon after called a sacrifice, attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with libation and song.—*Scriblerus.*

This good scholiast, not being acquainted with modern luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of French cookery, and that particularly pigeons *en crapaud* were a common dish.—P. W.

Ver. 556. *Sève and verdeur.*] French terms relating to wines. St. Evremont has a very pathetic Letter to a Nobleman in Disgrace, advising him to seek comfort in a good table, and particularly to be attentive to these qualities in his champagne.—P. W.

Ver. 560. *Bladen—Hays*] names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, cashier of the South Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742). These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France.—P. W.

Ibid. *Bladen*, &c.] The former note of "Bladen is a black man," is very absurd. The manuscript here is partly obliterated, and, doubtless, could only have been, "Wash blackmoors white," alluding to a known proverb.—*Scriblerus.*—P. W.

["Colonel Martin Bladen was a man of some literature, and translated Cæsar's Commentaries. I never could learn that he had offended Pope. He was uncle to my dear and lamented friend, Mr. William Collins, the poet, to whom he left an estate, which he did not get possession of till his faculties were deranged, and he could not enjoy it."—*Warton.* Colonel Martin Bladen died February 15, 1745-6, at which time he was M.P. for Portsmouth, and one of the Commissioners for Trade and Plantations. He had no connexion with Collins's uncle, Colonel Martyn.]

Ver. 562. *Three essential partridges in one.*] Two dissolved into

Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.
  Next bidding all draw near on bended knees, 565
The Queen confers her titles and degrees.
Her children first of more distinguished sort,
Who study Shakespear at the Inns of Court,
Impale a glow-worm, or vertù profess,
Shine in the dignity of F.R.S. 570
Some, deep Freemasons, join the silent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor pass the meanest unregarded, one 575
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.
  Then, blessing all: "Go, children of my care!
To practice now from theory repair. 580

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quintessence to make sauce for the third. The honour of this invention belongs to France, yet has it been excelled by our native luxury, a hundred squab turkeys being not unfrequently deposited in one pie in the bishopric of Durham, to which our author alludes in ver. 593 of this work.

[Warburton struck out this note in his edition of 1751. Roscoe also omitted it; but it is in Pope's editions of 1742-3.]

Ver. 571. *Shine in the dignity of F.R.S.*]

[The allusions in this and the following line were perhaps suggested by a couplet in Bramston's *Man of Taste:*

> Next lodge I'll be Freemason, nothing less,
> Unless I happen to be F.R.S.]

Ver. 571. *Some, deep Freemasons, join the silent race.*] The poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent race. He has here provided, that in case they will not waken, or open (as was before proposed) to a humming-bird or a cockle, yet at worst they may be made Freemasons; where taciturnity is the only essential qualification, as it was the chief of the disciples of Pythagoras.—P. W.

Ver. 576. *A Gregorian, one a Gormogon.*] A sort of lay-brothers, slips from the root of the Freemasons.—P. W.

All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, assert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and switch be sacred to his grace; 585
With staff and pumps the marquis lead the race;
From stage to stage the licensed earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer, the sun;
The learned baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line; 590

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Ver. 581. All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.]

We should be unjust to the reign of Dulness not to confess that hers has one advantage in it rarely to be met with in modern governments, which is, that the public education of her youth fits and prepares them for the observance of her laws, and the exertion of those virtues she recommends. For what makes men prouder than the empty knowledge of words; what more selfish than the Freethinker's system of morals; or duller than the profession of true virtuosoship? Nor are her institutions less admirable in themselves than in the fitness of these their several relations to promote the harmony of the whole. For she tells her sons, and with great truth, that "all her commands are easy, short, and full." For is anything in nature more easy than the exertion of pride; more short and simple than the principle of selfishness; or more full and ample than the sphere of dulness? Thus, birth, education, and wise policy, all concurring to support the throne of our goddess, great must be the strength thereof.—*Scriblerus.* —W.

Ver. 584. *Each privilege your own,* &c.] This speech of Dulness to her sons at parting may possibly fall short of the reader's expectation; who may imagine the goddess might give them a charge of more consequence, and, from such a theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary than to personate running footmen, jockeys, stage-coachmen, &c. But if it be well considered that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally rendered harmless by their inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design; the poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.—P. W.

Ver. 590. *Arachne's subtile line.*] This is one of the most ingenious

The judge to dance his brother serjeant call;
The senator at cricket urge the ball;
The bishop stow (pontific luxury!)
An hundred souls of turkeys in a pie;
The sturdy squire to Gallic masters stoop, 595
And drown his lands and manors in a soupe.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one monarch more; 600
And nobly conscious, princes are but things
Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings.
Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND!"
More she had spoke, but yawn'd—all Nature nods: 605
What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?
Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd;
(St. James's first, for leaden Gilbert preach'd)

REMARKS.

employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to peers of learning. Of weaving stockings of the webs of spiders see the Phil. Trans.—P. W.

Ver. 591. *The judge to dance his brother serjeant call.*] Alluding, perhaps, to that ancient and solemn dance, entitled A Call of Serjeants.—P. W.

Ver. 598. *Teach kings to fiddle.*] "An ancient amusement of sovereign princes, viz., Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though despised by Themistocles, who was a republican.—*Make senates dance*, either after their prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia.—P. W.

Ver. 606. *What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?*] This verse is truly Homerical; as is the conclusion of the action, where the great mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssey. It may, indeed, seem a very singular epitasis of a poem to end as this does with a great yawn; but we must consider it as the yawn of a god, and of powerful effects. It is not out of nature, most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner: nor without authority, the incomparable Spenser having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a roar; but then it is the roar of a lion, the effects whereof are described as the catastrophe of his poem.—P. W.

Ver. 607. *Churches and chapels, &c.*] The progress of this yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the

Then catch'd the schools; the Hall scarce kept awake;
The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak: 610

REMARKS.

churches and chapels; then catcheth the schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to sleep, the masters are not; next Westminster-hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the goddess; then the Convocation, which though extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot. Even the House of Commons, justly called the sense of the nation, is lost (that is to say suspended) during the yawn (far be it from our author to suggest it could be lost any longer!), but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (though as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment: the effect of which, though ever so momentary, could not but cause some relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs.—*Scriblerus.*—P. W.

Ver. 608. *Leaden Gilbert.*—An epithet from the age she had just then restored, according to that sublime custom of the Easterns, in calling new-born princes after some great and recent event.

[Warburton omitted this note of Pope's, and reduced the name to "G——." Horace Walpole alludes to the bishop's "courtly tears in a sermon on the Queen;" and says of him: "Gilbert was composed of that common mixture, ignorance, meanness, and arrogance. Having once pronounced that Dr. King ought to be expelled Oxford for disaffection, the latter said he would consent to expulsion, provided Gilbert would propose it in Convocation—the motion must have been in Latin. . . . . . On the news of Gilbert's promotion (to the Archbishopric of York) they rung the bells at York backwards, in detestation of him. He opened a great table there, and in six months they thought him the most Christian prelate that had ever sat in that see."—*Memoirs of the Court of George II.* Pope again alludes to Gilbert in Epilogue to Satires, Dial. i.]

Ver. 610. *The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak.*] Implying a great desire so to do, as the learned scholiast on the place rightly observes. Therefore, beware, reader, lest thou take this gape for a yawn, which is attended with no desire but to go to rest: by no means the disposition of the Convocation; whose melancholy case in short is this: She was, as is reported, infected with the general influence of the goddess; and while she was yawning carelessly at her ease, a wanton courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clapped a gag into her chops. Well, therefore, may we know her meaning by her gaping; and this distressful posture our poet here describes, just as she stands at this day, a sad example of the effects of dulness and malice unchecked and despised.—*Bentley.*—W.

Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn unison went round:
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
Even Palinurus nodded at the helm:
"The vapour mild o'er each committee crept; 615
Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;
And chiefless armies dozed out the campaign;
And navies yawn'd for orders on the main."
O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short memories, and dunces none,) 620
Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;

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Ver. 615, 618.] These verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the state poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this poem of a fresher date. —P. W.

[Wakefield says these four verses partly existed in the poem of Halifax on Orpheus and Signora Margarita:

> And when the tawny Tuscan raised her strain,
> Rook furls his sails, and dozes on the main:
> Treaties unfinish'd in the office sleep,
> And Shovel yawns for orders on the deep.]

Ver 620. *Wits have short memories.*] This seems to be the reason why the poets, whenever they give us a catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the daughters of Memory, are obliged not to forget anything. So Homer, Iliad ii.:

> Πληθὺν δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
> Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
> Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ'——

And Virgil, Æn. vii.:

> Et meministis enim, Divæ, et memorare potestis:
> Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

But our poet had yet another reason for putting this task upon the Muse, that, all besides being asleep, she only could relate what passed. —*Scriblerus.*—P. W.

What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and entrance the dull;
Till drown'd was sense, and shame, and right, and wrong—
O sing, and hush the nations with thy song! 626

* * * * * *

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the pow'r.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old! 630
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain, 635
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;

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Ver. 624. *The venal quiet, and,* &c.] It were a problem worthy the solution of Aristarchus himself (and perhaps not of less importance than some of those weighty questions so long and warmly disputed among Homer's scholiasts, as, *in which hand Venus was wounded,* and *what Jupiter whispered in the ear of Juno*) to inform us which required the greatest effort of our goddess's power, to entrance the dull or to quiet the venal. For though the venal may be more unruly than the dull, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expense of her virtue to entrance than barely to quiet.—*Scriblerus.* [Warburton, in his edition of 1751, for Aristarchus, substituted "the profound Mr. Upton."]

Ver. 629. *The sable throne behold.*] The sable thrones of Night and Chaos, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the sciences, in the first place blot out the colours of Fancy, and damp the fire of Wit, before they proceed to their greater work.—W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 637. *As Argus' eyes,* &c.]

> Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
> Parte tamen vigilat——
> Vidit Cyllenius omnes
> Succubuisse oculos, &c.—*Ovid. Met.* ii.

Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night. 640
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 643. In the former edition it stood thus :

> Philosophy, that reach'd the Heav'ns before,
> Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more.

And this was intended as a censure of the Newtonian philosophy. For the poet had been misled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philosophy had recurred to the occult qualities of Aristotle. This was the idea he received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read everything, but everything superficially. Had his excellent friend, Dr. A., been consulted in this matter, it is certain that so unjust a reflection had never discredited so noble a satire. When I hinted to him how he had been imposed upon, he changed the lines with great pleasure into a compliment (as they now stand) on that divine genius, and a satire on the folly by which he himself had been misled.—W.* [It is "*touch'd* the Heavens" in editions of 1729-36. The *superficial* reader alluded to in this note (which Pope would not have admitted) was of course Bolingbroke, against whom the succeeding ponderous notes are also levelled.]

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Ver. 641. *Truth to her old cavern fled.*] Alluding to the saying of Democritus, that "Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her :" though Butler says, "He first put her in, before he drew her out."—W.

Ver. 653. *Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven.*] Philosophy has at length brought things to that pass, as to have it esteemed unphilosophical to rest in the First Cause; as if its ends were an endless indagation of cause after cause, without ever coming to the first. So that to avoid this unlearned disgrace, some of the propagators of our best philosophy have had recourse to the contrivance here hinted at. For this philosophy, which is founded in the principle of gravitation, first considered that property in matter as something extrinsical to it, and impressed immediately by God upon it. Which fairly and modestly coming up to the First Cause, was pushing natural inquiries as far as they should go. But this stopping, though at the extent of our ideas,

Physic of Metaphysic begs defence, 645
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires. 650

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and on the maxim of the great founder of this philosophy, Bacon, who says, "Circa ultimates rerum frustranea est inquisitio," was mistaken by foreign philosophers as recurring to the occult qualities of the peripatetics. To avoid which imaginary discredit to the new theory, it was thought proper to seek for the cause of gravitation in a certain elastic fluid, which pervaded all body. By this means, instead of really advancing in natural inquiries, we were brought back again, by this ingenious expedient, to an unsatisfactory second cause: for it might still, by the same kind of objection, be asked, what was the cause of that elasticity? See this folly censured, ver. 475.—W.

Ver. 645, 646. *Physic of Metaphysic*, &c.—*And Metaphysic calls*, &c.] Certain writers, as Malebranche, Norris, and others, have thought it of importance, in order to secure the existence of the soul, to bring in question the reality of body; which they have attempted to do by a very refined metaphysical reasoning. While others of the same party, in order to persuade us of the necessity of a revelation which promises immortality, have been as anxious to prove that those qualities which are commonly supposed to belong only to an immaterial being, are but the result from the sensations of matter, and the soul naturally mortal. Thus between these different reasonings they have left us neither soul and body; nor the sciences of physics and metaphysics the least support, by making them depend upon, and go a begging to, one another.—W.

Ver. 647. *See Mystery to Mathematics fly!*] A sort of men, who make human reason the adequate measure of all truth, having pretended that whatsoever is not fully comprehended by it is contrary to it; certain defenders of religion, who would not be outdone in a paradox, have gone as far in the opposite folly, and attempted to show that the mysteries of religion may be mathematically demonstrated; as the authors of philosophic, or astronomic principles of religion, natural and revealed.—W.

Ver. 649. *Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires.*] Blushing, not only at the view of these her false supports in the present overflow of dulness, but at the memory of the past; when the barbarous learning of so many ages was solely employed in corrupting the simplicity, and defiling the purity of religion. Amidst the extinction of all other

Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall; 655
And universal darkness buries all.

REMARKS.

lights, she is said only to withdraw hers; as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguishable and eternal.—W.

Ver. 650. *And unawares Morality expires.*] It appears from hence that our poet was of very different sentiments from the author of the Characteristics, who has written a formal treatise on virtue, to prove it not only real but durable, without the support of religion. The word "unaware" alludes to the confidence of those men who suppose that morality would flourish best without it, and consequently to the surprise such would be in (if any such there are) who indeed love virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the religion of their country.—W.



THE YAWN OF DULNESS AND ITS EFFECTS.

# APPENDIX.

## I.

## PREFACE

PREFIXED TO THE FIVE FIRST IMPERFECT EDITIONS OF THE

## DUNCIAD,

IN THREE BOOKS, PRINTED AT DUBLIN AND LONDON,

IN OCTAVO AND DUODECIMO, 1727.

### THE PUBLISHER[1] TO THE READER.

It will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or in literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception; and the larger part accept

[1] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to Durgen, "that most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian, &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem: for when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the preface to their Miscellanies), determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power, the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows.

There was published in those Miscellanies, a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newspapers (in

it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with[2] pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about[3] a hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages);

'most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise: a liberty noways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since, to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them; or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it a happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design.—P.

[This note is part of the statement originally published with the name of Savage as its author, but of course written by Pope, and here adopted by him. From the details given in the Life of Pope of the circumstances attending the publication of the Miscellanies and the Dunciad, it will be seen that the whole of the above is contradictory as well as delusive.]

[2] See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the poem.—P.

[3] It is surprising with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curll, Cooke, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9): "Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I read it with those vainglorious encumbrances of notes and remarks upon it, &c.—it is amazing, that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a low avarice of praise," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others were the author's own).—P.

of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the[4] author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked[5] no man living, who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possessed of it is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is great pity) there is certainly[6] nothing in his style and manner of writing which can distinguish or discover him: for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full[7] six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its cor-

[4] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.—P.

[5] The publisher in these words went a little too far; but it is certain whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrility, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.—P.

[6] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope.—P.

[7] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, preface to Sawney: "We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: it is no great compliment to the author's sense, to have employed so large a part of his life," &c. So also Ward, preface to Durgen: "The Dunciad, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years' retirement from all the pleasures of life: though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching, &c. But the

rection and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius which was cited at the head of his manuscript:

> Oh mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos,
> Duncia![8]

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Lusiad, we may pronounce could have been, and can be no other than the Dunciad.

It is styled heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decipher them; since, when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T., Mr. E., Sir R. B., &c.; but now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it.—P.

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the poem.—P.

[8] The prefacer to Curll's Key, p. 3, took this word to be really in Statius: "By a quibble on the word Duncia, the Dunciad is formed." Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.—P.

## II.

## A LIST OF BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

### IN WHICH OUR AUTHOR WAS ABUSED, BEFORE THE PUBLICATION OF THE DUNCIAD;

#### WITH THE TRUE NAMES OF THE AUTHORS.

Reflections Critical and Satirical on a late Rhapsody, called An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6d.

A New Rehearsal, or Bayes the younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [By Charles Gildon.] Printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1s.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket, Esquires.] Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Æsop at the Bear Garden; a Vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre and others, 1715, price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-Show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Ducket, Esq. Printed by E. Curll.

A Complete Key to the What d'ye call it. Anon. [By Griffin, a player, supervised by Mr. Th——.] Printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A True Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend. Anon. [Dennis.] Printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3d.

The Confederates; a Farce. By Joseph Gay. [J. D. Breval.] Printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer; with two Letters concerning the Windsor Forest and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis. Printed for E. Curll, 1717, price 1s. 6d.

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris.] 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate; or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted.] 1711, folio, price 1s.

The Battle of Poets; an Heroic Poem. By Tho. Cooke. Printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood.] Octavo, printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in Prose. By the Author of the Critical History of England. [J. Oldmixon.] Octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample Preface and Critique

on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley. Printed by J. Roberts. Octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, an Account of the Writings, Characters, &c., of several Gentlemen libelled by S—— and P——, in a late Miscellany. Octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend. By Mr. Dennis. Written in 1724, though not printed till 1728. Octavo.

## VERSES, LETTERS, ESSAYS, OR ADVERTISEMENTS

### IN THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Writ by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philo-mauri. James Moore-Smythe.

*Id.* March 29. A Letter about Thersites; accusing the author of disaffection to the Government. By James Moore-Smythe.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of Sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James Moore-Smythe.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. By Mr. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James Moore-Smythe.

The Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the Same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James Moore-Smythe.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P——'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the Translation of the Character of Thersites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1s. Others

of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers (in hope of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner:—"The Confederates, a Farce. By Captain Breval (for which he was put into the Dunciad). An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-Show. By Col. Ducket (for which he is put into the Dunciad). Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N.B. It was for a passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad)." And so of others.

## AFTER THE DUNCIAD, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad. Octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9, it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the aforesaid libels and advertisements was forged and untrue; that all mouths had been silent, except in Mr. Pope's praise; and nothing against him published, but by Mr. Theobald."]

Sawney, in Blank Verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a Critique on that Poem. By J. Ralph [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after]. Printed for J. Roberts. Octavo.

A Complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curll. 12mo, price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions. 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curll. Extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo, price 6d.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curll.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. Curll. 12mo, price 6d. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a Stinging-Nettle. By Mr. Foxton. 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley. Printed for A. Moore. Folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad Dissected. By Curll and Mrs. Thomas. 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the Present Times. Said to be writ by a Gentleman of C. C. C., Oxon. Printed for J. Roberts. Octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixion. Octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis. Dedicated to Theobald. Octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. [By Matthew Concanen.] Octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter, signed W. A. Writ by some or other of the Club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Con-

canen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter, signed Philo-Scriblerus, on the name of Pope.—Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris], against Mr. P——. Many other little Epigrams about this time in the same papers. By James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treason.

Durgen: a Plain Satire on a Pompous Satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a Collection of many of the Libels in the Newspapers, like the former volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*any thing* which *any body* should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, should be inserted and published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility Examined, &c. By George Ducket and John Dennis. Quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the Fourth Chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome. Folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of Verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into one epistle, and was published by James Moore. Quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal. Folio, 1731.[1]

*There have been since published:*

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady (or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-Squire.) Printed for J. Roberts. Folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-court (Lord H——y.) Printed for J. Roberts also. Folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-garden. Octavo.

[1] [This paper of verses, entitled "Labeo," has not been met with. Mr. Nichols, the editor of Welsted's works, asks, "To what does this allude?" Mr. Cooke, in one of his Epistles, June, 1726, observes of England, that

"——As at once the fertile country breeds
The golden harvest and the rankest weeds;
Among the British sons of verse we find
In Pope a *Bavius* and a *Labeo* join'd."]

## III.

## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

WITH NOTES. IN QUARTO, 1729.

It will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the "Dunciad" than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas, in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and, consequently, must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very obscurity of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a secret, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the persons it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of queen Anne and king George), it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered, lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curll, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the ancients are added to gratify those who either

never read, or may have forgotten them, together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest, and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets professedly valued themselves.

## IV.

## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION,

### SEPARATE, OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE DUNCIAD.

We apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad, that we publish this fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly showed it to be not only incorrect but unfinished. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said that the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it: and from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad. But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the Æneid, though perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: in which we also promise to insert any criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose), with the names of the authors; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed, under the title of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, which, together with some others of the same kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

## V.

## THE GUARDIAN.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF SOME FORMER PAPERS ON THE SUBJECT OF PASTORALS.

*Monday, April 27, 1713.*

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unam.—
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

I DESIGNED to have troubled the reader with no farther discourse of pastoral; but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an author whose eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Philips's, I shall employ this paper in observations upon him, written in the free spirit of criticism, and without any apprehension of offending that gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that its ideas should be taken from the manners of the golden age, and the moral formed upon the representation of innocence; it is, therefore, plain that any deviations from that design degrade a poem from being truly pastoral. In this view it will appear that Virgil can only have two of his eclogues allowed to be such: his first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent; Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of concord; the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder: as to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by Heinsius, Salmasius, Rapin,[1] and the critics in general. They likewise observe that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as pastorals; and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reasons above mentioned. So that when I remarked, in a former paper, that Virgil's Eclogues, taken altogether, are rather select poems than pastorals, I might have said the same thing, with no less truth, of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the critics, viz., they never meant them all for pastorals.

[1] See Rapin de Carm. par. 3.—P.

Now it is plain Philips hath done this, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

As simplicity is the distinguishing characteristic of pastoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a style; his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peasants. I have frequently wondered that since he was so conversant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the rusticity of the Doric, as well by the help of the old obsolete Roman language, as Philips hath by the antiquated English: for example, might not he have said *quoi* instead of *cui*, *quoijum* for *cujum*, *voll* for *vult*, &c., as well as our modern hath *welladay* for *alas*, *whilome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witless younglings* for *simple lambs*, &c., by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus as Philips hath of Spenser.

Mr. Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil. His clowns do not converse in all the simplicity proper to the country; his names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the scene of his pastorals: he introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrsis on British plains, as Virgil hath done before him on the Mantuan. Whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy, such as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin-Clout.

So easy as pastoral writing may seem (in the simplicity we have described it), yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books. It must be confessed his competitor hath imitated some single thoughts of the ancients well enough (if we consider he had not the happiness of an University education), but he hath dispersed them here and there without that order and method which Mr. Philips observes, whose whole third pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts to the standard of pastoral; as his contention of Colin-Clout and the Nightingale shows with what exactness he hath imitated every line in Strada.

When I remarked it as a principal fault to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth in the descriptions where the scene lies in our own country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Mr. Philips hath with great judgment described wolves in England in his first pastoral. Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular season of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken scene in each eclogue. 'Tis plain Spenser neglected this pedantry, who in his pastoral of November mentions the mournful song of the nightingale:

**Sad Philomel her song in tears doth steep.**

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener; his roses, endives, lilies, kingcups, and daffodils blow all in the same season.

But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately!

*Hobb.* Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me!
Come, Rosalind, O come! my brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm, and all are thine.

*Lanq.* Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers,
Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live-long time away.

Our other pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright poetry:

*Streph.* In spring, the fields, in autumn, hills I love;
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove;
But Delia always; forced from Delia's sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

*Daph.* Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Even spring displeases when she shines not here,
But bless'd with her 'tis spring throughout the year.

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses:

*Hobb.* As Marian bathed, by chance I passed by,
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye;
Then swift beneath the crystal wave she tried
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

*Lanq.* As I to cool me bathed one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay;
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

The other modern (who, it must be confessed, hath a knack of versifying) hath it as follows:

*Streph.* Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;

> But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
> And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

> *Daph.* The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
> She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen,
> While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
> How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of than descriptions of pastoral presents. Philips says thus of a sheep-hook:

> Of season'd elm, where studs of brass appear,
> To speak the giver's name, the month and year;
> The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
> And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd.

The other of a bowl embossed with figures:

> ——where wanton ivy twines,
> And swelling clusters bend the curling vines;
> Four figures rising from the work appear,
> The various seasons of the rolling year;
> And what is that which binds the radiant sky,
> Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie?

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the zodiac, is no ill imitation of Virgil; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed this thought in his Doric?

> And what that hight which girds the welkin sheen,
> Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen?

If the reader would indulge his curiosity any further in the comparison of particulars, he may read the first Pastoral of Philips with the second of his contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former with the fourth and first of the latter, where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shown some parts in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, that beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce two instances of an hundred not yet quoted:

> O woeful day! O day of woe! quoth he;
> And woeful I, who live the day to see!

The simplicity of the diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of the sound, and the easy turn of the words in this dirge (to make use of our author's expression) are extremely elegant.

In another of his Pastorals, a shepherd utters a dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

> Ah me, the while! ah me! the luckless day!
> Ah luckless lad! the rather might I say!
> Ah silly I! more silly than my sheep,
> Which on the flowery plain I once did keep.

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets, and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common reader to repeat them without feeling some motions of compassion.

In the next place I shall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excels. For example:

> A rolling stone is ever bare of moss;
> And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.
>
> —He that late lies down, as late will rise,
> And, sluggard-like, till noonday snoring lies.
>
> —Against ill luck all cunning foresight fails;
> Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails.
>
> —Nor fear, from upright sentence, wrong.

Lastly, his elegant dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spenser, and our only true Arcadian. I should think it proper for the several writers of pastoral to confine themselves to their several counties. Spenser seems to have been of this opinion, for he hath laid the scene of one of his pastorals in Wales, where, with all the simplicity natural to that part of our island, one shepherd bids the other good-morrow, in an unusual and elegant manner:

> Diggon Davy, I bid hur god-day.
> Or Diggon hur is, or I missay.

Diggon answers,

> Hur was hur while it was day-light;
> But now hur is a most wretched wight, &c.

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with is in a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entitled a Pastoral Ballad, which I think for its nature and simplicity may (notwithstanding the modesty of the title) be allowed a perfect Pastoral. It is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed, as a farther beauty of this pastoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Faun, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned throughout the whole. I shall make no apology for inserting

some few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the subject as she is going a-milking:

> *Cicily.* Rager, go vetch tha kee,[2] or else tha zun
> Will quite be go, bevore c'have half a don.
>
> *Roger.* Thou shouldst not ax ma tweece, but I've a bee
> To dreave our bull to bull tha parson's kee.

It is to be observed that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of jealousy; and his mentioning the parson's kine naturally revives the jealousy of the shepherdess Cicily, which she expresses as follows:

> *Cicily.* Ah Rager, Rager! ches was zore avraid
> When in yon vield you kiss'd the parson's maid;
> Is this the love that once to me you zed,
> When from the wake thou brought'st me gingerbread!
>
> *Roger.* Cicily, thou charg'st me valse,—I'll zwear to thee
> The parson's maid is still a maid for me.

In which answer of his are expressed at once that spirit of religion, and that innocence of the golden age, so necessary to be observed by all writers of pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece, the author reconciles the lovers, and ends the eclogue the most simply in the world:

> So Rager parted, vor to fetch the kee:
> And vor her bucket in went Cicily.

I am loth to show my fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English writers of pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that Philips hath hit into the same road with this old west-country bard of ours.

After all that hath been said, I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr. Pope that I forbore to mention him as a pastoral writer, since, upon the whole, he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank, and of whose eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that (according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry) they are by no means pastorals, but something better.

[2] That is, the kine, or cows.—P.

## VI.

## OF THE POET LAUREATE.

*November* 19, 1729.

[First published in the Grub-street Journal of Nov. 19, 1730.]

The time of the election of a Poet Laureate being now at hand, it may be proper to give some account of the rites and ceremonies anciently used at that solemnity, and only discontinued through the neglect and degeneracy of later times. These we have extracted from an historian of undoubted credit, a reverend bishop, the learned Paulus Jovius; and are the same that were practised under the pontificate of Leo X., the great restorer of learning.

As we now see an age and a court, that for the encouragement of poetry rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous Pope, we cannot but wish a restoration of all its honours to poesy; the rather, since there are so many parallel circumstances in the person who was then honoured with the laurel, and in him who (in all probability) is now to wear it.

I shall translate my author exactly as I find it in the 82nd chapter of his Elogia Vir. Doct. He begins with the character of the poet himself, who was the original and father of all laureates, and called Camillo. He was a plain countryman of Apulia, whether a shepherd or thresher is not material.[1] "This man (says Jovius), excited by the fame of the great encouragement given to poets at court, and the high honour in which they were held, came to the city, bringing with him a strange kind of lyre in his hand, and at least some twenty thousand of verses. All the wits and critics of the court flocked about him, delighted to see a clown, with a ruddy, hale complexion, and in his own long hair, so top full of poetry; and at the first sight of him all agreed he was born to be Poet Laureate.[2] He had a most hearty welcome in an island in the river Tiber (an agreeable place, not unlike our Richmond), where he was first made to eat and drink plentifully, and to repeat his verses to everybody. Then they adorned him with a new and elegant garland, composed of vine-leaves, laurel, and brassica (a sort of cabbage), so composed, says my author, emblematically, 'ut tam sales, quam lepida ejus temulentia, Brassicæ remedio

[1] [The *thresher* is in allusion to Stephen Duck, patronised by Queen Caroline.]

[2] Apulus præpingui vultu alacer, et prolixe comatus, omnino dignus festa laurea videretur.—P.

cohibenda notaretur.' He was then saluted by common consent with the title of *archi-poeta*, or arch-poet, in the style of those days, in ours Poet Laureate. This honour the poor man received with the most sensible demonstrations of joy, his eyes drunk with tears and gladness.[3] Next the public acclamation was expressed in a canticle, which is transmitted to us, as follows:

> Salve, brassicea virens corona,
> Et lauro, archipoeta, pampinoque!
> Dignus principis auribus Leonis.
>
> All hail, arch-poet without peer!
> Vine, bay, or cabbage fit to wear.
> And worthy of the prince's ear.

From hence he was conducted in pomp to the Capitol of Rome, mounted on an elephant, through the shouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended."

The historian tells us farther, "That at his introduction to Leo, he not only poured forth verses innumerable, like a torrent, but also sung them with open mouth. Nor was he only once introduced, or on stated days (like our laureates), but made a companion to his master, and entertained as one of the instruments of his most elegant pleasures. When the prince was at table, the poet had his place at the window. When the prince had[4] half eaten his meat, he gave with his own hands the rest to the poet. When the poet drank, it was out of the prince's own flagon, insomuch (says the historian) that through so great good eating and drinking he contracted a most terrible gout." Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my reader's curiosity unsatisfied in the catastrophe of this extraordinary man. To use my author's words, which are remarkable, "mortuo Leone, profligatisque poetis," &c., "when Leo died, and poets were no more" (for I would not understand "profligatis" literally, as if poets then were profligate), this unhappy laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his country, where, oppressed with old age and want, he miserably perished in a common hospital.

We see from this sad conclusion (which may be of example to the poets of our time) that it were happier to meet with no encouragement at all, to remain at the plough, or other lawful occupation, than to be elevated above their condition, and taken out of the common means of life, without a surer support than the temporary, or, at best, mortal favours of the great. It was doubtless for this consideration,

[3] Manantibus præ gaudio oculis.—P.
[4] Semesis opsoniis.—P.

that, when the royal bounty was lately extended to a rural genius, care was taken to settle it upon him for life. And it hath been the practice of our princes never to remove from the station of Poet Laureate any man which hath once been chosen, though never so much greater geniuses might arise in his time. A noble instance how much the charity of our monarchs hath exceeded their love of fame.

To come now to the intent of this paper. We have here the whole ancient ceremonial of the Laureate. In the first place, the crown is to be mixed with vine-leaves, as the vine is the plant of Bacchus, and full as essential to the honour as the butt of sack to the salary.

Secondly, the brassica must be made use of as a qualifier of the former. It seems the cabbage was anciently accounted a remedy for drunkenness; a power the French now ascribe to the onion, and style a soup made of it, *soupe d'ivrogne*. I would recommend a large mixture of the brassica if Mr. Dennis be chosen; but if Mr. Tibbald, it is not so necessary, unless the cabbage be supposed to signify the same thing with respect to poets as to tailors, viz., stealing. I should judge it not amiss to add another plant to this garland, to wit, ivy: not only as it anciently belonged to poets in general, but as it is emblematical of the three virtues of a court poet in particular: it is creeping, dirty, and dangling.

In the next place, a canticle must be composed and sung in laud and praise of the new poet. If Mr. Cibber be laureated, it is my opinion no man can write this but himself: and no man, I am sure, can sing it so affectingly. But what this canticle should be, either in his or the other candidate's case, I shall not pretend to determine.

Thirdly, there ought to be a public show, or entry of the poet, to settle the order or procession of which, Mr. Anstis and Mr. Dennis ought to have a conference. I apprehend here two difficulties: one, of procuring an elephant; the other, of teaching the poet to ride him. Therefore I should imagine the next animal in size or dignity would do best; either a mule or a large ass; particularly if that noble one could be had, whose portraiture makes so great an ornament of the Dunciad, and which (unless I am misinformed) is yet in the park of a nobleman near this city:——Unless Mr. Cibber be the man; who may, with great propriety and beauty, ride on a dragon, if he goes by land; or, if he choose the water, upon one of his own swans from Cæsar in Egypt.

We have spoken sufficiently of the ceremony; let us now speak of the qualifications and privileges of the Laureate. First, we see he must be able to make verses extempore, and to pour forth innumerable, if required. In this I doubt Mr. Tibbald. Secondly, he ought to sing, and intrepidly, *patulo ore*: here, I confess the excellency of Mr. Cibber. Thirdly, he ought to carry a lyre about with him: if a large one be thought too cumbersome, a small one may be contrived to

hang about the neck, like an order, and be very much a grace to the person. Fourthly, he ought to have a good stomach, to eat and drink whatever his betters think fit; and therefore it is in this high office as in many others, no puny constitution can discharge it. I do not think Cibber or Tibbald here so happy: but rather a staunch, vigorous, seasoned, and dry old gentleman, whom I have in my eye.

I could also wish, at this juncture, such a person as is truly jealous of the honour and dignity of poetry; no joker, or trifler, but a bard in good earnest; nay, not amiss if a critic, and the better if a little obstinate. For when we consider what great privileges have been lost from this office (as we see from the forecited authentic record of Jovius), namely, those of feeding from the prince's table, drinking out of his own flagon, becoming even his domestic and companion, it requires a man warm and resolute to be able to claim and obtain the restoring of these high honours. I have cause to fear the most of the candidates would be liable, either through the influence of ministers, or for rewards or favours, to give up the glorious rights of the Laureate: yet I am not without hopes there is one from whom a serious and steady assertion of these privileges may be expected; and, if there be such a one, I must do him the justice to say, it is Mr. Dennis, the worthy president of our society.

## VII.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

PRINTED IN THE JOURNALS, 1730.

Whereas, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an abuse: we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no wit, or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such, from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

[The above is taken from the Grub-street Journal, but printed with such variations as evidently show a wish to conceal its origin. See Life of Pope, page 271.]

# VIII.

# A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS

OF

# MR. DRYDEN AND MR. POPE,

AS DRAWN BY CERTAIN OF THEIR CONTEMPORARIES.

## MR. DRYDEN.

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. DRYDEN is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense.[1] A true republican son of monarchical Church.[2] A republican atheist.[3] Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last.[4]

In the poem called Absalom and Achitophel are notoriously traduced, the King, the Queen, the Lords and Gentlemen, not only their honourable persons exposed, but the whole nation and its representatives notoriously libelled. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of Majesty itself.[5]

He looks upon God's Gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor.[6] His very Christianity may be questioned.[7] He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his reflections on others.[8] With as good right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility.[9]

[1] Milbourne on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo, 1698, p. 6. [All these citations and authorities are given by Pope.]

[2] Page 38. [3] Page 192. [4] Page 8.

[5] Whip and Key, 4to, printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Preface.

[6] Ibid. [7] Milbourne, p. 9.

[8] Milbourne, p. 175. [9] Page 39.

# VIII.

# A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS

OF

# MR. POPE AND MR. DRYDEN,

AS DRAWN BY CERTAIN OF THEIR CONTEMPORARIES.

## MR. POPE.

### HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

Mr. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country and the commonwealth of learning.[1] Some call him a Popish Whig, which is directly inconsistent.[2] Pope, as a Papist, must be a Tory and high-flyer.[3] He is both a Whig and Tory.[4]

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments.[5]

In his Miscellanies the persons abused are, the King, the Queen, his late Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, the Privy Council, the Bench of Bishops, the Established Church, the present Ministry, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into royal scandal.[6]

He is a Popish rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings.[7] His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish principles.[8] It deserved vengeance to suggest, that Mr. Pope had less infallibility than his namesake at Rome.[9]

[1] Dennis's Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, Preface, p. xii.

[2] Dunciad Dissected. [3] Pref. to Gulliveriana.

[4] Dennis, Character of Mr. Pope.

[5] Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.

[6] List at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements. 8vo. Printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6.

[7] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27. [8] Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 11.

[9] Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9.

### Mr. DRYDEN only a Versifier.

His whole Libel is all bad matter beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre.[10] Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in anything more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question.[11]

### Mr. DRYDEN'S Virgil.

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to show that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustan age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer.[12] None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil; and none but such unthinking vermin admire his translator.[13] It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love; but Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c., requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expressions; not an ambling muse running on carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer. He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression.[14]

### Mr. DRYDEN understood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster School: Dr. Busby would have whipped him for so childish a paraphrase.[15] The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly.[16] The translator is mad, every line betrays his stupidity,[17] The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not, understand his author.[18] This shows how fit Mr. D. may be to translate Homer! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but εἴχωρ for ἰχὼρ must be the error of the author: nor had he art enough to correct it at the press.[19] Mr. Dryden writes for the court ladies. He writes for the ladies, and not for use.[20]

The translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated subscribers.[21]

### Mr. DRYDEN tricked his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an

[10] Whip and Key, Preface.
[11] Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84.
[12] Milbourne, p. 2.
[13] Page 35.
[14] Page 22, and 192.
[15] Page 72.
[16] Page 203.
[17] Page 78.
[18] Page 206.
[19] Page 19.
[20] Page 144, 190.
[21] Page 67.

Mr. Pope only a Versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit.[10] It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse.[11]

Mr. Pope's Homer.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him one would swear had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene.[12] He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge.[13]

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction and the harmony of his versification. But this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions.[14]

Mr. Pope understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little.[15] I wonder how this gentleman would look, should it be discovered that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek.[16] He has stuck so little to his original as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question.[17] I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellences which has so delighted the ladies, and the gentlemen who judge like ladies.[18]

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it.[19]

Mr. Pope tricked his Subscribers.

'Tis indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work: but it is too late to dissuade by demon-

[10] Mist's Journal of June 8, 1728.
[11] Character of Mr. Pope, and Dennis on Homer.
[12] Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12.
[13] Ib. p. 14.
[14] Character of Mr. P., p. 17, and Remarks on Homer, p. 91.
[15] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12.
[16] Daily Journal of April 23, 1728.
[17] Suppl. to the Profund, Pref.
[18] Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66.
[19] Dennis's Remarks, p. 28.

undertaking! A man ought to value his reputation more than money, and not to hope that those who can read for themselves will be imposed upon merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated name.[22] *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets [23]

Names bestowed on Mr DRYDEN

*An Ape*—A crafty ape, dressed up in a gaudy gown—whips put into an ape's paw, to play pranks with—none but apish and papish brats will heed him [24]

*An Ass*—A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all [25]

*A Frog*—Poet Squab endued with Poet Maro's spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox [26]

*A Coward*—A Clineas or a Damætas, or a man of Mr Dryden's own courage [27]

*A Knave*—Mr Dryden has heard of Paul, the knave of Jesus Christ and, if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of John Dryden, servant to his Majesty [28]

*A Fool*—Had he not been such a self conceited fool [29] Some great poets are positive blockheads [30]

*A Thing*—So little a thing as Mr Dryden [31]

[22] Milbourne, p 192
[23] Page 125
[24] Whip and Key Pref
[25] Milbourne, p 105
[26] Page 11
[27] Page 176
[28] Page 57
[29] Whip and Key, Pref
[30] Milbourne, p 34
[31] Ibid p 35.

strating the madness of the project. The subscribers' expectations have been raised in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of.[20] Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers.[21]

Names bestowed on Mr. POPE.

*An Ape.*—Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, viz., A. P. E., and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face,[22] &c.

*An Ass.*—It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass.[23]

*A Frog.*—A squab, short gentleman—a little creature that, like the frog in the fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox.[24]

*A Coward.*—A lurking, waylaying coward.[25]

*A Knave.*—He is one whom God and nature have marked for want of common honesty.[26]

*A Fool.*—Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer.[27]

*A Thing.*—A little abject thing.[28]

[20] Homerides, p. 1, &c. [21] British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727.
[22] Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728.
[23] Dennis, Rem. on Homer, Pref.
[24] Dennis's Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. 9.
[25] Char. of Mr. P., p. 3. [26] Ibid.
[27] Dennis, Rem. on Homer, p. 37. [28] Ibid. p. 8.



BY THE AUTHOR.

## A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain haberdashers of points and particles, being instigated by the spirit of pride, and assuming to themselves the name of critics and restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our glorious ancestors, poets of this realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base alloy, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine. The said haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such poets, to all or any of them. Now we, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, beginning[1] with the words, "The mighty mother," and ending with the words, "buries all," containing the entire sum of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic: And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wish our great predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any poem or poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand, at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, *Mayor.*

[1] Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word Books, and ending with the word flies," as formerly it stood. Read also, "containing the entire sum of one thousand, seven hundred, and fifty-four verses," instead of "one thousand and twelve lines;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this poem. Thou art to know, reader! that the first edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the author (though living and not blind). The editor himself confessed as much in his preface: and no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The editor of this, had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea the entire last book; as the editor of Paradise Lost, added and augmented. Milton himself gave but ten books, his editor twelve; this author gave four books, his editor only three. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live, in this our last labour, as long as in any of our

# INDEX

OF

## PERSONS CELEBRATED IN THIS POEM.

*(The first Number shows the Book, the second the Verse.)*

# INDEX

## MATTERS CONTAINED IN THIS POEM AND NOTES.

*(The first Number denotes the Book, the second the Page and Note on it. Test. Testimonies.)*

# ADDITIONAL NOTES

BY THE EDITOR.

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## BOOK I.

### SWIFT.

Ver. 24. *Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind.*] The affair of Wood's halfpence, alluded to by Pope, was a simple but successful party movement. The copper coinage was wanted for Ireland. Wood, in 1724, obtained a patent for coining halfpence and farthings to the value of 108,000*l.* Sir Isaac Newton had reported favourably on the coins as to quality; but Swift, from hatred to Walpole's government, especially the administration of Irish affairs by Primate Boulter, and his secretary, Ambrose Philips, roused up a spirit of discontent and resistance among the people, and by his Drapier letters ultimately compelled government to abandon the scheme. The national pride was touched by the fact that neither the Lord-Lieutenant nor the privy council of Ireland had been consulted on the subject; and Wood, it was reported, had obtained his patent by a bribe given to the king's mistress, the Duchess of Kendal. The contract itself was both just and legal, and Wood might have pleaded the precedent of the royal mint, for the moneyers there also contracted with the government for the coinage. But Swift's object stretched far beyond the "*copper* chains" of Ireland. His country was neglected and oppressed under the British sway, and he burned to emancipate it—to let the British rulers see "that by the laws of God, of nature, and of nations, the Irish were and ought to be as free a people as their brethren in England." Pope alludes to Rabelais as the prototype of Swift. Voltaire said that, in the Tale of a Tub, Swift was Rabelais in his senses. Coleridge more happily characterises him as "anima Rabelaisii habitans in sicco"—the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place. Yet how marvellous is Swift in his insight into human nature—in the various and grotesque combinations of his wit—and in the tremendous power of his irony and invective!

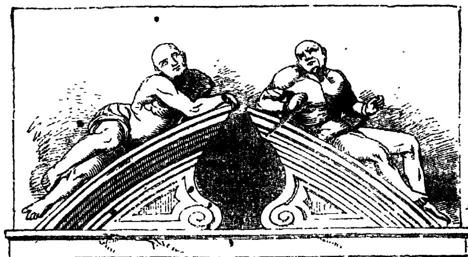
Ver. 25. *From thy Bœotiâ though her power retires.*] The note appended by Pope to verse 50, book iii., was originally affixed to this

verse, and contained a compliment to Ireland: "Bœotia of old lay under the pillery of the neighbouring wits as Ireland does now, though *each of those nations* produced one of the greatest wits and greatest generals of their age." The character of Bœotia was certainly redeemed by Pindar and Epaminondas; and Plutarch might also have been cited. Plutarch imputes the stupidity of the Bœotians to a cause never urged against the Irish—to their gross indulgence in animal food. The Irish wit in Pope's note was, of course, Swift; the Irish General, the Duke of Ormond, and the Duke being attainted of treason and in exile, the poet had repented of his generous eulogium and withdrawn it.

## BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

Ver. 31. *Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,*
*Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand.*

The statues by Cibber are now in the hall of Bethlehem Hospital in St. George's-fields. One represents raving and the other melancholy madness. On the removal of the hospital to the present building, about 1815, the statues (which are not of brass, but stone painted)



CIBBER'S MADMEN.

were repaired by Bacon the sculptor. The conception and execution of the figures attest Cibber's genius and knowledge of art. It may illustrate the state of manners in Pope's time to mention here, that the old Bedlam was then a place of common resort, visited by the

idle, the gay, and the curious, who paid a penny or twopence each for admission, and from this source a sum of about 400*l.* per annum was derived. The "Tatler" classes Bedlam with the Lions in the Tower, the Tombs (Westminster Abbey), and the other places which are entertainments to raw minds. Pepys has an entry in his Diary which might have served Pope: "Stept into Bedlam, when I saw several poor miserable creatures in chains: *one of them was mad with making verses.*"

## CURLL AND LINTOT.

Ver. 40. *Curll's chaste press and Lintot's rubric post.*] Bernard Lintot was Pope's principal publisher, and displayed his favourite red lines on the title-pages of the Iliad and Odyssey, and on those of various editions of the poet's works. He was the Longman or Murray of his day, and having made a handsome fortune, and left his business to his son, he died High Sheriff of Sussex, in 1736, aged sixty-one. Edmund Curll was of a different stamp. He was audacious, unscrupulous, and shameless. In his reply to the Dunciad, he attempted to defend his indecent publications by stating that they were medical treatises. He was confined five months in the King's Bench prison. He was also fined twenty marks, and set in the pillory for publishing a volume of Memoirs and Negotiations at the Courts of England, Vienna, Hanover, &c., which he had obtained, he said, from a fellow-prisoner in the King's Bench, John Kerr, Esq., of Kerrsland. This was in 1726. The readiness and alacrity with which Curll met Pope's repeated attacks, or threw out occasion for new ones, would suggest the idea that he enjoyed the conflict, and thought himself benefited by the notoriety which such warfare brought him. The affair of the correspondence he looked upon as a complete triumph, and he occasionally sported with his formidable antagonist. In one of his impudent addresses we find this ridiculous story: "The New-Year's Gift, I sent by a special messenger to Mr. Pope at Twickenham, was a little book neatly bound in red Turkey leather, ruled, and the capital letters illuminated with gold and various colours, entitled, 'Heures des Prières: dédie à Madame la Duchesse de Chartres. Avec les Sept Pseaumes Pénitentieux. A Paris, 1696.' This manual was likewise illustrated with four beautiful prints, one in particular representing David prostrate; in which part of the book, upon a label, was written the following lines:

> As friends who of a criminal take leave,
> Pray the Almighty may his soul receive;
> So I these penitential Psalms have sent,
> Hoping, like David, you'll at length repent."

The following is a specimen of the style of his advertisements:

"This day is published, the Second Part of Mr. POPE's *Popish** TRANSLATION OF HOMER. The Subscribers having made great complaint that there were no Pictures in the First Part: This is to give Notice, that to this Second Part there is added a spacious Map of the Trojan Tents and Rivers finely delineated. Translated into Copper from the Wooden original, as you have it in the learned Dr. Fuller's Pisgah-sight, being the true Travels of Moses and the children of Israel from the land of Goshen to the land of Canaan. With an exact Scale. Sold by E. Curll, at the Dial and Bible, against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street, where may be had Mr. Pope's Court Poems, price 6d.

"Next week will be published an excellent new ballad, called the Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Lamentation; to the tune of *Which nobody can deny.*

> Tho' of his wit the Catholick has boasted,
> Lintot and Pope shall both by turns be roasted."

Curll died December 11, 1747, aged seventy-two. His business had for some years before been carried on by his son, Henry Curll, whom Pope also attacked in a note, which he afterwards suppressed. In a letter to Martha Blount, Pope alludes to "Mr. Edmund Curll having been exercised in a blanket, and whipped at Westminster School by the boys, whereof (he adds), the common prints have given some account." The following letter in the St. James's Chronicle records the famous exploit:

"King's College, Westminster, August 3, 1716.

"Sir,—You are desired to acquaint the public that a certain bookseller near Temple-bar, not taking warning by the frequent drubs that he has undergone for his often pirating other men's copies, did lately, without the consent of Mr. John Barber, present captain of Westminster School, publish the scraps of a funeral oration, spoken by him over the corpse of the Rev. Dr. South. And being on Thursday last fortunately nabbed within the limits of Dean's-yard, by the king's scholars there, he met with a college salutation; for he was first presented with the ceremony of the blanket, in which, when the skeleton had been well shook, he was carried in triumph to the school; and after receiving a grammatical construction for his false concords, he

* "N.B. Mr. Pope has translated one verse of Homer thus:

> The priest can pardon and the God appease."

*Flying Post*, April 7, 1716.

was reconducted to Dean's-yard, and on his knees asking pardon of the aforesaid Mr. Barber for his offence, he was kicked out of the yard, and left to the huzzas of the rabble.

"I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
"T. A."

## MAGAZINES.

Ver. 42. *Journals, Medleys, Mercuries, Magazines.*] In the joint note of Pope and Warburton the Magazines are cordially abused. Warton makes an exception in favour of The Gentleman's Magazine, but the whole statement is ridiculously overcharged. The Gentleman's Magazine—so distinguished for Johnson's early assistance to its pages, and for its antiquarian and biographical illustrations—was commenced in 1731, as the newspapers were then supposed to be too numerous for any one to read! "Upon calculating the number of newspapers, it is found that (besides divers written accounts) no less than two hundred half-sheets per month are thrown from the press only in London, and about as many printed elsewhere in the three kingdoms; a considerable part of which constantly exhibit essays on various subjects for entertainment; and all the rest occasionally oblige their readers with matters of public concern."—*Introd. to Gent. Mag.* No. I.

## EPITAPHS.

Ver. 43. *Sepulchral lies our holy walls to grace.*] "Which," says Warburton, "occasioned the following epigram:

Friend! in your epitaphs, I'm grieved
So very much is said:
One half will never be believed,
The other never read."

The epigram is of very general application; but, according to Warton, it alludes to the too long and sometimes fulsome epitaphs written by Dr. Friend, Master of Westminster School, in pure Latinity, indeed, but full of antitheses. Pope directed that he should have no other epitaph but the words *sibique obiit*, and the time, added to the epitaph on his parents.

## NEW-YEAR ODES.

Ver. 44. *And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.*] It must be admitted, that of all who have worn the laureate crown, Colley Cibber wrote the most execrable odes. They are not dull, but rampant with fustian and bombast. His New-Year Odes were a work of supererogation which exposed him to unmerciful ridicule, particularly after the Dunciad had led the way. Their yearly appearance was generally a signal for the small wits to assail the Laureate with parodies and lampoons. His ode for 1743 concludes as follows:

CHORUS.

On thee, great GEORGE, mankind rely,
To heal their griefs or swell their joy.

And one of the parodies has it:

CHORUS.

On thee, COLL, we each year rely,
To make us laugh, who've cause to cry.

[illegible]
"Pipe of Tobacco" (one of a series of still unsurpassed parodies), opens with this ludicrous and Cibberian recitative:

Old Battle-array, big with horror, is fled,
And olive-robed Peace again lifts up her head,
Sing, ye Muses, Tobacco, the blessing of peace;
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

## JOHN HEYWOOD.

Ver. 98. *And sure succession down from Heywood's days.*] An account of Heywood's interludes will be found in Mr. Collier's Annals of the Stage, and in his Life of Shakspeare. Those early dramatic performances occupy a sort of middle place between the moral plays and the modern dramas. They are coarse and farcical, but abound in native humour and character. "The Four P.'s," a popular piece, by Heywood, is founded on a dispute between a palmer, a pardoner, a poticary, and a pedlar, as to who shall tell the greatest lie. The palmer settles the knotty point by saying, incidentally, that he never saw a woman out of patience in his life! This was admitted to be the most outrageous falsehood ever uttered, and the drama and the dispute end with the decision. The old dramatist was a Court musician and professed wit or jester, as well as writer of interludes.

## DE FOE AND PRYNNE.

Ver. 103. *She saw old Prynne in restless Daniel shine.*] It is little creditable to Pope that he should have mentioned, without branding with his censure, the arbitrary and cruel edicts of the Star Chamber, by which Prynne suffered, or the party violence and intolerance which sent De Foe to the pillory,

> That hieroglyphic state machine
> Condemn'd to punish fancy in.

When not possessed by that spirit of satire which sometimes blinded him to genius and merit, and to all high and ennobling feelings, Pope could do justice to De Foe. He said to Spence—"The first part of Robinson Crusoe is very good. De Foe wrote a vast many things, and none bad, though none excellent, except this. There is something good in all he has written."

## DENNIS THE CRITIC.

Ver. 106. *And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.*] In the three first impressions of the Dunciad, 1728, this line stood:

> And furious D—n foam in Wh—'s rage.

In the fourth impression it was altered to

> And furious D—s foam in W—'s rage.

But a Dublin edition, published the same year, filled up the names Dryden and Wharton. Could Pope have made this insidious thrust at his great master, Dryden? If he did, it must have been purely from his love of mystification; but it is more likely to have originated in a blunder of the printer, substituting *n* for *s*, which misled the Dublin copyist, or tempted Swift (always willing to attack Dryden) into this mal-appropriation of the name. *Wharton* would do for either Dryden or Dennis, for Thomas, Marquis of Wharton, was obnoxious to the poet, and his son, Philip, Duke of Wharton, was obnoxious to the critic. In the quarto and octavo editions of 1729, Pope had the following note on the above line: "This verse in the surreptitious editions stood thus, *And furious D—— form*, &c., which, in that printed in Ireland, was unaccountably filled up with the great name of Dryden." This is incorrect. In the three surreptitious editions, as we have stated, the name stands "D——n," not "D——," and it was very natural that Swift or the Dublin printer, in filling up the blanks, should have inserted Dryden. Pope afterwards withdrew the

note containing the false quotation. It is not in the edition of 1735, nor in any subsequent reprint.

The elaborate attack on Dennis, appended to the line quoted above, is one of the notes which we should have been glad that Pope had expunged from his edition of 1743. Dennis had then been nine years dead. The veteran and coarse critic, it is true, had, in his distress, published his correspondence with Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, &c., but Pope had subscribed for the work, and Dennis, evidently gratified by the compliment, addressed him in the following terms.

"April 29, 1721.

"Sir,—As you have subscribed for two of my books, I have ordered them to be left for you at Mr. Congreve's lodgings. As most of those letters were writ during the time that I was so unhappy as to be in a state of war with you, I was forced to maim and mangle at least ten of them, that no footsteps might remain of that quarrel. I particularly left out about half the letter which was writ upon publishing the paper called the Guardian.—I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant, "JOHN DENNIS."

This letter Pope published in the editions of the Dunciad of 1729, but he afterwards unkindly suppressed it. Dennis printed the poet's reply, which was in a very friendly strain.

"May 8, 1721.

"Sir,—I called to receive the two books of your letters from Mr. Congreve, and have left with him the little money I was in your debt. I look upon myself to be much more so, for the omissions you have been pleased to make in these letters in my favour, and sincerely join with you in the desire that not the least traces may remain of that difference between us, which indeed I am sorry for. You may, therefore, believe me, without either ceremony or falseness, Sir, &c.,

"A. POPE."

No fresh provocation was given by the critic, and surely to publish the bitter epigram, and introduce Dennis so prominently into the Dunciad after this pledge of peace and amity, was harsh, if not indefensible. Dennis retaliated by sending to the press some dull offensive criticism which he had written fourteen years before on the Rape of the Lock. He had also his *Tu quoque* against the poet. The latter had accused Dennis of writing the account of his own life—"Dennis of himself"—in Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets. Dennis got a letter written by Jacob, stating that Pope had revised and altered the account of his life in the same work, subscribing two guineas for the publication.

Pope has alluded (book ii. v. 266) to the anecdote of Dennis's thunder. In November, 1708, Dennis brought upon the stage his

tragedy of Appius and Virginia, for which, it is said, he had invented a new species of thunder, which was approved of by the actors, and ever afterwards followed in the theatres. His play, however, was not successful, and, happening some nights afterwards to be present at the representation of Macbeth, he heard his own thunder made use of, upon which he rose in a violent passion, and exclaimed, with an oath, that it was his thunder! "See," said he, "how these rascals use me; they will not let my play run and yet they steal my thunder!" In Cibber's Lives of the Poets, another ludicrous anecdote of Dennis is related. When residing within the verge of the court, for the security of his person against creditors, and sitting in an open drinking room, on a Saturday night, the poor poet saw a man enter whom he judged to be a bailiff. He sat in painful anxiety till the clock struck twelve, when he started up and cried in an ecstasy, "Now, Sir Bailiff, or no bailiff, I don't care a farthing for you—you have no power now." The man was astonished at his behaviour, and no less affronted with the suspicion. Dennis's vanity is well illustrated by another story. In his tragedy of Liberty Asserted, 1704—one of his few plays that enjoyed success—he had, as he conceived, been *very severe* upon the French nation, exposing unmercifully their frailties and vices. Louis the Fourteenth, he thought, would never consent to a peace with England, unless he was delivered up a sacrifice to national resentment! Under this impression, he waited upon Marlborough, to entreat his interest with the plenipotentiaries that he might not be given up. The Duke said he did not consider the poet's case to be so desperate. He had taken no care to get *himself* excepted in the articles of peace, and yet he could not help thinking that he had done the French almost as much damage as even Mr Dennis had done! Dennis is also said to have one day run away from the coast of Sussex on seeing a ship approach, conceiving that he had been betrayed to the French, and that they had sent the vessel on purpose to carry him off. These ludicrous anecdotes, though probably, like the old Minerva Press novels, "founded on fact," were no doubt exaggerated by the witty malice of the frequenters of Will's and Button's.

The Gentleman's Magazine thus announces the death of "the critic"—"1734, January 6, died John Dennis, well known in the learned world for his critical works. *We think he may be called the last classic wit of King Charles's reign.*"

In the Grub-street Journal, February 14, 1734, is a letter on the death of "Brother Fannius, who lived up four pair of stairs in the Strand," with an inventory of the goods which he left in his lodging. This satire seems intended to apply to Dennis, and is evidently from the pen of Pope; we copy part of it.

"Inventory, &c. A black coat and a tye-wig, both very valuable pieces of antiquity. An old silken purse little used. All his linen, that is the shirt on his back, and another at the washerwoman's. A

tobacco-box, two chairs and a half, a table with three legs, a flock-bed, and a broken chamber-pot.

"He has left you his manuscripts for the embellishment of your weekly lucubrations, and they consist of the following choice pieces:

"As a poet can no more than a knight-errant live without a mistress, there are many copies of verses on Chloe's eyebrow and Phillis's cheek.

"Three Dedications which will fit any person of quality.

"A panegyrick on himself.

"A satire on Mr. Pope, with some allusions to an ape, and several ingenious conceits of a like nature.

"Several epigrams that only want turns.

"A Defence of the late Excise Scheme. Dedicated to Sir ——. The motto, *Victrix causa Diis*, &c.

"His books and pamphlets run chiefly upon modern poetry, among which there is a complete set of all the tragedies, comedies, operas, farces, entertainments, &c., which have been published for ten years last past, &c.

"He made a good end, and died like Petronius, repeating his own verses, or like the swan, expiring with his own notes. We hope he is gone to heaven, for he always lived as nigh it as he could in this world."

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## LEWIS THEOBALD.

Ver. 134. *The hapless Shakespear yet of Tibbald sore.*] Annotated editions of Shakespear (as Pope uniformly spells the name) have multiplied vastly since the era of the Dunciad; but up to the laborious work of Malone, Theobald's edition was unquestionably the best. He had the advantage of Pope in being familiar with the old Elizabethan literature and black-letter poetry, so essential to the proper illustration of Shakespear, and his patient industry rescued the text of our great poet from numerous errors and obscurities. Warburton corresponded with Theobald, and assisted him materially in editing Shakespear. In the edition of 1729, Pope preferred a personal charge against Theobald. He said in a note that "during two whole years, while Mr. Pope was preparing his edition, he published advertisements requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection; but this restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal that he had any such design till after its publication (which he was not ashamed to own in a daily journal of November 26, 1729). And then an outcry was made in the prints that our author had joined with the booksellers to raise an extravagant subscription, in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publicly advertised in his own proposals for Homer." Theobald, in a

letter addressed to Concanen, denied this charge. He said he had not concealed his design from Pope, as he had no such certain design till he saw how incorrect an edition of Shakespear Mr. Pope had given to the public. With respect to the alleged ingratitude, Theobald states that when he put out his proposals for translating Æschylus, he solicited Mr. Pope to recommend his design. To this the poet replied that he was glad Theobald had undertaken the work, and that he would be glad to promote his interest. Theobald was a native of Sittingbourne, in Kent, baptised April 2nd, 1688. His father, Peter Theobald, is described as a respectable attorney. Lewis was brought up to the same profession, but was most likely one of those youths "who pen a stanza when they should engross." His first publication seems to have been a translation of the Electra of Sophocles, 1714; next year he translated the Oedipus, and also the Plutus and Clouds of Aristophanes. From 1715 to 1718 he produced two tragedies and two operas, and he continued to publish plays, critical essays, &c., till extinguished by the Dunciad. None of his pieces seem to have had any share of even temporary popularity. Mr. Thoms possesses a copy of the Dunciad, on the fly-leaf of which is the following inscription in the handwriting of the hero: "Lewis Theobald to Mrs. Heywood, as a testimony of his esteem presents this book, called the Dunciad, and acquaints her that Mr. Pope, by the profits of its publication, saved his library, wherein unpawned much learned lumber lay."—*Notes and Queries*, Aug., 1854.

Theobald must have been supremely ignorant of the circumstances of Pope, and of the literary history of his times, if he believed this absurd statement. He had the gratification, however, of living to see himself deposed, and Cibber elevated to the post of hero of the Dunciad. He died September 18, 1744.

## MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

Ver. 142. *There stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete.*] Margaret Lucas, Duchess of Newcastle, who died in 1673, notwithstanding her pedantry and her folios, has found favour with parties whom it was an honour to please. Charles Lamb has commemorated the charms of her quaint Muse and her chivalrous devotion to her lord in his long exile during the Commonwealth. Walpole says, "What gives the best idea of her unbounded passion for scribbling, was her seldom revising the copies of her works, lest, as she said, it should disturb her following conceptions." The most fulsome panegyrics were addressed to the Duchess from the various societies of Oxford and Cambridge. She had a lively fancy, with knowledge and invention, but wanted that in which Pope excelled, taste and judgment. Her life was more poetical than her verses.

In Jacob's edition of Langbaine's Dramatic Poets, the names of

nineteen of the Duchess's plays are given. She wrote a volume of Poems, published in folio in 1653; and a Life of the Duke of Newcastle in English and Latin, 1668, in two volumes folio. "She had a great deal of wit," says Jacob, "and a more than ordinary propensity to dramatic poetry. All the language and plots of her plays, Mr. Langbaine tells us, were her own, which is a commendation preferable to fame built on other people's foundation, and will very well atone for inconsiderable faults in her numerous productions." This "commendation" (which, by the way, would place the indefatigable Duchess above Shakspeare) has not availed to save one of these original plots from oblivion.

## HEIDEGGER.

Ver. 290. *Something betwixt a Heidegger and owl.*] John James Heidegger, a Swiss, was a sort of metropolitan Beau Nash, celebrated for managing operas and masquerades. The English nation, it was said, had appointed him director of their pleasures, and his post was worth 5000*l.* per annum. He was a favourite at court and with all the nobility. Heidegger was remarkable for his ugliness and obesity, but was good-natured enough—being prosperous—to join in the laugh at his personal appearance. There is a story of his having laid a wager with Lord Chesterfield that an uglier face than his own could not be found in London. The Earl produced an old woman, whom he and the umpires considered to be duly qualified. Appearances were against the Swiss, but on his insisting that he should wear the woman's head-dress, while he gave her his periwig, the odds were declared to be decidedly in his favour.

Young had, previous to Pope, satirised this director of the masquerades:

> Great chosen prophet for these latter days,
> To turn a willing world from righteous ways,
> Well, H—r, dost thou thy master serve,
> Well has he seen his servant should not starve.
> Thou to his name hast splendid temples rais'd,
> In various forms of worship seen him prais'd.
> Gaudy devotion like a Roman shown,
> And sung sweet anthems in a tongue unknown,
> Inferior offerings to thy god of vice
> Are duly paid in fiddles, cards, and dice.
> Thy sacrifice supreme, an hundred maids!
> That solemn rite of midnight masquerades!
>
> *Love of Fame*, Sat. iii.

Heidegger lived to a great age, about ninety, and died September 4, 1749.

## INDEX-LEARNING.

Ver. 279. *How index-learning turns no student pale,*
*Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.*

This illustration Pope borrowed from his friend Swift.—Tale of a Tub, sec. 7: "The most accomplished way of using books at present is twofold: either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail."

## GEORGE WITHER.

Ver. 295. *Wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest.*] Pope had probably never looked into the prison strains of old George Wither, or Withers, or he could not have been insensible to the beauty of many passages in the Shepherd's Hunting, which was produced in the Marshalsea. In that prison, "though walled about with disrespect," the Muse solaced his confinement:

> In my days of former bliss,
> Her divine skill taught me this,
> That from everything I saw
> I could some invention draw,
> And raise pleasure to her height
> Through the meanest object's sight;
> By the murmur of a spring,
> Or the least bough's rustling;
> By a daisy whose leaves spread,
> Shut when Titan goes to bed,
> Or a shady bush or tree,
> She could more infuse in me
> Than all Nature's beauties can
> In some other wiser man.

Hence the unfortunate bard cherished his only earthly bliss:

> Poesy, thou sweet'st content,
> That e'er Heaven to mortals lent:
> Though they as a trifle leave thee
> Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
> Though thou be to them a scorn
> That to nought but earth are born,
> Let my life no longer be
> Than I am in love with thee!

Wither, after a busy and chequered life, died in 1667. How a genuine old poet of indomitable spirit came to be associated with two such modern scribblers as Gildon and Howard, it would be difficult to conjecture, unless upon the supposition that an earlier Dunciad had been contemplated and begun by Pope.

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## CHARLES GILDON.

Pope has noticed the fact that Gildon renounced Popery, and then published Blount's Oracles of Reason and other deistical works. The poet, however, omits to state that this "person of great literature but mean genius," as Boyer describes Gildon, again changed his opinions. Dr. Leland states that Gildon was convinced of his error, "of which he gave a remarkable proof in a good book which he published in 1705, entitled The Deist's Manual, the greatest part of which is taken up in vindicating the doctrines of the existence and attributes of God." In the same year, however, he seems to have edited a prose miscellany (Familiar Letters, vol. ii. London: R. Wellington, 1705), which is a mass of indecency and inanity.

Gildon was a native of Gillingham, county of Dorset, where he was born in 1666. Having abandoned Douay and the Church in his nineteenth year, he wasted a small patrimony which he possessed, and attempted to retrieve his fortunes by becoming actor and dramatic author. He failed in both, and became a miscellaneous writer and critic, generally adhering to the Whig party. His principal work is his Complete Art of Poetry, in two volumes, published in 1718. In this work Gildon eulogises Ambrose Philips's Pastorals, and says, "He is, beyond controversy, the third at least in this kind of poesy." He adds, "This sort of poem has been the bow in which most of our young dabblers in rhyme have tried their strength, but, alas! not one besides Mr. Philips has hit the mark." He then praises Philips for avoiding the error into which Spenser fell by giving an obscure northern dialect in imitation of the Greek Doric, which was familiar to all Greece, and he remarks: "There have been poor and malicious endeavours made use of to ridicule that of Mr. Philips; but the effects were so wretched, and the malice so visible, that they are already dead, and therefore not worth our notice." This contemptuous allusion to Pope must have been sufficiently galling to the irritable poet. In the same work Gildon publishes "Shakspeariana," or select moral reflections, similes, and descriptions from Shakspeare, prefacing them with the following "advertisement," curious in itself, and as coming after Rowe's edition of the dramatist:

"Finding the inimitable Shakespear rejected by some modern collectors for his obsolete language, *and having lately run over this great poet*, I could not but present the reader with a specimen of his de-

scriptions and moral reflections, to show the injustice of such an obloquy. I might have been more large, for he abounds in beauties; but these are sufficient to evince the falsehood of their imputation."

Gildon seems to have been the aggressor in the quarrel with Pope. His New Rehearsal, 1714, contains some remarks on Pope's "management" respecting the two editions of the Rape of the Lock, and hints at the poet's writing the verses on himself ascribed to Wycherley. This New Rehearsal is chiefly a criticism on Rowe's tragedies, and is a wretched production.

Gildon died January 12, 1723-24.

## FIRST ATTACK ON LORD HERVEY.

The passage, verses 295-8, underwent several alterations. In the first edition there was this couplet:

> And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
> Impatient waits till * * joins the quire.

In the complete edition of the Dunciad, 1729, the couplet was omitted, and the passage stood:

> Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
> Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest,
> I see a king! who leads my chosen sons
> To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
> Till each fam'd theatre my empire own,
> Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne.

It is the same in the Works, vol. ii., 1735; but in the following year, in the small edition of the Works, vol. iv., 1736, the poet's rage blazes forth. The allusion to Hervey is restored with additions and a note:

> Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest,
> Where wretched Withers, Banks, and Gildon rest,
> And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
> Impatient waits, till * * grace the quire.
> I see a chief who leads my chosen sons,
> All arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns!
> I see a monarch, proud my race to own!
> A nursing-mother born to rock the throne!
> Schools, courts, and senates shall my laws obey,
> Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my sway.

The following is the note:

"Ver. 252. *Impatient waits till * * grace the quire.*] The reader may supply this verse with H——y, or V——y, which he pleases, two noble men who listed themselves with the gentlemen of the Dunciad,

but whether noble writers may be judged by their works: a paper called An Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from Hampton Court, and another entitled Dunces out of State, both printed in 1733. (These six verses were added in the later editions.)"

Lord V——y would seem to refer to Ralph, Earl Verney, of the Irish peerage, created June 23, 1717; died October 4, or 6, 1752. He was M.P. for Wendover, and is described as of Biddlesden and Middle-Claydon, Bucks. Whitehead's State Dunces was published, first and second parts, in June and July, 1733, and was followed by many answers; but we can find no work in the British Museum or the indices of the Gentleman's Magazine and London Magazine bearing the title of Dunces out of State.

## BOOK II.

### RICHARD FLECKNO.

Ver. 2. *Fleckno's Irish throne.*] Sir Walter Scott remarks that Richard Fleckno, or Flecknoe, from whom Dryden's satire takes its name, was so distinguished as a wretched poet that his name had become almost proverbial. "Shadwell is represented as the adopted son of this venerable monarch, who so long

> In prose and verse was own'd without dispute,
> Through all the realms of nonsense absolute.

The solemn inauguration of Shadwell (Pope's Bavius) as his successor in this drowsy kingdom, forms the plan of the poem; being the same which Pope afterwards adopted on a broader canvas, for his Dunciad."—*Scott's Life of Dryden.* Fleckno's works were numerous, as Heroic Portraits, &c., 1660; "Sixty-nine Enigmatical Characters," 1665; "Love's Kingdom, with a Treatise on the Stage," 1664. He died in 1678.

### THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

Ver. 142. *And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.*] Colley Cibber was peculiarly unfortunate in his family. The latest editor of his Life (Whittaker, 1830) gives the following account of the laureate's son and daughter. The picture is a gloomy one—as dark and wretched as any in the Dunciad:

"Theophilus Cibber, like his father, was a writer and performer, in the same caste of comedy, but with far inferior abilities and repu-

tation. He was born in 1703, and regularly educated: but his indolence and extravagance involved him in difficulties, in which he showed so little principle that his character was irretrievably ruined. He was the husband of the celebrated tragic actress, Susanna Maria Cibber, whose talents were discovered and cultivated by her father-in-law, with a confident expectation of great success, in which it is well known that he was not disappointed. Her mean and dissolute husband entrapped this amiable woman into an illicit intercourse with a gentleman of fortune, with a view to gain damages, but his intentions being detected, he utterly failed, and gained nothing but ten pounds and universal contempt. A separation of course took place; and Mrs. Cibber, being regarded as the victim of her profligate husband, obtained both countenance and respect. This wretched man lost his life on his passage to Ireland, where he was engaged as a performer: the packet in which he embarked being cast away, he was drowned with almost every person on board, in the winter of the year 1757, the same which terminated the life of his father. He was author of 'The Lover,' a comedy; of 'Pattie and Peggie,' a ballad opera; and also assisted in and superintended the collection entitled 'Cibber's Lives.'

"Charlotte, the youngest daughter of Colley Cibber, was also a very extraordinary person. At eight years of age she was put to school, but, by some curious neglect or caprice, was brought up more like a boy than a girl. As she grew up, her masculine propensities took a still more decided direction: she was much more frequently in the stable than the parlour, and handled a currycomb much better than a needle. Shooting, hunting, riding races, and digging in a garden formed her principal amusements. This wildness did not, however, prevent her obtaining a husband, in the person of Richard Charke, a famous player on the violin. Misconduct on both sides soon produced a separation, and Mrs. Charke obtained an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, as a second-rate actress, with a decent salary, where she might have looked to the gradual acquirement of reputation had not her ungovernable temper induced her to quarrel with the manager, Fleetwood, against whom she wrote a farce, entitled 'The Art of Management.' He notwithstanding forgave and re-engaged her; but she soon left him a second time, and was reduced to the pitiable condition of a strolling actress, in which she more frequently appeared as a male than a female. In 1755 she came to London, and published a narrative of her life, the profits of which it is supposed enabled her to pass the remainder of her days in a hut by herself, in a state of squalid misery which baffles description. She lived in this abject condition, which in its most disgusting features appears to have been voluntary, until 1759, when death terminated a course of folly, suffering, and imprudence, which it is charitable to suppose must have been in some degree the result of disturbed or injured in-

tellects. The autobiography of this unhappy woman, although much less meritorious, may possibly, in the way of singularity, be entitled to as much attention as that of her father."

## JAMES RALPH.

Ver. 165. *Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls.*] Ralph was an extensive political writer, author of innumerable essays and pamphlets, and editor of several newspapers. His principal work was a continuation of Guthrie's History of England. He was very ambitious of the fame of a dramatist, and produced several pieces, none of which were successful. At one time he was associated with Fielding in the management of the Haymarket Theatre. Walpole says that Ralph's pen was rejected by his father, Sir Robert, but retained by Doddington and Waller; from them he devolved to the Prince of Wales, in his second opposition. He had the good fortune to be bought off from his last journal, the Protestor, for the only paper he did not write in it! The Earl of Bute, in 1760, rewarded the zealous partisanship of Ralph with a pension of 600*l.* per annum from the crown. He enjoyed it but a short time, dying at his house in Chiswick in the following year, 1761.

## LEONARD WELSTED.

Ver. 169. *Flow, Welsted, flow like thine inspirer, beer.*] Leonard Welsted enjoys the distinction of having provoked the quarrel with Pope. He was the son of a respectable clergyman, who died Vicar of St. Nicholas Church, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1694. He was a King's Scholar at Westminster, and afterwards of Trinity College, Cambridge; but instead of following out his academical career, he married early a daughter of Harry Purcell, the musical composer, and seems to have lived afterwards on two or three small public employments, and in a course of flattery and solicitation of the great. The Earl of Clare (afterwards Duke of Newcastle) got him a place in the office of one of the Secretaries of State, and he was afterwards promoted to a clerkship in the Ordnance-office, and an appointment as a Lottery Commissioner, including a residence in the Tower, where he died in 1747, aged 59. Welsted, in turn, propitiated the favours of Addison, the Duke of Chandos, Earl Cadogan, the Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of Dorset, Walpole, Bubb Doddington, &c. Some of these complimentary addresses are not devoid of point and elegance (one on Marlborough was ascribed to Addison), but in general Welsted is a careless and inflated writer, with considerable command of poetical expression, and little true poetical feeling. Pope hints at his love of beer. He has himself recorded his love of wine. In an

epistle to Dorset, written in 1725, he laments the emptiness of his cellar, and his patron is said to have made a genial reply, sending him a present of hermitage wine. Besides his poetical pieces, Welsted translated Longinus, and wrote a treatise on the Scheme and Conduct of Providence (1736). In the preface to this work, the author says he wished "that the laws of gravitation and attraction, which rule so irresistibly other great bodies, might take place also with respect to books; and that these might, in like manner, attract, and have dominion over one another, in proportion, not to their outward bulk and magnitude, but to their solid contents" To this principle of gravitation Welsted owes the preservation of his name and some of his works. Having incurred the enmity of Pope by his satire on the "triumvirs," Gay, Pope, and Arbuthnot, in his "Palæmon and Cœlia," 1717, Welsted obtained a place in the Miscellanies and Dunciad. He retaliated by his "One Epistle," in 1732, and by his "Dulness and Scandal," written in reply to Pope's character of Timon in the Epistle to Burlington. These served to irritate and annoy Pope, who rarely omitted him in his satirical sallies, and seems to have entertained for him a feeling approaching more to hatred than contempt. For further proof of this, see the Epistle to Arbuthnot. One charge made by Pope against Welsted should be rebutted. He received 500*l*. of secret-service money in 1715, as reported by the Secret Committee; but it was for Steele, not for himself. This is proved by Steele's letter to his wife, though the fact was probably unknown to Pope. See life prefixed to Welsted's Works by Nichols, 1787.

## BURNET AND DUCKET.

Ver. 179. *Behold yon pair.*] To the note condemning the writings of Burnet and Ducket, and as warmly eulogising the writings of Pope, the poet, in his edition of 1743, affixes the letter "C"—no doubt intending to represent his convenient friend Cleland. In the editions of 1729, 1735, and 1736, it appears without any signature. There is a story, but not resting on any authority, that Colonel Ducket threatened to cane the poet if his name were not withdrawn from this satirical passage in the Dunciad. It was withdrawn, but not until it had stood in the poem for ten years or more. Dennis dedicated to Ducket his Remarks on Pope's Rape of the Lock, complimenting him with possessing truth, faith, honour, and a conversation at the same time entertaining and instructing. "These are qualities," he adds, "which have recommended you to a very fine lady, to whom you have been married many years, and by whom you have had eight children, who are now living!" Thomas Burnet was the third son of the bishop. He was a wild and dissipated youth,

but reformed, and died one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, in 1753. His father, Bishop Burnet, it is said, one day observing Tom (as he was usually called) graver than was his wont, asked the reason, when the scapegrace said he was meditating a greater work than his (the bishop's) History of the Reformation—*the reformation of himself.* Colonel Ducket lived at Hartham, near Corsham, Wilts, and was Member of Parliament for Calne. He died Dec. 13, 1749.

## ORATOR HENLEY.

Ver. 199. *Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands.*] Pope's account of Henley is carefully and fairly drawn up. The orator continued preaching and writing until shortly before his death, in 1756. A copy of one of his advertisements, dated in 1729, may serve to illustrate his style. "At the Oratory, in Newport Market, to-morrow, at half an hour after ten, the Sermon will be on the Witch of Endor. At half an hour after five, the Theological Lecture will be on the conversion and original of the Scottish nation, and of the Picts and Caledonians, St. Andrew's relics and panegyric, and the character and mission of the Apostles. On Wednesday, at six, or near the matter, take your chance, will be a medley oration, on the history, merits, and praise of Confusion and of Confounders in the road and out of the way. On Friday, will be that of Dr. Faustus and Fortunatus, and conjuration. After each the Chimes of the Times, No. 23 and 24."

Pope has many attacks on Henley in the Grub-street Journal; and the Orator occasionally retaliated. In December, 1737, he had a lecture entitled, "Whether Mr. Pope be a man of sense in one argument: 'whatever is, is right.'" If whatever is, is right, Henley concluded that nothing can be wrong; *ergo*, he was not a proper object of satire.

## GAY'S BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Ver. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends.*] To Pope's account of the remarkable success of the Beggar's Opera additional particulars can now be added. The original account-book of the manager, Mr. Rich, has been found, and extracts of it published in "Notes and Queries," January 19, 1850. From this it appears that the Beggar's Opera was acted for sixty-two nights at the Lincoln's Inn-Fields Theatre, and when the run of the piece was abruptly terminated by the advance of the season, and the benefits of the actors, the receipts at the door were on the increase. Of the sixty-two performances thirty-two were in succession, and the total sum realised by the thirty-two successive performances was 5351*l.* 15s., of

which Gay obtained 693*l.* 13s. 6d. To him it was all clear profit, but from the sum obtained by Rich are, of course, to be deducted the expenses of the company, the lights, house rent, &c. Miss Fenton, who performed Polly, left the stage at the end of the season to be made Duchess of Bolton.

## CORINNA—MRS. THOMAS

Ver. 70. *Curll's Corinna.*] Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas was first styled Corinna by Dryden, to whom she sent a copy of verses. The poet, in return, gave her good advice, recommending her to "avoid the licences which Mrs. Behn allowed herself, of writing loosely, and giving some scandal to the modesty of her sex." Mrs. Thomas was certainly more modest in her writings, but her life was no better than that of "Astræa." Curll published some poems written by her, and two volumes of letters that passed between her and a Mr. Gwynnet; also a fabulous account of Dryden's funeral, which she communicated to Curll. Mrs. Thomas was at one time much in favour with wits and nobles, and in Cibber's Lives it is stated that Pope had once visited her in company with Henry Cromwell. Her history conveys the usual moral. Deserted by all her admirers, Corinna was thrown into prison for debt, and, after lingering there for some time, she obtained her release, and took a small lodging in Fleet-street, where she died, Feb. 3, 1730, aged fifty-six.

## BREVAL, BOND, BESALEEL MORRIS.

Ver. 126. *Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.*] John Durant Breval was son of Dr. Breval, prebendary of Westminster, and a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He wrote a poetical epistle to Addison, a poem on Calpe, or Gibraltar, with several dramatic pieces, and two volumes of travels *in folio*. Breval had served in Flanders under Marlborough, who gave him his captain's commission, and employed him in several negotiations. He died in 1739. Curll was indignant at the question as to Bond's identity. "Thou askest where was such a writer as Bond ever heard of? Take this answer: he hath published an additional (ninth) volume to the Spectator; a new version of Tasso hath he attempted; an original poem called Buckingham House (after the manner of Cooper's Hill) did he inscribe to the late Duke, who told him that the said poem would last much longer than the building it praised."—(*Curliad*, 1729.) Both house and poem have long since disappeared. Of Besaleel Morris we can learn little. In 1712 he published a volume of *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, and in 1721 *An Epistle to Mr. Walsted*, and a *Satire on the English Translations of Homer*.

## COOKE AND CONCANEN.

Ver. 138. *Cooke shall be Prior and Concanen Swift.*] Thomas Cooke is best known by his translation of Hesiod. He wrote several dramatic pieces, poems, and translations. He also conducted the weekly journal called the Craftsman, which had previously been under the charge of Amherst. He was a man of considerable talents and learning, much esteemed by his friends, but careless and irregular in his life. He seems, like many of his contemporaries, to have imputed Pope's enmity in part to the ill offices of Savage, whom he calls the "Spy." To Matthew Conanen, Cooke was strongly attached, and he honoured his memory with the following lines, which afford a favourable specimen of his versification. The influence of Pope on the poetry of his age is visible in these lines:

> Friendship, begun in unexperienced youth,
> In honour founded, and secured by truth,
> In distant climes and various fortunes tried,
> Not death, the grand destroyer, can divide.
> True to thy honest fame, which long shall live,
> This last just tribute to thy worth I give:
> A humour pleasing, and a wit refined,
> Knowledge and judgment clear, enriched your mind;
> In you to full perfection met the powers
> Which sweeten and adorn the social hours.
> In Fancy's flowery gardens when you strayed,
> If you invoked the Muse she gave her aid:
> Nor covetous nor negligent of fame,
> You've gain'd a fair—deserved a lasting name.

Cooke was born in 1702, at Braintree, in Essex; was some time in the family of the Earl of Pembroke; came to London in 1722; and followed a literary life till his death, in 1756.

Concanen was a more fortunate adventurer. The interest of the Duke of Newcastle procured for him, in 1732, the appointment of Attorney-General in Jamaica, which he filled with integrity and honour for nearly seventeen years. He acquired an ample fortune, and was on his voyage home, with the hope of enjoying it, when he died, January 22, 1749. Concanen was associated with Theobald and with *Warburton* in criticising Pope's Shakespear.

He denied Pope's charge that he had "particular obligations to Dr. Swift." In a letter inserted in the Daily Journal, Sept. 8, 1730, he says: "I do in the most solemn manner declare that I never saw Dr. Swift but four times in my life; that I never conversed with him but twice, at one of which times I dined with him, and that he then expressed some intentions to serve me, which he declined at the next visit I paid him, and I never made any more applications to

him." For the truth of this he appeals to the Dean himself, or to Dr. Delany, whom Pope had mentioned.

In the preface to the Miscellanies Pope had said, "It may happen to those who vent praise or censure too precipitately, as it did to an eminent English poet, who celebrated a young nobleman for erecting Dryden's monument, upon a promise which his lordship forgot till it was done by another." This alludes to Congreve, who had thanked the Duke of Newcastle for his intention of erecting a monument to Dryden, but the poet's tomb lay without any distinction until the Duke of Buckinghamshire, in 1720, erected the plain tablet in Westminster Abbey, inscribed with Dryden's name. Concanen replied to the insinuation against Congreve, or rather against his patron, the Duke of Newcastle, stating that two great characters were abused in the observation we have quoted. Pope attacked Concanen anonymously, but with great bitterness, in the Grub-street Journal, Aug. 27, 1730, terming him an "immoral man," &c. The affair of Dryden's monument he thus explains: "Whoever writes of men and facts ought first to know something of them: this paragraph *totidem verbis*, was inserted at Mr. Congreve's own desire, who was willing that fact should be made known, to account for what he had written." Concanen, in his reply, says, "I am charged with taking Mr. Congreve's part against a thing which appeared to me, as I believe it did to every reader, to be a reflection upon him. The letter which mentions him was printed three years ago, while he was alive, and the antidote to it came out after his death this week in the Grub-street Journal. However, if I had known what this writer says to be true, before the Speculatist was printed, I should certainly have retrenched half of my observation. I said in that letter two great characters were abused in the words which he recites; I should have said only one."

Concanen's defence from the charges in the Dunciad is a poor one. He seems to have been truly "a cold, long-winded native of the deep," and one of the dullest of versifiers; but not necessarily, as he himself contends, an "immoral man."

## FLEET DITCH.

Ver. 271. *To where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams.*] Previous to the appearance of the Dunciad, Swift and Gay had commemorated in verse the muddy current of Fleet Ditch. "That part of the town ditch in front of the city wall, between Bridewell Dock and Holborn, so called from the Fleet, a bourne or brook which runs into the town ditch, by, I believe, Fleet-lane, and so by Bridewell into the Thames at Blackfriars Bridge. After the Great Fire, it was converted into a dock or creek, and called the New Canal. It is now

a covered sewer, and one of the largest in London. This celebrated ditch was primarily supplied by the waters of certain wells in the suburbs of the city, called Clerkenwell, Skinners-well, Fags-well, Tode-well, Loders-well, and Rad-well, forming a stream called the River of Wells, or Turnmill Brook. From Clerkenwell the River of Wells ran down Turnmill-street, and Hockley-in-the-Hole, into Holborn, where it was fed by a brook called "Old Borne," and so on into what we now call Farringdon-street, where it received the waters of a little rapid streamlet, called the Fleet, and made its way into the Thames by Blackfriars Bridge. As the population increased about Clerkenwell and Holborn, the waters of the wells were diverted from their former channel, and the ditch became a kind of stagnant creek; or, worse still, a receptacle for every description of garbage and offal. Stow enumerates several attempts that were made to clean it, and to keep it clean, so that boats and barges might pass and unload their cargoes at Holborn as before. The new canal was forty feet in breadth, and cost the sum of 27,777*l.*, besides what was paid to the proprietors whose grounds were taken for wharfs and quays. The toll was heavy, the traffic inconsiderable, and, in spite of its new name, and the money that had been spent upon it, the ditch was doomed to continue a common sewer. The mayor and corporation, when the present Mansion-house was about to be built, and it was necessary to remove Stock's Market, wisely determined to arch over the ditch between Holborn Bridge and Fleet Market, and remove the market to the site thus obtained. Stock's Market, in consequence of this determination, was removed to Fleet Ditch on the 30th of September, 1737, and called Fleet Market. A portion of the ditch between Fleet-street and the Thames still remained open. An opportunity, however, was found, when Blackfriars Bridge was built, to arch it over, and, since 1765, famous Fleet Ditch has carried its dead dogs and disemboguing streams to the Thames underground."—*Cunningham's Hand-Book for London.*

## DEAN SMEDLEY.

Ver. 291. *Next Smedley dived.*] In the earlier editions this episode was applied to E——, or Eusden, the Laureate. Jonathan Smedley, a staunch Whig, and Dean of Clogher, in Ireland, was a more formidable personage. His lines on Swift's instalment as Dean of St. Patrick's cut as deeply as any of the attacks in the Dunciad, though inflicted with a coarser weapon. The following character of Swift, by Smedley, is admitted by Sir Walter Scott to possess considerable point and vivacity, as well as a distorted resemblance to the Dean's character:

THE DEVIL'S LAST GAME.

Said Old Nick to St. Michael, you use me but ill,
To suppress all my force, and restrain all my skill:
Let me loose at religion, I'll show my good parts,
And try if your doctrine can balance my arts.
'Tis a match! cried the angel, and drew off his guard,
And the devil slipp'd from him to play a court card.
The first help he sought was a qualified mind,
That had compass and void for the use he design'd.
There occurred a pert nothing, a stick of Church timber,
Who had stiffness of will, but his morals were limber;
To whom wit served for reason, and passion for zeal;
Who had teeth like a viper, and tail like an eel;
Wore the malice of hell with heavenly grace,
Of humour enchanting, and easy of face;
His tongue flow'd with honey, his eyes flash'd delight,
He despised what was wrong, and abused what was right:
Had a knack to laugh luckily; never thought twice;
And with coarseness of heart had a taste that was nice.
Nature form'd him malignant, but, whetting him fast,
He was edged for decay, and too brittle to last.
He would quarrel with virtue because 'twas his foe's,
And was hardly a friend to the vice which he chose:
He could love nothing grave, nothing pleasant forbear;
He was always in jest, but most when in prayer!
"Lord be praised," quoth the devil, "a fig for all grace!"
So he breath'd a new brogue o'er the bronze of his face;
Lent him pride above hope, and conceit above spleen,
Slipp'd him into Church service, and call'd him a DEAN!

## AARON HILL.

Ver. 295. *Then * essayed* ] In the Life of Pope we have given an account of the poet's quarrel with Aaron Hill, arising out of this passage in the Dunciad. Hill was a smooth and elegant versifier, a man of benevolent and amiable character, but vain and fantastic in many of his pursuits, and, latterly, a gross flatterer of Richardson, the novelist, to whom he seems to have been indebted for more substantial favours than a mere exchange of praise. He was of good family, fortune, and connexions: born in 1685, the son of George Hill, Esq., of Malmesbury Abbey, Wiltshire, and educated at Westminster School. When a mere youth, he set off to Constantinople to visit his relation, Lord Paget, and he afterwards made the tour of Europe. In 1709, he was manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and to the end of his life he was engaged in theatrical speculations. Having written a poem (Camillus) in vindication of the Earl of Peterborough, the noble lord appointed him his secretary, but Hill was then deep in the affairs of the stage,

and also newly married, and, consequently, did not go abroad with Peterborough. They seem afterwards to have meditated an expedition to the West Indies, but it also fell through. In 1718, he wrote a poem in praise of the Czar Peter, entitled The Northern Star, for which he was rewarded with a gold medal from the Empress Catharine, who wished him to undertake the life of the Czar. The death of Catharine, it is said, put an end to the projected memoir. Hill was the author of many tragedies, but only one can be said to have been successful, a translation of Voltaire's Zara, in which Mrs. T. Cibber, the excellent tragic actress, made her first appearance on the stage. Ever restless, and projecting new schemes, theatrical and commercial, Hill dissipated his fortune. His literary works were unsuccessful, but he confidently appealed to posterity:

> Yet while from life my setting prospects fly,
> Fain would my mind's weak offspring shun to die;
> Fain would their hope some light through time explore,
> The name's kind passport when the man's no more.

Alas! the passage in the Dunciad has been his sole passport to posterity. He died February 5, 1750, "in the very minute of the earthquake," says Davis, "the shock of which, though speechless, he appeared to feel."

Hill is seen to advantage in his correspondence with Pope, and, both in prose and verse, he praised him so highly as a poet, that one is mortified to find him afterwards writing to Richardson in the following strain:

"Mr. Pope, as you with equal keenness and propriety express it, is *gone out*. I told a friend of his, who sent me the first news of it, that I was very sorry for his death, because I doubted whether he would live to recover the accident. Indeed, it gives me no surprise, to find you thinking he was in the wane of his popularity. It arose, originally, but from meditated little personal assiduities, and a certain bladdery swell of management. He did not blush to have the cunning to blow himself up by help of dull unconscious instruments, whenever he would seem to sail, as if his own wind moved him.

"In fact, if anything was fine or truly powerful in Mr. Pope, it was chiefly centred in expression, and that rarely, when not grafted on some other writer's conceptions. His own sentiments were low and narrow, because always interested; darkly touched, because conceived imperfectly; and sour and acrid, because writ in envy. *He had a turn for verse, without a soul for poetry.* * * * But rest his memory in peace! It will very rarely be disturbed by the time he himself is ashes. It is pleasant to observe the justice of forced fame; she lets down those, at once, who get themselves pushed upwards, and lifts none above the fear of falling, but a few who never teased her."

Truly, Aaron Hill merited a place in the Dunciad.

## WILLIAM ARNALL.

Ver. 315. *Not so bold Arnall.*] In addition to Pope's copious note (which is substantially correct), Mr. Bowles adds: "Some of his (Arnall's) letters now before me, for the sight of which I am indebted to Mr. Coxe, show him to have been a shrewd and sensible man. What is curious in *one*, he talks very highly of his *honour* and *veracity*. He was as vain-glorious and important in his own ideas as Pope, with much less reason: what he got he spent as fast as it came, and many of his letters to Sir Robert show great poverty and distress. They are full of earnest petitions for preferment, money, &c. He had a silver inkstand, which he was proud of displaying, and boasted it was a present from his friend Walpole. His distress at last, brought on by his own imprudence, induced him, it is supposed, to commit suicide." His death took place in 1741, when Arnall was only in his twenty-sixth year.

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## EUSTACE BUDGELL.

Ver. 397. *Thrice Budgell aimed to speak.*] Poor Budgell committed suicide May 4, 1737. He was the son of Dr. Budgell, of St Thomas, near Exeter, was a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, Oxford, and a relation of Addison, his mother being Addison's cousin-german. With these advantages Budgell began the world under favourable auspices. He accompanied Addison to Ireland as clerk, and afterwards rose to be Under-Secretary of State. He was elected a member of the Irish Parliament, and distinguished himself both as a speaker and a man of business. At the same time he wrote several able papers in the Spectator. The death of Addison deprived Budgell of a powerful friend, and the darker shades of his character—his litigious disposition, his infidel opinions, and ungovernable temper—alienated from him other friends. He lost thousands of pounds in his attempts to obtain a seat in the English House of Commons, and in speculations in the South-Sea scheme. Thus reduced, his only means of subsistence was literary employment, and he wrote various poetical pieces, political pamphlets, and miscellaneous productions. At length his friend, Dr. Tindal, died, and by his will a sum of 2100*l.* was left to Mr. Budgell. The bequest was so disproportionate to Tindal's means, and so injurious to his nephew, Nicholas Tindal, the translator of Rapin, that the latter carried the case into the Court, and the will was set aside. With this stain on his character, Budgell fought on for some time, but he became still deeper involved in law-

suits, his debts accumulated, and at last he dreaded an execution in his house. This prompted the alternative of suicide. He took a boat at Somerset-stairs, having previously filled his pockets with stones, and, as the waterman was "shooting the bridge," he threw himself overboard.

## BISHOP HOADLEY.

Ver. 400. *Yet silent bow'd to Christ's no kingdom here.*] "This is said by Curll," observes Pope, "to allude to a sermon of a reverend Bishop." The allusion is palpable. The sermon, by Hoadley, on the Nature of the Kingdom or the Church of Christ, occasioned a long and vehement polemical war, known as the Bangorian Controversy, from Hoadley being at that time Bishop of Bangor. The sermon was preached before the King in 1717, and published by the royal command. Hoadley's *Low Church* principles, which recommended him at Court, were directly opposed to Atterbury's *High Church* and Tory opinions, and there was a fierce dispute between them. Hoadley was a formidable antagonist. He was a better reasoner, though a worse writer than Atterbury, and he was warmly attached to the civil and religious liberties of England, which Atterbury would have laid at the feet of the imbecile and bigoted House of Stuart. This zeal for constitutional government and the right of private judgment exposed Hoadley to the satire of Swift and Pope. It is but right to state that Hoadley, along with Wake, left the House of Lords, and never voted in any division upon Atterbury's affair, having been engaged in controversy with him.

## MRS. CENTLIVRE.

Ver. 411. *At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail.*] Some of Mrs. Centlivre's comedies are still popular. The Busy Body and the Wonder a Woman keeps a Secret, are excellent acting plays. Most of her productions, however, are stained with the licentiousness of the times. The history of this woman is singular. Her father was a gentleman of Holbeach, in Lincolnshire, who fled to Ireland about the time of the Restoration, to escape persecution for his religious opinions as a Dissenter. Both her parents died before she was twelve years of age. She travelled to London on foot to seek her fortune—was some time under the protection of Anthony Hammond, father of the poet, but married in her sixteenth year to a nephew of

Sir Stephen Fox. This gentleman did not live more than a twelvemonth, when, shortly afterwards, she was married again to a Mr. Carrol, an officer in the army, who was killed in a duel about a year and a half after their marriage. She now took to dramatic writing, as a means of subsistence, and from 1700 to 1705 produced six comedies, to one of which (the Gamester) Rowe, the poet, contributed a prologue. She next tried the stage, and while performing the part of *Alexander the Great* at Windsor, she captivated the heart of the "Yeoman of the Mouth," or principal cook to Queen Anne, who proposed marriage, and was accepted. She lived happily with this important official for about eighteen years, producing during that time some of her best plays.

In the Flying Post, June 23, 1716, is a magniloquent description of a visit paid by Mrs. Centlivre to her native town of Holbeach, whither she had been ordered by her physicians on account of her health. On the 28th of May, the anniversary of King George's birthday, she invited all the poor pauper widows of Holbeach to the tavern to supper, after which she caused them to drink King George's health on their knees; then the Prince and Princess and all the Royal Family; the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Townsend, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. Walpole, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Duke of Argyle, and General Cadogan, &c. By her orders there was music playing in the room and the bells ringing all supper-time, and the windows of the room were illuminated. The old women danced and were exceedingly rejoiced, and the whole town was in an uproar, "for, by-the-by," says the chronicler (who was no doubt the lady herself), "there are very few Whigs amongst us." Mrs. C. concluded her loyal demonstration with a copy of verses, which she wrote and sent to the ringers, in which the Jacobites are anathematised in such verses as the following:

> Disdain the artifice they use
> To bring in mass and wooden shoes,
> With transubstantiation,
> Remember James the Second's reign,
> When glorious William broke the chain
> Rome had put on this nation.

Warton thought that the slipshod sibyl in the Dunciad, book iii. v. 15, was Mrs. Centlivre, but that happy personification of "lofty madness meditating song" seems of too high and romantic a cast for "the cook's wife in Buckingham-court," as Pope elsewhere designates Mrs. Centlivre. She died in her house in Buckingham-court, Spring-gardens, December 1st, 1723.

## MOTTEUX.

Ver. 412. *Motteux himself unfinished left his tale.*] Peter Anthony Motteux, the excellent translator of Don Quixote, and author of a number of forgotten dramatic pieces. He was a merchant, and held a situation in the Post-office. He died in 1718. Dryden addressed an epistle, To my Friend, Mr. Motteux, on his Tragedy called Beauty in Distress, in which he compliments him highly on his mastery of the English language; a circumstance certainly remarkable in a Frenchman, though long resident in England.

## MORGAN AND MANDEVILLE.

Ver. 414. *Morgan and Mandeville could prate no more.*] Morgan was a Dissenting minister in Bristol, author of the Moral Philosopher, 1737.—Bernard Mandeville was a Dutchman by birth, but settled in England when young, and practised as a physician until his death, in 1733. His principal work, the Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices made Public Benefits, was doubly distinguished in being presented by the Grand Jury of Middlesex as immoral and pernicious, and in being answered by Pope's friend, Bishop Berkeley. "Frugality," according to Mandeville, "is like honesty, *a mean starving virtue*, fit only for small societies of good, peaceable men, who are contented to be poor so that they may be easy; but, in a large stirring nation, you may soon have enough of it. 'Tis an idle dreaming virtue, that employs no hands, and therefore very useless in a trading country, where there are vast numbers that, one way or other, must be all set to work. *Prodigality has a thousand inventions to keep people from sitting still:*" and this doctrine he enforces in language forcible and picturesque, and with a vast amount of misplaced and mischievous ingenuity. Indeed, Mandeville is scarcely inferior to Swift as a master of English, and his views of human nature and society were not more elevated.

## BOOK III.

### TAYLOR, THE WATER-POET.

Ver. 19. *Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar.*] Pope quotes these lines from the Water-Poet:

> I must confess I do want eloquence,
> And never scarce did learn my accidence;
> For having got from *possum* to *posset*,
> I there was gravell'd, could no farther get.

Unless there be some variation in the editions of the Water-Poet's works, Pope misquotes Taylor. He probably copied the above lines from Winstanley, and never looked into Taylor. In the edition of his works, 1630, towards the end of what he calls Taylor's Motto, a bead-roll of what he has, what he wants, and what he cares for, the Water Poet says:

> I care to get good bookes, and I take heed
> And care what I doe either write or read;
> Though some through ignorance, and some through spite,
> Have said that I can neither read nor write.
> But though my lines no scholarship proclaim,
> Yet I at learning have a kind of ayme;
> And I have gather'd much good observations,
> From many humane and divine translations;
> I was well enter'd (forty winters since)
> As far as *possum* in my accidence;
> And, reading out from *possum* to *posset*,
> There I was mined, and could no farther get;
> Which, when I think upon, with mind dejected,
> I grieve to think how learning I neglected.

Taylor was one of no less than 40,000 watermen who, as he states, plied between Windsor and Gravesend at the close of the sixteenth century. The introduction of hackney-coaches nearly ruined this fraternity; but Taylor engaged in wagering adventures and voyages, "making trial of his friends," he says, "both in the kingdom of England and that of Scotland." One of these was "a very merry wherry-ferry voyage" from London to York; another from London to Salisbury, &c. He travelled on foot from London to Edinburgh, "not carrying any money to and fro; neither begging, borrowing, or asking meat, drink, or lodging." Ben Jonson, whom he met in Edin-

burgh, generously gave him "a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings to drink his health in England." The maddest of all Taylor's expeditions was going from London to Queenborough *in a paper boat with two stockfish for oars!* He was accompanied by a vintner, Roger Bird. They had fortunately taken eight well-blown bladders with them, by means of which they contrived to keep afloat and reach Queenborough, after being on the water from Saturday evening till Monday morning. Their paper boat was soon in ruins:

> The water four miles broad, no oars to row,
> Night dark, and where we were we did not know;
> And thus 'twixt doubt and fear, hope and despair,
> I fell to work, and Roger Bird to prayer.
> And as the surges up and down did heave us,
> He cried, most fervently, "Good Lord, receive us."

Taylor's last expedition was into Wales, in 1652; he died the following year at his "ale-house," as Pope designates it, at the sign of the Poet's Head (his own portrait) in Phœnix-alley, Long-acre, and was buried Dec. 5th, 1653, in the churchyard of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Mr. Southey gives an interesting account of Taylor in his Lives of Uneducated Poets, and a selection from the numerous works of the Water-Poet would be an acceptable addition to our popular literature.

## BOOK IV.

### JUSTICE PAGE.

Ver. 30. *And dies when Dulness gives her Page the word.*] Sir Francis Page was called the "Hanging Judge." He tried Savage for the alleged murder of Mr. Sinclair, in a tavern brawl, and pressed so hard for a conviction, that the jury found the poor poet guilty, and Page had the happiness of sentencing him to death. Savage, however, obtained a reprieve from the Queen, who afterwards generously allowed him 50*l.* per annum, in return for which Savage, as the "Volunteer Laureate," honoured her Majesty with a birthday ode. Page obtained his legal preferment by writing political pamphlets, though he is said to have been very illiterate. He commenced one of his charges to the grand jury of Middlesex with this statement: "I dare venture to affirm, gentlemen, on my own knowledge, that England

never was so happy, both at home *and abroad*, as it now is." Horace Walpole mentions, that when Crowle, the punning lawyer, was once on a circuit with Page, a person asked him if the Judge was not just behind? He replied, "I don't know, but I am sure he never was *just* before." In 1718 this unworthy and odious lawyer was made a Baron of the Exchequer; in 1726, Justice of the Common Pleas; and in 1727, one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench. He died in 1741, aged 80.

## ACT FOR LICENSING DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES.

Ver. 43. *Nor could'st thou, Chesterfield, a tear refuse.*] The speech of Lord Chesterfield against the licensing bill brought in by Walpole, in 1737, was much admired. "This bill," he said, "is not only an encroachment on liberty, but it is likewise an encroachment on property. Wit, my lords, is a sort of property—the property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. It is, indeed, but a precarious dependence. We, my lords, thank God, have a dependence of another kind." This sarcasm is worthy of Pope. Our author's anxiety to have a "lick at the Laureate" on all occasions is curiously evinced by the allusion to Chesterfield and Cibber in his note on the above line. The laureate does not mention the name of Chesterfield. His words are, "While this law was in debate, a lively spirit and uncommon eloquence was employed against it." And he then proceeds to show that the licentiousness of the stage called for some restraint. Lord Hervey, in his memoirs, states that "besides the general liberty that was taken at this time with religion, as well as government, in the theatrical representations, Sir Robert Walpole had got into his hands two plays in manuscript, which were the most barefaced and scurrilous abuse on the persons and characters of the King and Queen, and the whole Court, and made these insults on their Majesties a plea for having recourse to Parliament to put a stop to their being acted, saying he had tried all other methods, and found every other would be ineffectual." Lord Hervey also speaks in terms of high commendation of Lord Chesterfield's eloquent and witty speech, though approving, like Cibber, of the bill for regulating the stage.

## THE OPERA.

Ver. 55. *Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them thence.*] Colley Cibber has noticed the introduction of the Italian Opera into England, "in a lame, hobbling translation into our own language, with

false quantities, and metre out of measure to its original notes." The first Italian performer that made any figure here was Valentini, who sung in Italian while every other character sung and recited to him in English! (Cibber.) An Italian songstress, Signora de l'Epine, was also in England, and a warm rivalry kept up between her and an Englishwoman, Mrs. Tofts. We were afterwards visited by Nicolini, 1708; Handel, 1710; Cuzzoni, 1723; Farinelli, 1734. The sublime productions of Handel may be said to have naturalised the opera in this country, and now it bids fair to drive out the old national drama from our theatres.

Dr. Burney relates that "when Pope found that his friends, Lord Burlington and Dr. Arbuthnot, thought so highly of Handel, he not only lashed his enemies in the Dunciad, but wished to have his Eurydice set to music by him. Mr. Belchier, a common friend, undertook to negotiate the business; but Handel, having heard that Pope had made his ode more lyrical, that is, fitter for music, by dividing it into airs and recitatives, for Dr. Green, who had already set it, and whom, as a partisan for Bononcini, and confederate with his enemies, he had long disliked, said, 'It is de very ding vat my pellows-plower has set already for ein docktor's decree at Cambridge.'" Handel got unpopular for a season, in consequence partly of his own irritable temper and the disputes with the Italian singers; so that his great oratorio of the Messiah was but coldly received, and he went to Ireland, as alluded to by the poet in ver. 60. He afterwards regained the public favour, and had certainly no cause to complain of the patronage he received in this country.

About the period in which Pope was engaged with this book of the Dunciad, Horace Walpole writes of the Opera to his friend, Sir Horace Mann: "I am quite uneasy about the Opera, for Mr. Conway is one of the directors, and I fear they will lose considerably, which he cannot afford. There are eight: Lord Middlesex, Lord Holderness, Mr. Frederick, Lord Conway, Mr. Conway, Mr. Damer, Lord Brooke, and Mr. Brand. The five last are directed by the three first; they by the first, and he by the Abbé Vanneschi, who will make a pretty sum. I will give you some instances; not to mention the improbability of eight young, thoughtless men of fashion understanding economy: it is usual to give the poet fifty guineas for composing the books—Vanneschi and Rolli are allowed three hundred. Three hundred more Vanneschi had for his journey to Italy to pick up dancers and performers, which was always as well transacted by bankers there. He has additionally brought over an Italian tailor—because there are none here! They have already given this *Taylorini* four hundred pounds, and he has already taken a house of thirty pounds a year. Monticelli and the Visconti are to have a thousand guineas apiece; Amorevoli eight hundred and fifty: this, at the rate of the great singers, is not so extravagant; but to the Muscovita (though the

second woman never had above four hundred) they give six; that is for secret services. By this you may judge of their frugality!"—*Walpole to Mann, Nov.* 5, 1741. The "secret services" alluded to by Walpole refer to the fact of this cantatrice being the mistress of Lord Middlesex, the director of the Opera. In the following year (1742) a new subscription for the Opera was begun—thirty subscribers at two hundred pounds each, and Walpole himself took *half a share*, his friend Conway taking the other half.

## COMMITTING CLASSIC POETRY TO MEMORY.

Ver. 160. *And keep them in the pale of words till death.*] Upon which there is this note by Pope and Warburton: "By obliging them to get the classic poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for conversation and verbal amusement for their whole lives." And, it may be added, with many pleasing and ennobling thoughts, the fruit of immortal genius. Mr. Hallam, in his History of Literature, has a fine passage on this subject, in reference to Milton's blindness:

"Then the remembrance of early reading came over his dark and lonely path like the moon emerging from the clouds. Then it was that the Muse was truly his; not only as she poured her creative inspiration into his mind, but as the daughter of Memory, coming with fragments of ancient melodies, the voice of Euripides, and Homer, and Tasso; sounds that he had loved in youth, and treasured up for the solace of his age. They who, though not enduring the calamity of Milton, have known what it is, when afar from books, in solitude or in travelling, or in the intervals of worldly care, to murmur over the beautiful lines whose cadence has long delighted their ear, to recal the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them—they will feel the inestimable value of committing to the memory, in the prime of its power, what it will easily receive and indelibly retain. I know not indeed whether an education that deals much with poetry, such as is still used in England, has any more solid argument in its favour, than that it lays the foundation of intellectual pleasures at the other extreme of life."

## SIR ANDREW FOUNTAINE.

Ver. 347. *But Annius, crafty seer.*] Warton remarks: "The sudden appearance of this character, whom we never heard of before, makes this passage very obscure. By Annius, was meant Sir Andrew

Fountaine." Sir Andrew Fountaine was learned in coins, medals, and antiquities, and had made considerable collections during his early travels abroad. He was knighted by William III., and afterwards, in 1727, succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as Warden of the Mint. He died in 1753. Sir Andrew was very intimate with Swift during the Dean's residence in England from 1710 to 1713, and he assisted in some designs for illustrating the Tale of a Tub. Whether he was, like Annius, false and crafty, we cannot ascertain. Annius is represented as a subordinate agent a sort of Hopkins or Peter Walter—who imposed on noble collectors, such as the old Earl of Pembroke, Harley, Earl of Oxford, and his son the second earl, &c. In Nichols's Literary Anecdotes is a story of Sir Andrew Fountaine joining with Ficaroni, the Pope's antiquary, in cheating an abbot of some valuable medals. Sir Andrew is characterised as one of the keenest virtuosi in Europe, and out-Italianising the Italians themselves.

## MEAD AND WOODWARD.

Ver. 371. *Mummius o'erheard him.*] Warton further states that Mummius was said to mean Dr. Mead. if so, Annius may stand for his rival physician and rival virtuoso, Dr. Woodward These jealous competitors, though both able and good men, had, in 1719, an encounter more perilous than the contest between Annius and Mummius. They met near Gresham College-gate, and Mead saying that Woodward had abused him, struck him on the side of the head. Swords were drawn, but Woodward slipt and fell, and his antagonist disarmed him, at the same time requesting him to ask his life! This, Woodward says, he refused to do, adding, "that had he been to have given me any of his physic, I would, rather than take it, have asked my life; but, for his sword, it was very harmless, and I was ever far from being in the least apprehensive of it."

## EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Ver. 487. *Or that bright image to our fancy draw,*
*Which Theocles in raptured vision saw.*

There is often great beauty in the stately and melodious periods of Theocles, or Shaftesbury, while he dilates on his Platonic philosophy. To some of his airy speculations and reflections Pope might have subscribed. For example:

"The central powers which hold the lasting orbs in their just poise and movement, must not be controlled to save a fleeting form, and

rescue from the precipice a puny animal, whose brittle frame, however protected, must of itself soon dissolve. The ambient air, the inward vapours, the impending meteors, or whatever else is nutrimental or preservative of this earth, must operate in a natural course; and other good constitutions must submit to the good habit and constitution of the all-sustaining globe. Let us not wonder, therefore, if by earthquakes, storms, pestilential blasts, nether or upper fires, or floods, the animal kinds are often afflicted, and whole species perhaps involved at once in one common ruin. Nor need we wonder if the interior form, the soul and temper, partakes of this occasional deformity, and sympathises often with his close partner. Who is there that can wonder either at the sicknesses of sense, or the depravity of minds enclosed in such frail bodies and dependent on such pervertible organs?

"Here then is that solution you require; and hence those seeming blemishes cast upon Nature. Nor is there aught in this beside what is natural and good. 'Tis good which is predominant; and every corruptible and mortal nature, by its mortality and corruption, yields only to some better, and all in common to that best and highest nature which is incorruptible and immortal."

Pope was well acquainted with the works of Shaftesbury, as appears from his Essay on Man.

# SATIRES.

## EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT;

OR,

## PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

[*Motto to the first edition, published in folio, January,* 1734-5.]

"Neque sermonibus vulgi dederis te, nec in præmiis humanis spem posueris rerum tuarum; suis te oportet illecebris ipsa virtus trahat ad verum decus. Quid de te alii loquantur, ipsi videant, sed loquentur tamen."—CICERO.

[And do not yield yourself up to the speeches of the vulgar, nor in your affairs place hope in human rewards: virtue ought to draw you to true glory by its own allurements. Why should others speak of you? Let them study themselves—yet they will speak.]

### ADVERTISEMENT.

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune (the authors of Verses to the Imitator of Horace, and of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-court) to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge), but my person, morals, and family, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have anything pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and, if anything offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have for the most part spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness.—P.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John![1] fatigued I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead
The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me
Then from the Mint[2] walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.
Is there a parson, much bemused in beer, 15
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?[3] 20

[1] [John Searle, his old and faithful servant, remembered in his will. Curll speaks of "honest Searle, Mr Pope's gardener at Twickenham," in 1735 After his master's death, in 1744, John published a plan of the poet's garden, with an account of the mineral and other curiosities it contained, which we have given in the Appendix to the poet's life. He next went into the employment of Mr. Allen, of Prior Park.]

[2] [The Mint in Southwark was a sanctuary for insolvent debtors. It included several streets and alleys. Nahum Tate, the poet, died in the Mint, in 1716. An attempt was made to curtail the privilege in the reign of William III., and it was finally suppressed in the reign of George I.]

[3] After ver. 20, in the MS.:

> Is there a bard in durance? turn them free,
> With all their brandish'd reams they run to me:
> Is there a 'prentice, having seen two plays,
> Who would do something in his sempstress' praise.—*Warburton.*



'Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said."

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES, *line* 1.

[*Page* 320.

All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,[4]
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.
  Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?[5]
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love? 30
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel,—"Keep your piece nine years." 40
  "Nine years!" cries he, who, high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Obliged by hunger and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it, 45
I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it."
  Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
  Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his grace,
I want a patron; ask him for a place." 50
Pitholeon[6] libelled me—"but here's a letter
Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

[4] [Arthur Moore, father of the poetical James Moore-Smythe. See Life of Pope, p. 70, and Notes to Dunciad.]

[5] [In first edition:

> Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?
> Say, is their anger or their friendship worse?]

[6] The name taken from a foolish poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek. Schol. in Horat. l. i. Dr. Bentley pretends that this Pitholeon libelled Cæsar also. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10, l. i.—P.

Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine;
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."[7]
Bless me! a packet.[8] "'Tis a stranger sues, 55
A virgin tragedy, an orphan Muse."
If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends;[9] 60
Fired that the house reject him, "'Sdeath I'll print it,
And shame the fools—Your interest, Sir, with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too much:
"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks, 65
And last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door:
Sir, let me see your works and you no more.
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a king) 70
His very minister who spied them first,
(Some say his queen) was forced to speak or burst:[10]
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?

[7] In the MS.:

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn divine.—*Warburton.*

[8] [Alludes to a tragedy called the Virgin Queen, by Mr. R. Barford, published 1729, who displeased Pope by daring to adopt the fine machinery of his sylphs in an heroi-comical poem called The Assembly.—*Warton.*]

[9] [In first edit.:

Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

Cibber, in his letter to Pope, 1742, notices this alteration. "You have taken off a little of its edge," he says. "This is so uncommon an instance of your checking your temper, and taking a little shame to yourself, that I cannot in justice omit my notice of it."]

[10] The story is told by some of his barber, but by Chaucer of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in Dryden's Fables.—P. [It is scarcely necessary to point out that the poet intends a sarcastic allusion to Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole. The Queen's management of the King, as detailed by Lord Hervey in his Memoirs, was as artfully constructed and evolved as any dramatic plot. Walpole knew where the real power lay, and made his arrangements accordingly. Hervey, in a letter to Bishop Hoadley (1734) has the expression, "You know the King's two ears as well as I do."]

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous things, 75
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings:
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass: 80
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? Take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break, 85
Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.[11]
Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,[12]
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew: 90
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer, 95
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?[13]

[11] Alluding to Horace:

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

[Or rather to Addison's version:

Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.]

[12] [In first edit.:

Scribblers, like spiders, break one cobweb through,
Still spin, &c.

There are numerous small alterations in this Epistle. Verses 91 and 92 are not in first edition.

[13] He was of this society, and frequently headed their processions.—*Warburton.*

[Orator Henley and James Moore-Smythe. The former preached in Newport and Clare Markets.]

Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?[14] 100
Still Sappho—A. Hold! for God's sake—you'll offend:
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend.
I too could write, and I am twice as tall,
But foes like these—P. One flatterer's worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent.
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent[15]
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes: 110
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.[16]
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
There are, who to my person pay their court: 115
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,—
Such Ovid's nose,—and, "Sir! you have an eye."
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters met in me? 120
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head;"
And, when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.[17]

[14] [The Bavius of this couplet has not been named. In the Works, vol. ii. (1735), the name of "Arnall" is given, but shortly afterwards, in the small edition of the Works, "Bavius" was substituted. The bishop alluded to was Bishop Boulter, Primate of Ireland, to whom Ambrose Philips was for some time secretary.]

[15] [In Works (1735), the lines stand:

> A wit quite angry is quite innocent;
> The only danger is, when they *repent*.]

[16] [In Works (1735):

> For song, for silence some expect a bribe:
> And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
> Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave;
> Yet each declares the other fool or knave.]

[17] After ver. 124, in the MS.:

> But, friend, this shape which you and Curll admire,
> Came not from Ammon's son, but from my sire;

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown 125
Dipp'd me in ink? my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.[18]
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd: 130
The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,[19]
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear.
But why then publish? Granville the polite, 135
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Even mitred Rochester would nod the head,[20] 140
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!

And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
I had it from my mother, not the Muse.
Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

Curll set up his head for a sign. His father was crooked. His mother was much afflicted with headaches.—*Warburton.*

[18] From Ovid:

Sponte suâ carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,
Et quod conabar scribere, versus erat.—*Warton.*

[Wilkes had also noted the imitation.]

[19] These two words ("not wife") seem added merely for the verse, and are what the French call a *cheville.*—*Wilkes.*

[20] All these were patrons or admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a scandalous libel against him, entitled Dryden's Satire to his Muse, has been printed in the name of the Lord Somers, of which he was wholly ignorant. These are the persons to whose account the author charges the publication of his first pieces; persons, with whom he was conversant (and, he adds, beloved) at sixteen or seventeen years of age; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the Pastorals and Windsor Forest, on which he passes a sort of censure in the lines following:

While pure description held the place of sense, &c.—P.

From these the world will judge of men and books, 145
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cookes.[21]
Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's[22] was my flowery theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.[23] 150
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd—I was not in debt.
If want provoked, or madness made them print, 155
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
Did some more sober critic come abroad—
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite;
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds:[24]
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells, 165
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Even such small critics, some regard may claim,
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespear's name.

[21] Authors of secret and scandalous history.—P. [They will all be found in the Dunciad, with Gildon, Dennis, &c., subsequently introduced.]

[22] [In first edit.: "Like gentle Damon's," &c. Altered, no doubt, to apply to Lord Hervey, the Lord Fanny of many a satire.]

[23] "A painted meadow, or a purling stream," is a verse of Mr. Addison's.—P.

[24] [In the publication of these verses, as a fragment in the Miscellanies, 1727, this line stood:

From sanguine Sew——, &c.

It was then altered to *daring* Bentley, and next to *slashing* Bentley. One of the poet's contemporary critics (Letter to Mr. Pope, 1735) says: "Who this Sew—— is I don't know, but why must Bentley come slashing and take his place? You are grown very angry, it seems, at Dr. Bentley of late. Is it because he said (to your face I have been told) that your Homer was miserable stuff; that it might be called Homer modernised, or something to that effect; but that there were very little or no vestiges of the old Grecian?"]

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! 170
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.[25]
Were others angry—I excused them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find; 175
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify, for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,[26] 180
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year;
He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,[27] 185
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:[28]
All these, my modest satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate. 190
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe![29]
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;

[25] [In early editions:

Not that the things are either rich or rare,
But all the wonder is, how they got there?

The whole of this paragraph was subjected to frequent alteration in the different editions. "Small critics" was "piece-meal critics." Verse 168 stood:

Wrapt round and sanctified with Shakespear's name.]

[26] Amb. Philips translated a book called the Persian Tales.—P. ["The Thousand and One Days, Persian Tales," London, 1714.]

[27] [In first edit.: "Johnson, who now to sense," &c. Wilkes adds this note: "Author of *The Victim* and *Cobbler of Preston*.]

[28] *Prose run mad.* A verse of Dr. Evans.—*Wilkes.*

[29] [Originally:

How would they swear not Congreve's self was safe.]

Blest with each talent, and each art to please, 195
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise; 200
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend, 205
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause; 210
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?[30]

[30] It was a great falsehood, which some of the libels reported, that this character was written after the gentleman's death: which see refuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the Dunciad. But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory; and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the edition of his works.—P. [On the line, "Who would not weep if Atticus were he?" Warburton has the following note: "But when we come to know it belongs to Atticus—*i.e.* to one whose more obvious qualities had before engaged our love or esteem, then friendship, in spite of ridicule, will make a separation: our old impressions will get the better of our new; or at least suffer themselves to be no further impaired than by the admission of a mixture of pity and concern."

It appears from a letter of Atterbury's that copies of the verses were circulated before February, 1721-2. Pope added a note in the correspondence, stating that "an imperfect copy had got out, *very much to the author's surprise, who never would give any.*" Even Spence doubts this. Most of the sentiments and imagery in the satire are contained in a letter in the poet's published correspondence, addressed to Craggs, July 15, 1715. "I translated Homer for the public in general; he (Tickell) to gratify the inordinate desires of one man only. We have, it seems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and he has his mutes, too, a set of nodders, winkers, and whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new translator of Homer is the humblest slave he has, that is to say, his first minister; let him receive the honours he gives me, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of

What though my name stood rubric on the walls, 215
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
"On wings of winds came flying all abroad?"[31]
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight: 220
Poems I heeded (now be-rhymed so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birthday song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town, 225
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down:
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state. 230
Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo puff'd by every quill;[32]
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.[33]
His library (where busts of poets dead 235
And a true Pindar stood without a head)[34]

the approbation of his absolute lord, I appeal to the people as my rightful judges and masters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary, high-flying proceeding from the small Court-faction at Button's. But after all I have said of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged: and I, for my part, treat with him as we do with the Grand Monarch, who has too many good qualities not to be respected, though we know he watches any occasion to oppress us." With respect to the merits of this memorable quarrel, we have spoken in the Life of Pope.]

[31] Hopkins in the 104th Psalm.—P. [The passage is in the 18th Psalm, and is a very noble one:

> On cherubs and on cherubim fully royally He rode,
> And on the wings of all the winds came flying all abroad.]

[32] [The Earl of Halifax. See Additional Notes.]

[33] After ver. 234, in the MS.:

> To bards reciting he vouchsafed a nod,
> And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god.—*Warburton.*

[34] Ridicules the affectation of antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless trunks and terms of statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide Fulv. Ursin, &c.—P.

Received of wits an undistinguished race,
Who first his judgment asked, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd every day, and some days eat: 240
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245
Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.[35]
May some choice patron bless each grey goose quill!
May every Bavius have his Bufo still! 250
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,[36]
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Bless'd be the great! for those they take away, 255
And those they left me—for they left me GAY;
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and QUEENSBERRY weeping o'er thy urn! 260
Oh let me live my own, and die so too![37]
("To live and die is all I have to do:")

[35] Mr. Dryden, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent funeral bestowed upon him by the contribution of several persons of quality.—P. [The four lines on Dryden are not in the first edition.]

[36] [Warburton remarks: "Notwithstanding this ridicule on the public necessities of the great, our Poet was candid enough to confess that they are not always to be imputed to them, as their private may. For (when uninfected by the neighbourhood of Party) he speaks of those distresses much more dispassionately.

Our Ministers like gladiators live,
'Tis half their bus'ness blows to ward, or give;
The good their virtue would effect, or sense,
Dies between exigents and self-defence.—MS."]

[37] [In first edit.:

Give me on Thames's banks, in honest ease,
To see what friends, or read what books I please.
There let me live, &c.]

Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please:
Above a patron, though I condescend 265
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs:
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.[38] 270
Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with Swift—Indeed? no doubt 275
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will:
"No, such a genius never can lie still;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.[39] 280
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?[40]

[38] After ver. 270, in the MS.:

Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still:
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The world I knew, but made it not my school,
And in a course of flattery lived no fool.—*Warburton.*

[39] [Sir William Yonge, Secretary-at-War. He had been in Parliament from 1722, and filled various offices. Sir Robert Walpole used to say that nothing short of Yonge's talents could have supported his character, and nothing but his character could have kept down his talents. Horace Walpole remarks that his eloquence seemed to come upon him by inspiration, for he could scarce talk common sense in private on political subjects, on which in public he would be the most animated speaker. Yonge ventured also on poetical epistles, but was less successful than in prose. He died at his seat at Escott, near Honiton, in 1755. Bubo was Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe. See Notes to Moral Essays, Ep. iv.]

[40] After ver. 282, in the MS.:

P. What if I sing, Augustus, great and good?
A. You did so lately, was it understood?
Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumbling D—s [Dennis] or a Norfolk hound;
With George and Frederick roughen every verse,
Then smooth up all, and Caroline rehearse.

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out; 290
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And if he lie not, must at least betray;
Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Canons what was never there![41] 300
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble[42]—A. What? that thing of silk, 305
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel,
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?[43]
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings; 310

P. No—The high task to lift up kings to gods,
Leave to Court sermons, and to birth-day odes.
On themes like these, superior far to thine,
Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal shine.
Why write at all?—A. Yes, silence if you keep,
The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.—*Warburton.*

[41] See the Epistle to the Earl of Burlington.—P.

[42] It was originally *Paris*, but that name having been, as we conceive, the only reason that so contemptible a character could be applied to a noble and beautiful person, the author changed it to this of *Sporus*, as a name which has never yet been so misapplied.—P. Works, v. ii. 1785.

[43] [It ought to be upon *the* wheel, for it alludes to the custom prevailing in most countries of breaking notorious malefactors on the wheel. The indefinite article is used for the definite.—*Wilkes.*]

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad![44]
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.[45]
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis. 325
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd, 330
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335

[44] See Milton, book iv.—P. [In the first edit. Pope had this note: "In the Fourth Book of Milton the Devil is represented in this posture. It is but justice to own that the hint of Eve and the serpent was taken from the *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*." The allusion here is to the following lines in Lady Mary's lampoon on Pope:

> When God created thee, one would believe
> He said the same as to the snake of Eve;
> To human race antipathy declare, &c.]

[45] [It is interesting to note the care with which Pope elaborated his high-coloured and vehement satires. In the first edition were these lines:

> Did ever smock-face act so vile a part—
> A trifling head, and a corrupted heart.
> Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd,
> A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
> Beauty that shocks, &c.

Verse 334 was originally:

> Oh, keep me what I am! not Fortune's fool."]

Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways:
That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,[46] 340
But stoop'd to Truth, and moralised his song:
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit; 345
Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;[47]
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,[48] 350
The imputed trash, and dulness not his own;[49]
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictured shape;
Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread,[50]
A friend in exile, or a father dead; 355
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—

[46] [In first edit.:

In Fancy's maze that wandering not too long.]

[47] [In first edit.:

The tales of vengeance, lies so oft o'erthrown,
The imputed trash, the dulness not his own.]

The "blow unfelt" most probably alludes to the pretended whipping of Pope in Ham Walks, a piece of malicious mirth, which was ascribed to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. See Life of Pope, p. 268.]

[48] As, that he received subscriptions for Shakspeare, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, &c, which, though publicly disproved, were, nevertheless, shamelessly repeated in the libels, and even in that called the Nobleman's Epistle.—P.

[49] Such as profane psalms, Court-poems, and other scandalous things, printed in his name by Curll and others.—P.

[50] Namely, on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his friends, his parents, and his very nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons.—P.

Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome even the last!
A. But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360
P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state;
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,[51]
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; 365
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.[52]
Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess 370
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knocked at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhymed for Moore.[53]
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?[54]
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie;[55] 375
To please a mistress one aspersed his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:

[51] [Japhet Crook. See Moral Essays, Ep. iii. The comparison must have been "odorous" to Lord Fanny. In the first edit. it was "*Glencus* at court."]

[52] In the MS.:

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit:
Safe as he thought, though all the prudent chid;
He writ no libels, but my Lady did:
Great odds in amorous or poetic game,
Where woman's is the sin, and man's the shame.—*Warburton.*

["My Lady," of course, was Lady Mary.]

[53] [See "Testimonies of Authors" prefixed to the Dunciad.]

[54] It was so long after many libels before the author of the Dunciad published that poem, till when he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him.—P.

[55] This man had the impudence to tell, in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a lady's death, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libelled the Duke of Chandos; with whom, it was added, that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of five hundred pounds—the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, further than the subscriptions for Homer, from him, or from any great man whatsoever.—P. [For an account of the quarrel with Welsted, see Life of Pope, p. 79, and Dunciad.]

Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,[56]
And write whate'er he pleased, except his will;[57]
Let the two Curlls of town and court, abuse 380
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.[58]
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore! 385

[56] Budgell, in a weekly pamphlet called the Bee, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the Last Will of Dr. Tindal, in the Grub-street Journal; a paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its author.—P. [Pope contributed to the Grub-street Journal. See Life, p. 270.]

[57] Alluding to Tindal's will, by which, and other indirect practices, Budgell, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.—P. [There seems little doubt that Budgell forged the will, but he did not get the money as the will was set aside.]

[58] In some of Curll's and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's father was said to be a mechanic, a hatter, a farmer, nay, a bankrupt. But, what is stranger, a nobleman [Lord Hervey] (if such a reflection could be thought to come from a nobleman) had dropped an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity: and the following line:

Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure,

had fallen from a like courtly pen, in certain verses to the Imitator of Horace. Mr. Pope's father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsey.—His mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq., of York. She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family.—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged seventy-five; she in 1733, aged ninety-three, a very few weeks after this poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex:

D. O. M.
ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.
QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.
ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVLPABILI.
PIENTISSIMAE. QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS.
XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.
ET. SIBI.—P.

Unspotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in virtue, or in song.
  Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
While yet in Britain honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—P. Their own,
And better got than Bestia's from the throne.[59] 391
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,[60]
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age. 395
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise, 400
Healthy by temperance, and by exercise,
His life, though long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.[61] 405
  O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath, 410
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death.
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!

[59] [And better got than *Clodio's* from the throne.
*Works*, 1735.]

[60] [Alluding to Addison's marriage with the Countess of Warwick, and Dryden's with Lady Elizabeth Howard. Neither of these connexions is said to have been happy, but in the case of Addison there is no distinct authentic information.]

[61] After ver. 405, in the MS.:

And of myself, too, something must I say?
Take then this verse, the trifle of a day,
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a friend;
Or head, an author; critic, yet polite,
And friend to learning, yet too wise to write.—*Warburton.*

On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend, 415
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a queen.[62]
A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

[62] [On the death of Queen Anne, Arbuthnot, like the attendants at the Court, was displaced, and had to leave his apartments at St. James's. He removed to Dover-street, "hoping still," as he said, "to keep a little habitation warm in town," and to afford half a pint of claret to his old friends. The beautiful conclusion of this Epistle, in which Pope's filial tenderness is so finely yet unostentatiously displayed, seems originally to have formed part of an address intended for some other person. In a letter to Aaron Hill, September 3, 1731, the passage is given as follows:

> While every joy, successful youth! is thine,
> Be no upleasing melancholy mine.
> Me long, ah long! may these soft cares engage,
> To rock the cradle of reposing age,
> With lenient arts prolong a parent's breath,
> Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death.
> Me, when the cares my better years have shown
> Another's age, shall hasten on my own,
> Shall some kind hands, like B***'s [Bolingbroke's] or thine,
> Lead gently down, and favour the decline?
> In wants, in sickness, shall a friend be nigh,
> Explore my thought, and watch my asking eye?
> Whether that blessing be denied or given,
> Thus far is right; the rest belongs to Heaven.

[a] Pope had several young friends to whom these affectionate lines might have been inscribed — as Murray (Lord Mansfield), Lord Polwarth, and George, afterwards Lord Lyttelton. The latter may have been the "successful youth." He had distinguished himself at college, had written poetry, and even joined the party against Walpole's Administration, though his father was then a Lord of the Admiralty. Murray, in 1731, was merely a law student, and Polwarth did not enter Parliament till 1734. See also Life of Pope, p. 341.]

# SATIRES AND EPISTLES OF HORACE,

## IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.—HOR.

[He seems with freedom, what with pain he proves,
And now a Satyr, now a Cyclops moves.—FRANCIS.]

[The first of these satires ("The First Satire of the Second Book of Horace Imitated") was published in February, 1733, and is addressed to Mr. Fortescue, then a barrister, and afterwards a Judge and Master of the Rolls. In one of his conversations with Spence, Pope said that when confined to his room one winter in London, with a slight attack of fever, Lord Bolingbroke called upon him, and taking up a Horace which lay on the table, dipped into the first satire of the second book. "He observed, how well that would suit my case if I were to imitate it in English. After he was gone, I read it over, translated it in a morning or two, and sent it to press in a week or a fortnight after. And this was the occasion of my imitating some other of the Satires and Epistles." They are among the happiest of his works; and, compared with other translations and imitations of Horace, realise Denham's lines:

*They* but preserve the ashes; *he* the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

The legal friend to whom Pope applies for advice, as Horace applied to the Roman lawyer, C. Trevatius Testa, had previously given him proofs both of his wit and his judgment. Fortescue was the author of the humorous report in Scriblerus, "Stradling *versus* Stiles," in which this nice point is discussed with professional phraseology and due gravity: "Sir John Swale, of Swale Hall, in Swaledale, by the river Swale, Knight, made his last will and testament, in which, among other bequests, was this, viz.: 'Out of the kind love

and respect that I bear unto my much honoured and good friend, Mr. Matthew Stradling, gent., I do bequeath unto the said Matthew Stradling, gent., all my black and white horses.' The testator had six black horses, six white horses, and six pied horses. The debate, therefore, was whether or no the said Matthew Stradling should have the said pied horses by virtue of the said bequest." The case is ably debated, though not at such length as legal cases usually are, when it is suddenly terminated by a motion in arrest of judgment that the pied horses were mares; and thereupon an inspection was prayed! Fortescue would have been a valuable member of the Scriblerus Club, if their extensive scheme had proceeded, but he found ample employment in his profession. Having been called to the bar in 1715, he soon gained extensive practice; was promoted to the bench of the Exchequer in 1735; from thence to the Common Pleas in 1738; and in 1741 he was made Master of the Rolls. He died in 1749. Fortescue was consulted by Pope about all his affairs, as well as those of Martha Blount, and, as may be gathered from the ninth and tenth lines in this satire, he gave his advice without a fee. The intercourse between the poet and his "learned counsel" was cordial and sincere, and of the letters that passed between them, sixty-eight have been published, ranging from 1714 to the last year of Pope's life. They are short, unaffected letters—more truly *letters* than any others in the series.

Pope writing to Swift, February 16, 1732-3, seems to allude to this imitation: "It was I that sent you those Books into Ireland, and so I did my Epistle to Lord Bathurst, even before it was published, and another thing of mine, which is a parody from Horace, written in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of anything than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter; yet every friend has forced me to print it, though, in truth, my own single motive was about twenty lines towards the latter end, which you will find out."

On publishing the second volume of his Poetical Works in 1735, the poet prefixed to the Satires the following

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"The occasion of publishing these Imitations was the clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the Princes and Ministers under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of

State: neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a satirist for a libeller; whereas, to a true satirist, nothing is so odious as a libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite.

Uni æquus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis."]

## SATIRE I.

### TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. There are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
There are, to whom my satire seems too bold:
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleased to say, 5
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to Counsel learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee. 10
F. I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
And, for my soul, I cannot sleep a wink:
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.
F. You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine; *Probatum est.*
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20
Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise,
You'll gain at least a knighthood or the bays.
P. What! like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With Arms and George and Brunswick crowd the verse,
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder, 25
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?

Or, nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?[1]
F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay, 30
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,[2]
And sweetly flow through all the Royal line.
P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their Laureate twice a year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays,— 35
It is to history he trusts for praise.
F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter?[3] 40
E'en those you touch not, hate you.
P. What should ail them?
F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.
P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny 45
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie;[4]
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she;
F—— loves the senate, Hockley-hole his brother,[5]
Like, in all else, as one egg to another. 50
I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne:
In them, as certain to be loved as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;

[1] The horse on which his majesty charged at the battle of Oudenarde, when the Pretender, and the princes of the blood of France, fled before him. —*Warburton.* [The "Sir Richard," of course, was Sir Richard Blackmore.]

[2] [Queen Caroline and the Princess Amelia.]

[3] Peter Walter, the scrivener and land-steward, whom Pope so frequently mentions.]

[4] [Lord Scarsdale and Mr. Dartineuf. See Additional Notes.]

[5] [The F—— who loved the senate, was most likely the celebrated Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, and father of the more celebrated Charles James Fox. His brother, Stephen Fox (who was second to Lord Hervey in his duel with Pulteney), was raised to the Peerage in 1741, as Lord Ilchester. Pope again alludes to Henry Fox in the Epilogue to the Satires, Dial. i. v. 71.]

In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but, where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next: 60
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And every friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
Verse-man or prose-man, term me which you will,[6]
Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65
Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
  Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70
I only wear it in a land of hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
Save but our Army! and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:[7] 75
But touch me, and no minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80
  Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage,[8]
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.[9]
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,[10]
P—x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

[6] [Harley, Earl of Oxford, used to term Prior his verse-man, and Erasmus Lewis his prose-man.]

[7] [Cardinal Fleury, prime minister of France under Louis XV., born in 1653, died in 1743. The good cardinal was not very successful in preserving peace, though it was more his study and "dear delight" than it was that of the poet who here claims sympathy with him in his pacific intentions.]

[8] [Countess of Delorraine.]

[9] [Judge Page. See Notes to Dunciad.]

[10] [For remarks on this allusion, see Additional Notes. The line was originally,

From furious Sappho yet a sadder fate.]

Its proper power to hurt each creature feels; 85
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
So drink with Walters,[11] or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90
Then, learned sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court;
Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray.
Attends to gild the evening of my day,
Or death's black wing already be display'd, 95
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgell,[12] I will rhyme and print. 100
F. Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flower of age you perish for a song!
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers, now, to take your life!
P. What! arm'd for Virtue, when I point the pen, 105
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;[13]
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the Church, or guardians of the laws? 110
Could pension'd Boileau lash, in honest strain,
Flatterers and bigots even in Louis' reign?

[11] [The "Wise Peter" of the Epistle to Bathurst. In the Poet. Works, 1735, Pope, in the errata at the end of the volume, ironically observes, "Be sure to read 'Waters.'"]

[12] [Budgell we have again in the Dunciad and Epistles. Nathaniel Lee, the dramatist, had frequent attacks of insanity, and was at one period of his life four years in Bedlam. He wrote eleven plays, and possessed genius (as Addison admitted) well adapted for tragedy, though clouded by occasional rant, obscurity, and bombast. Latterly, this ill-starred poet depended for subsistence on a small weekly allowance from the theatre. He died in 1691 or 1692.]

[13] [The late Mr. Samuel Rogers said this was "perhaps the best line Pope ever wrote." See *Table Talk*.]

Could laureate Dryden pimp and friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a knave, 115
Unplaced, unpensioned, no man's heir, or slave?
I will, or perish in the generous cause.
Hear this and tremble! you, who 'scape the laws:
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave. 120
To VIRTUE ONLY, AND HER FRIENDS, A FRIEND:
The world beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
There, my retreat the best companions grace, 125
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines, 130
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.[14]
Envy must own, I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats, 135
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;—
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell:
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me. 140
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?
F. Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145
A man was hanged for very honest rhymes;
Consult the statute, *quart.* I think it is,
*Edwardi sext.* or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*
See Libels, Satires—here you have it—read.

[14] Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who, in the year 1705, took Barcelona, and, in the winter following, with only 280 horse and 900 foot, enterprised and accomplished the conquest of Valencia.—P.

P. Libels and Satires! lawless things indeed! 150
But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,
Such as a king might read, a bishop write;
Such as Sir Robert would approve——
F. Indeed!
The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd, 155
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

# THE SECOND SATIRE

## SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

### TO MR. BETHEL.

[Hugh Bethel, Esq., to whom this Epistle is addressed, is the same gentleman alluded to by Pope in graceful and complimentary terms in his Essay on Man. He possessed landed property in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and appears to have been an amiable and excellent country gentleman. In a letter to Allen, Pope says, "I have known and esteemed him (Mr. Bethel) for every moral virtue these twenty years and more. He has all the charity, without any of the weakness of ——; and, I firmly believe, never said a thing he did not think, nor did a thing he could not tell." One of the last acts of the poet's life seems to have been dictating a letter to Mr. Bethel. Little is known of the poet's friend, "blameless Bethel." They were early acquainted, for a copy of the first edition of his poems, 1717, was presented by Pope to Mr. Bethel, with a highly complimentary Latin inscription. The Gentleman's Magazine thus announces the death of Mr. Bethel: "Died at Ealing, Middlesex, on January 16, 1748, Hugh Bethel, Esq. His estate of 2000*l.* per annum goes to his brother, Slingsby Bethel, Esq., M.P. for London. This second Satire was printed, with a republication of the first, in 1734. It was advertised on the 4th of July as "never before printed."]

WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart;

(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride 5
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear Bethel's sermon, one not versed in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10
Go, work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish denied (the river yet unthaw'd),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
The pleasure lies in you and not the meat.
Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat,)
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield with more than harpy throat endued,[1] 25
Cries, "Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued!"[2]
Oh, blast it, south-winds! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is prized for sweetness, that for stink? 30
When the tired glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see; 35
Thus much is left of old simplicity!
The robin red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest,

[1] [Warburton says a glutton of the name of Oldfield ran through a fortune of 1500*l.* a year in the simple luxury of good eating.]

[2] A West-Indian term of gluttony; a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine.—P.

Till beccaficos sold so devilish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a peer. 40
Let me extol a cat, on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;[3]
Or e'en to crack live crawfish recommend;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between excess and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; though not splendid, clean.
Avidien, or his wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch),[4] 50
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found 55
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd),
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60
He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side nor on that;
Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like Nævius, every error pass, 65
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.
Now hear what blessings temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing:)
First health: the stomach (cramm'd from every dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war,)
Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare,
The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air,

[3] A famous eating-house and tavern.—P.

[4] [Avidien was Edward Wortley Montagu; his wife, the never-forgotten and never-forgiven Lady Mary.]

How pale each worshipful and reverend guest 75
Rise from a clergy, or a city feast!
What life in all that ample body, say?
What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, even in sound divines. 80
On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy every labour it pursues!
How coming to the poet every Muse!
Not but we may exceed, some holy time, 85
Or tired in search of truth, or search of rhyme;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage;
And more the sickness of long life, old age:
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate youth the vessel drains? 90
Our fathers praised rank venison. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleased to keep it till their friends could come, 95
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he, the voice of fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear; 100
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song,)
Who has not learn'd fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want and infamy!
When luxury has licked up all thy pelf, 105
Cursed by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestowed one penny well. 110
"Right," cries his Lordship, "for a rogue in need
To have a taste is insolence indeed:
In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."

Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray, 115
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How darest thou let one worthy man be poor?[5]
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall: 120
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M** o's was, but not at five per cent.[6]
Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he 125
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity;
Or, blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?
Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought: 130
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And, as I love, would imitate the man.
In South-sea days not happier, when surmised
The lord of thousands, than if now excised;[7]
In forest planted by a father's hand, 135
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here,
On brocoli and mutton, round the year;
But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play),
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 140
'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounslow Heath I point, and Banstead Down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:

[5] "One worthy *man*." Perhaps it should be *friend*.—*Wilkes*.

[6] [The Duke of Marlborough.]

[7] [Warburton states that Pope had South-Sea stock, which he did not sell out, that was valued at between 20,000*l*. and 30,000*l*. when it fell. This must have been a *nominal*—literally a *South-Sea* valuation. He could not have invested more than two or three thousand pounds, if so much, in the South-Sea stock, and its depreciation deprived him of none of the comforts or elegancies of life to which he had been accustomed. For an account of Walpole's Excise Bill, here alluded to, see extract from Lord Hervey's Memoirs in the Additional Notes to Moral Essays, Ep. iii.]

From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall; 145
And grapes, long lingering on my only wall,
And figs from standard and espalier join;
The devil is in you if you cannot dine:
Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have place),
And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace. 150
Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:
Though double taxed, how little have I lost![8]
My life's amusements have been just the same,
Before and after standing armies came.
My lands are sold; my father's house is gone; 155
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? through whose free opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest).[9] 160
"Pray heaven it last! (cries Swift) as you go on;
I wish to God this house had been your own:
Pity! to build without a son or wife;
Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one, 165
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?[10]
What's property? dear Swift! you see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir; 170
Or, in pure equity (the case not clear)
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year:

8 [Roman Catholics and Nonjurors had at that time to pay additional taxes.]

9 [True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
*Pope's Odyssey*, vi. 15.]

10 [Mrs. Vernon, from whom he had a lease for twenty-seven years (1718 to 1745) of his house and garden at Twickenham. She died about a year before Pope. He had some idea of purchasing the property (valued at about 1000*l*.), if any of his "particular friends" wished to have it as a residence. No such arrangement was made, and, after the poet's death, the house was bought by Sir William Stanhope. See Life of Pope, p. 168.]

At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford, 175
Become the portion of a booby lord;[11]



GORHAMBURY HOUSE

And Helmsley, once[12] proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scrivener or a city knight
Let lands and houses have what loads they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still. 180

[11] [William, the first Lord Grimston, then occupant of Gorhambury, near St. Albans.]

[12] [Helmsley, in Yorkshire, which had belonged to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was purchased by Sir Charles Duncombe, Knight, Lord Mayor of London in 1709, and M.P. for Downton, Wilts. The City Knight changed the name of the place to Duncombe Park.]

# THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

## TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

[Written in 1738, when Pope was in his forty-ninth year. Hence the allusion in the opening lines to the *Sabbath of his days*. Bolingbroke was then sixty, and it is curious to find the younger friend gently reproach his older philosophical associate for breaking the sacred calm of his poetic retirement. The restless peer was then in France. Unable to procure a restoration to his seat in the House of Lords, he had for ten years waged a war of pamphlets and newspaper essays against the Walpole administration, till, tired of the fruitless contest, and quarrelling with his own party, he again retired to France, and remained there from 1735 to 1742.]

St. John, whose love indulged my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long, ah, let me hide my age! 5
See modest Cibber now has left the stage:
Our generals now, retired to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates;
In life's cool evening satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, even in Brunswick's cause.[1] 10
A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)

[1] [An allusion to the Earl of Peterborough, who had retired to his "little Amoret," or cottage, at Bevis Mount, near Southampton, and had decorated the entrance to the lawn with guns and flags, the trophies of his Spanish campaigns.]

"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take breath,
And never gallop Pegasus to death;
Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15
You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horse."[2]
Farewell, then, verse, and love, and every toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care, for this is all: 20
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste,
What every day will want, and most, the last.
But ask not, to what doctors I apply,
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the storm, at any door I knock: 25
And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke;
Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state,
Free as young Lyttelton,[3] her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true; 30
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
Long, as to him who works for debt, the day, 35
Long as the night to her whose love's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;

[2] [Sir Richard Blackmore, also conspicuous in the Dunciad; a good man, but a heavy, pompous, and unreadable poet. His epics were a fair subject for ridicule, but the satirist might have stopped at the grave: Blackmore had been nine years dead when this Epistle was written.]

[3] [George, first Lord Lyttelton, then Secretary to the Prince of Wales, in which capacity he was highly serviceable to Thomson, Mallet, and other men of letters. His Poems, Dialogues of the Dead, History of Henry II., and Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul, have given him a respectable rank in literature. It appears from Lyttelton's Correspondence, published in 1845, that he wrote his treatise on St. Paul's conversion chiefly with a view to meet the case of Thomson, who, in that sceptical age, was troubled with doubts. Lyttelton was anxious that the amiable poet should unite the *faith* to the *heart* of a Christian, "for the latter he always had." The circumstance is highly honourable to Lyttelton, and is another instance of that warmth of friendship which Thomson inspired.]

So slow the unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul; 40
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task, which as we follow or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure; 45
And which, not done, the richest must be poor.
Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort, not to be a fool.
Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite; 50
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,[1]
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.
Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
With wretched avarice, or as wretched love?
Know, there are words, and spells, which can control
Between the fits this fever of the soul:
Know, there are rhymes, which, fresh and fresh applied,
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride. 60
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.
'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor: 65
And the first wisdom, to be fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small estate.

[1] [Dr. Mead's name occurs frequently in Pope. He was then physician to the king, and he kept his high position in his profession till his death. Dr. Cheselden was a skilful and popular surgeon and anatomist—"the most noted and most deserving man in the whole profession of chirurgeons," as Pope, in a letter to Swift, describes him. He obtained much praise for an operation performed on a youth who had been blind from his birth: the operation was completely successful in giving sight to the youth, and an account of it which Cheselden drew up for the Philosophical Transactions is highly interesting. He was afterwards much employed as an oculist. This eminent surgeon attended Pope in his last illness. His own death took place in 1754.]

To either India see the merchant fly,
Scared at the spectre of pale poverty! 70
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a noble end,
Nothing, to make philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here Wisdom calls: "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."
There, London's voice: "Get money, money still!
And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul![5]
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.[6]
Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;[7] 85
"Pray, then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds;
A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.[8]

[5] [An allusion to the *Low Church* opinions then prevalent at the Court at St. James's, and strongly patronised by Queen Caroline.]

[6] [The Exchequer tallies. Payments used to be made into the Exchequer in coin by weight and *tale* (counting), and the sums engrossed upon parchment. Hence the office of Clerk of the Pells (*pellis*, a skin), who engrossed the bill upon parchment, and the Clerk of the Pipe, who tossed it down through a pipe or funnel to the court below. See the system described in Knight's London. The whole of this cumbrous machinery has been swept away.]

[7] [Sir John Barnard, whom Chatham styled "the great commoner," was at this time Lord Mayor of London. He had been knighted some years before on occasion of presenting a congratulatory address from the City to her Majesty at Kensington. He represented the city in Parliament for forty years, and was an able, independent member. He had strenuously opposed Walpole's Excise Bill, and was mainly instrumental in defeating that minister; whence probably the warmth of Pope's eulogium. In 1749, Sir John became the father of the City, and his brother merchants erected a statue of him in the Royal Exchange. The death of this patriotic citizen took place in 1764, when he had attained to the age of seventy-nine. Sir John was a native of Reading, in Berkshire, and was the son of Quaker parents. At the age of nineteen, as the result of study of the Scriptures, he renounced Quakerism, and was received into the Church by Dr. Compton, Bishop of London.]

[8] [Warton remarks: "It cannot now be discovered to whom these [illegible]

Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, their honours, and so forth. 90
  Yet every child another song will sing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."
True, conscious honour is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass; 95
Compared to this a minister's an ass.
  And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new Court-jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at Cressy or Poitiers? 100
Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
With praise or infamy leave that to fate;
Get place and wealth—if possible with grace;
If not, by any means, get wealth and place."
For what? to have a box where eunuchs sing, 105
And foremost in the circle eye a king.
Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness through:
And, while he bids thee, sets th' example too?
If such a doctrine, in St. James's air, 110
Should chance to make the well-dressed rabble stare;
If honest S*z[9] take scandal at a spark,
That less admires the palace than the park:
Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread sir, your royal cave: 115

belong—so soon does satire become unintelligible. The same may be said of verse 112." In the first edition the names are "Bestia and Bug" The latter may have meant Lord Hervey (the "bug with gilded wings" in the Prologue to the Satires), and Dormant may stand for that venal but good-humoured politician, Bubb Doddington. The *circumstances* and *character* in each case will apply. Hervey had a pension of 1000*l.* a year previous to his appointment in 1730 as Vice-Chamberlain to the King.]

[9] [Augustus Schutz, "the elder of two sons of Baron Schutz, a German, who came over with George I., and settled his family in England. Augustus had been Equerry to George II., when Prince, and became Master of the Robes and Privy Purse to the king, with whom he was in great personal favour."—*Note by Mr. Croker to Lord Hervey's Memoirs.* Schutz seems to have been acquainted both with Pope and Martha Blount—no doubt through Mrs. Howard. Lord Hervey speaks of him as a dull courtier, and Pope's mention of him is to the same effect. He died in 1757.]

Because I see, by all the tracks about,
Full many a beast goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a slave:
Send her to court, you send her to her grave.
Well, if a king's a lion, at the least 120
The people are a many-headed beast:
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold: 125
Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn; 130
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent.,
In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.
Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135
But show me one who has it in his power
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich-hill!"
Up starts a palace, lo, the obedient base 140
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsy, or that devil within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen; 145
"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
For snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in town."
At amorous Flavio is the stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter, 150
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch;
They change their weekly barber, weekly news, 155
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes.

Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and, when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord. 160
You laugh, half beau, half sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary! [10]



"SOME WITH FAT BUCKS ON CHILDLESS DOTARDS FAWN."

But, when no prelate's lawn with hair-shirt lined 165
Is half so incoherent as my mind;
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round; 170

[10] [See vol. i. p. 386, Moral Essays, Ep. ii.]

You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,
Nor once to Chancery, nor to Hale apply;[11]
Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
This he who loves me, and who ought to mend;
Who ought to make me, (what he can, or none)
That man divine whom wisdom calls her own; 180
Great without title, without fortune bless'd;
Rich, e'en when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd;
Loved without youth, and follow'd without power;
At home, though exiled—free, though in the Tower;
In short, that reasoning, high, immortal thing, 185
Just less than Jove, and much above a king,
Nay, half in heaven—except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god.

[11] [Dr. Hale, of Lincoln's Inn-fields, a physician employed in cases of insanity.]

## THE SIXTH EPISTLE

OF THE

## FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

### TO MR. MURRAY.

[The Hon. William Murray, Lord Mansfield. He was the fourth son of David, Lord Stormont, and was born in 1705. At the date of this Epistle (1737) Murray had not obtained any Government appointment, but in 1742 he was made Solicitor-General. In 1754, he succeeded to the office of Attorney-General, which he held till 1756, when he was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and was created Baron Murray, of Mansfield. He held the office of Chief Justice (having repeatedly declined that of Lord Chancellor) till his resignation in 1788. He died in 1793. As a strenuous sup-

porter of high monarchical principles, Lord Mansfield was for a time unpopular, and was attacked by Junius with all the virulence and brilliant invective of that writer. His votes in favour of Catholic Relief also exposed him to the fury of the mob, and, in the riots of 1780, his town house, with a valuable library and collection of manuscripts, was burned to the ground. In his legal capacity, no judge has been more eminent than Mansfield. He possessed a clear and penetrating judgment, an intellect at once refined, subtle, and comprehensive, and great powers of eloquence adapted to the bar and the bench. In Parliament he was not so successful, nor was he ambitious of shining as a politician. In private life he possessed those graces and accomplishments which early attracted the admiration of Pope (who is said to have given him instructions in the art of elocution), and which continued to delight his friends after he had passed his eightieth year. The poet's prediction, that he should be interred "where kings and poets lie," was realised. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and a costly monument, one of the best works of Flaxman, covers his remains.]

"NOT to admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so."
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)[1]
This vault of air, this congregated ball, 5
Self-centred sun, and stars that run and fall,
There are, my friend, whose philosophic eyes
Look through, and trust the Ruler with his skies;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful All without a fear. 10
Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?
Or popularity? or stars and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings? 15
Say with what eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?
If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
In either case, believe me, we admire:

[1] From whose translation of Horace the first two lines are taken.—P.

Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surprised at better, or surprised at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
The unbalanced mind, and snatch the man away: 25
For Virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
Go then, and, if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a taste to double the surprise, 30
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birthday nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleased, at council-board rejoice,
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice; 35
From morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth conspired 40
To form, not to admire, but be admired,
Sigh, while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
Yet time ennobles, or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:[2] 45

[2] [From the mention of "Chloe" in this passage, it has been assumed that Murray was rejected by some lady to whom he had paid his addresses. The lines do not seem to warrant such an interpretation: the case is purely hypothetical. He was married shortly afterwards to Lady Betty Finch, daughter of Daniel, Earl of Nottingham. The subsequent lines on Murray (v. 48, 49) produced a happy parody by Cibber:

> Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
> And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks.

Pope's allusion to his friend Craggs's humble ancestry is not marked by his usual taste. The elder Craggs was originally a footman to Lady Mordaunt, Duchess of Norfolk, and according to Lady M. W. Montagu, "he was trusted by the duchess in all her intrigues, particularly in that with King James II.: and scraped a good deal of money from the bounty of the royal lover." Lady Mary, however, adds that the meanness of his education never appeared in his conversation. The bulk of Craggs's fortune was made as an army contractor, and he was afterwards joint Postmaster-General with Lord

And what is fame? the meanest have their day,
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Graced as thou art, with all the power of words,
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh, 50
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!
Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone? 55
See Ward by batter'd beaux invited over,
And desperate misery lays hold on Dover.[3]
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cured, whene'er they please.
Would ye be bless'd? despise low joys, low gains; 60
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;[4]
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,[5]

Cornwallis. He was deeply involved in the South-Sea delusion, and had profited by the public credulity to such an extent that his estate was seized by the House of Commons. He left about a million and a half of money—amassed, it is said, on purpose to give wealth and honours to his son, the friend of Pope, and one of the Secretaries of the Treasury. The son died of the small-pox, and the old man, broken-hearted, died a few weeks afterwards of apoplexy, or destroyed himself, partly from grief, and partly from dread of the examination and exposure of his delinquencies in the South-Sea case before the House of Commons.]

[3] [Ward and Dover were quack doctors. Of the second line of the couplet Warburton says: "There is a prettiness in this expression which depends upon the slippery medicine by which this quack rendered himself famous, namely, quicksilver."]

[4] [Cornbury disdained a pension. On his return from travelling abroad, the Earl of Essex, his brother-in-law, said he had got a pension for him. He replied, "How could you tell, my lord, that I was to be sold, or at least, how came you to know my price so exactly?" Henry, Viscount Cornbury, afterwards Lord Hyde, was the only son of the last Earl of Clarendon, and brother of the Duchess of Queensberry. He died in 1753, aged forty-three. His lordship was a very amiable and accomplished man, and as a politician, one of the party denominated "Hanoverian Tories." Bolingbroke addressed to him his Letters on History, and he was author of a comedy called The Mistakes.]

[5] [Dr. Matthew Tindal (born 1657, died in 1733) had in 1730 published this attack on revealed religion, entitled Christianity as Old as the Creation,

Who virtue and a church alike disowns, 65
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
Fly then, on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, 70
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
For, mark the advantage; just so many score
Will gain a wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such friends—as cannot fail to last. 80
A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.[6]
(Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse).
His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds; 85
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Take the whole house upon the poet's day.
Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed; 90
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves:
Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
If wealth alone then make and keep us bless'd, 95
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.
But if to power and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consist the joy;
Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord 100

&c.; but he was perhaps more peculiarly obnoxious to Pope in consequence of his having embraced and afterwards renounced Romanism, and written a treatise on the Rights of the Christian Church against the Romish and all other priests.]

[6] [Anstis, the Garter King at Arms.]

To do the honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks: 105
"This may be troublesome, is near the chair:
That makes three members, this can choose a mayor."
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest. 110
Or if your life be one continued treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite— 115
So Russel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd, happy dog! the beggar at his door,
And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.[7]
Or shall we every decency confound,
Through taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round, 120
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew,[8]
From Latian syrens, French Circæan feasts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame, 125
Renounce our country, and degrade our name?
If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,[9]
The cordial drop of life is love alone,

[7] [This *gourmand*, as Pope informed Spence, was "a Lord Russell who, by living too luxuriously had quite spoiled his constitution."]

[8] [Lords Kinnoul and Tyrawley, two ambassadors noted for wild immorality. The latter returned from Lisbon in 1742, and, as Horace Walpole states, brought three wives and fourteen children with him, one of the wives being a Portuguese, with long black hair plaited down to the bottom of her back. He lived to the age of eighty-five, dying in 1773.]

[9] [Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. The allusion is to the following lines in Rochester's Letter from Artemisa in Town, &c.

Love, the most generous passion of the mind,
The softest refuge innocence can find,
The soft director of unguided youth,
Fraught with kind wishes and secured by truth;
That cordial drop Heaven in our cup has thrown
To make the nauseous draught of life go down.]

And Swift cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well. 130
Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first:
Or better precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

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## THE FIRST EPISTLE

### OF THE

### SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

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[Published in 1737. Pope prefixed to it the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

"The reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire. But to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

"This Epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a patron of poets in general, whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrates: Admonebat prætores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolefieri, &c. The other, that this piece was only a general Discourse of Poetry, whereas it was an Apology for the Poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries, first, against the taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and lastly, against the emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the Government. He shows (by a view of the progress of learning,

and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the licence of those ancient poets restrained: that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagances were left on the stage, were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the State; and concludes that it was upon them the emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

"We may further learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character."

Pope's imitation is a satire on George II.—the British Augustus—and on the follies and flatteries of the age. He also reviews the literature of that and preceding reigns; and concludes with an ironical panegyric on the King, conceived and expressed in his happiest manner.]

## TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! sustain
The balanced world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;
How shall the Muse, from such a monarch, steal 5
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of gen'rous toils endured,
The Gaul subdued, or property secured, 10
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
Closed their long glories with a sigh, to find
The unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue, to its latest breath, 15
Finds envy never conquer'd, but by death.
The great Alcides, every labour pass'd,
Had still this monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away! 20
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee, the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great friend of liberty! in kings a name 25
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:
Whose word is truth, as sacred and revered,
As Heaven's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30
Just in one instance, be it yet confess'd
Your people, sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old; 35
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:[1]
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's kirk o' the Green:[2] 40
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.[3]
Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires?

[1] Skelton, Poet Laureate to Henry VIII, a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language.—P.

[This censure of the old poets is exaggerated. Chaucer is a *study*; no one learns him by rote. Skelton is, indeed, often coarse, but not so much so as Rabelais, and his object was the same—to decry, under this garb of coarse licentiousness (which he dared not do openly), the vices of the clergy and the court. He often attacked Cardinal Wolsey, and that powerful prelate threatened him with vengeance, to escape which Skelton took refuge in the sanctuary at Westminster, where he died 21st June, 1529.]

[2] A ballad made by a king of Scotland.—P. [James I.]

[3] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson held his poetical club.—P.

[It stood between Temple Bar and the Middle Temple Gate. In the time of Ben Jonson the landlord's name was Simon Wadloe—the original of "Old Sir Simon, the King," the favourite air of Squire Western in Tom Jones. The great room was called "The Apollo." Thither came all who desired to be "sealed of the tribe of Ben. Here Jonson lorded it with greater authority than Dryden did afterwards at Will's, or Addison at Button's. The rules of the club, drawn up in Latin by Ben Jonson, and inscribed on a board in gold letters, are still preserved in the banking-house of the Messrs. Child, where is also preserved the bust of Apollo. See Cunningham's *Hand-Book of London*.]

In every public virtue we excel; 45
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well;
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.
If time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine? 50
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British bards begin to immortalise?
"Who lasts a century can have no flaw, 55
I hold that wit a classic, good in law."
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him ancient, right and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce? 60
"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
By courtesy of England, he may do"
Then, by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down ancients like a heap of snow: 65
While you, to measure merits, look in Stow,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.
Shakespear (whom you and every play-house bill[4]
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will), 70
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The life to come, in every poet's creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet, 75
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,[5]
But still I love the language of his heart.

[4] Shakespear and Ben Jonson may truly be said not much to have thought of this immortality; the one in many pieces composed in haste for the stage; the other in his latter works in general, which Dryden called his dotages.—P.

[5] Pindaric art, which has much more merit than his epic, but very unlike the character, as well as numbers of Pindar.—P.

"Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben? 80
In all debates where critics bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
Of Shakespear's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;[6] 85
But, for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe.
These, only these, support the crowded stage,
From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; the people's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90
To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,[7]
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater faults than we 95
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the obsolete,[8]
And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:

[6] Nothing was less true than this particular; but the whole paragraph has a mixture of irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common chat of the pretenders to criticism; in some things right, in others wrong, as he tells us in his answer:

Interdum vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat.—P.

[7] A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed plays in English, and therefore much valued by some antiquaries.—P. [This comedy was written about the year 1565 by Dr. John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells. The humour of the piece, it must be admitted, is low enough, for it turns upon the loss and recovery of a needle with which Dame Gurton was mending the breeches of Hodge her husband. The song of "Jolly Good Ale" in this rude drama is the best part of it, and is still deservedly a favourite:

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if it wold,
I am so wrapt and thoroughly capt
Of jolly good ale and old.

The "Careless Husband," noticed in the next line, is Colley Cibber's best play, produced in 1706.]

[8] Particularly in the Shepherd's Calendar, where he imitates the unequal measures, as well as language of Chaucer.—P.

Milton's strong pinion now not Heaven can bound,
Now serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground; 100
In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine.
Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley, with his desperate hook,
Or damn all Shakespear, like the affected fool 105
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.[9]
But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er,) 110
One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought that gleams through many a page,
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115
When works are censured, not as bad but new;
While if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.
On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow; 120
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,[10]
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names,)[11]
How will our fathers rise up in a rage, 125
And swear, all shame is lost in George's age!

[9] [An indirect satire on Lord Hervey, who in his "Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court," has these lines.

All I learn'd from Dr. Friend at school
Has quite deserted this poor John Trot head,
And left plain native English in its stead.]

[10] [Thomas Betterton (born in 1635, died in 1710) was the Roscius of his times; a man of literary taste and excellent character. One of Pope's few existing attempts at the art of painting is a portrait of this actor. Barton Booth was born in 1681, and died in 1733. He was a splendid declaimer, and the original Cato in Addison's tragedy.]

[11] An absurd custom of several actors, to pronounce with emphasis the mere proper names of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) fills the mouth of the player.—P.

You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong will be so still. 130
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the sons, exalts the sires.
Had ancient times conspired to disallow 135
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned critics, of the mighty dead?
 In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restored; 140
In every taste of foreign courts improved,
"All, by the king's example, lived and loved."[12]
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship to excel,[13]
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The soldier breathed the gallantries of France, 145
And every flowery courtier writ romance.
Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flowed to human form:
Lely on animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul. 150
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at court:
On each enervate string they taught the note[14]
To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.
 But Britain, changeful as a child at play, 155
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we loved we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for Church and State;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause. 160
 Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;

[12] A verse of the Lord Lansdowne.—P.

[13] The Duke of Newcastle's Book of Horsemanship; the Romance of Parthenissa, by the Earl of Orrery; and most of the French romances translated by persons of quality.—P.

[14] The Siege of Rhodes, by Sir William Davenant, the first opera sung in England.—P.

Instruct his family in every rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his fathers was his care ; 165
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir ;
To prove that luxury could never hold ;
And place, on good security, his gold.
Now times are changed, and one poetic itch
Has seized the court and city, poor and rich : 170
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,
To theatres, and to rehearsal throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie, 175
Not —'s self e'er tells more fibs than I ;
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more ;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit. 180
He served a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop ;
Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his drop ;[15]
E'en Radcliffe's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile ? 185
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)[16]
But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.
Yet, sir, reflect, the mischief is not great ;
These madmen never hurt the Church or State ; 190
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind ;
And rarely avarice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men ;
Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind ;[17] 195
And knows no losses while the muse is kind.

[15] A famous empiric, whose pill and drop had several surprising effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time.—P.

[16] [See vol. i. p. 418 (Moral Essays). Ripley was Walpole's architect.]

[17] [Alluding to the flight of Mr. Knight, the principal cashier of the South-Sea Company. By means of bribery and court favour, Knight was

To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his diet. 200
Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,
And (though no soldier) useful to the state [18]
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue? 205
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king; 210
Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!—in all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains) 215
No whiter page than Addison remains.
He, from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart. 220
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engraved,
"The rights a court attack'd, a poet saved." [19]

allowed to return to England, where he lived many years in wealth and comfort. He died in 1744.]

[18] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene relicta parmula*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of the poet's character, but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit siliquis et pane secundo*, has a relation to his epicurism; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule; the nobler office of a poet follows: *Torquet ab obscænis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert*, &c., which the imitator has applied where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th verses.—P.

[19] [Pope, it is said, was threatened with a prosecution in consequence of this verse.]

Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure, 225
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor,[20]
Proud vice to brand, or injured worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms:[21] 230
The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the gods bestow'd a proper muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work, 235
Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.
The silenced preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;
The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng,
And Heaven is won by violence of song. 240
Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulged the day that housed their annual grain,
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share, 245
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd every brow, and open'd every soul:
With growing years the pleasing license grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew. 250
But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclined,
Produced the point that left a sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice raged through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm, 255
Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.
At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:

[20] A foundation for the maintenance of idiots, and a fund for assisting the poor, by lending small sums of money on demand.—P.

[21] Sternhold, one of the versifiers of the old singing psalms. He was a courtier, and Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII., and of the bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in his Church History, says he was esteemed an excellent poet.—*Warburton.*

Most warp'd to flattery's side; but some, more nice,
Preserved the freedom, and forbore the vice. 260
Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.
We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms:
Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth,[22] but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march and energy divine.
Though still some traces of our rustic vein 270
And splayfoot verse remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tired nation breathed from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire. 275
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespear scarce effaced a line.
Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
The humbler muse of comedy require.
But in known images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less. 285
Observe how seldom even the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,[23] 290
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause![24]

[22] Mr. Waller about this time, with the Earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French poets began to be in reputation.—P.

[23] A name taken by Mrs. Behn, authoress of several obscene plays, &c.—P.

[24] [*Pinky* was the familiar name of W. Pinkethman, a popular low comedian, noticed in the Tatler and Spectator.]

But fill their purse, our poets' work is done,
Alike to them, by pathos or by pun. 295
O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit; 305
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd;
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the farce, the bear, or the black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords! 310
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords,
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse; 315
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold and lawn;
The champion, too! and to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.[25]
With laughter sure Democritus had died, 320
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah, luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more; 325
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep,[26]
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.

[25] The coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a coronation. In this noble contention, the armour of one of the kings of England was borrowed from the Tower to dress the champion.—P.

[26] The furthest northern promontory of Scotland, opposite the Orcades.—P.

Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;
Or when from court a birthday suit bestow'd,
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable. 335
What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume to instruct the times, 340
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart; 345
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
But not this part of the poetic state
Alone, deserves the favour of the great:
Think of those authors, sir, who would rely 350
More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a library with wit,[27]
When Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet?[28] 355
My liege! why writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:

[27] Munus Apolline dignum. The Palatine library then building by Augustus.—P.

[28] A building in the royal gardens of Richmond, where is a small but choice collection of books.—P.

[The collection was made by Queen Caroline, who appointed Stephen Duck, the thresher poet, librarian, besides advancing the sale of his works, and otherwise benefiting the poor rhymester. Hence Swift's Epigram, beginning,

The thresher Duck could o'er the queen prevail,
The proverb says, no fence against a flail.
From threshing corn he turns to threshing brains,
For which her Majesty allows him grains.]

The season, when to come, and when to go, 360
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know,
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience just like other men.



MERLIN'S CAVE.

Then, too, we hurt ourselves, when to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend; 365
Repeat unask'd; lament, the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out every line.
But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epistles to the king;
And from the moment we oblige the town, 370
Expect a place, or pension from the crown;
Or dubb'd historians by express command,
To enrol your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet think, great sir! (so many virtues shown)
Ah think, what poet best may make them known?
Or choose, at least, some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the laureate's weighty place.
Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
So well in paint and stone they judged of merit;
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit. 385
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pensioned Quarles;
Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear."[29]
Not with such majesty, such bold relief, 390
The forms august of king, or conqu'ring chief,
E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shined
(In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing! 395
What seas you traversed, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wonder'd, while they dropp'd the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep, 400
Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in sleep;
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne.
But verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
And I'm not used to panegyric strains: 405
The zeal of fools offends at any time,
But most of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.

[29] [Quarles held a small sinecure place in the court of James I., but there is no record of his being pensioned by Charles, in support of whose cause he lost his property, books, &c., by which his death (1644) was supposed to be hastened. There may have been some instance of royal favour shown to Quarles which made "Old Ben" swear over his cups; and Dennis was an habitual grumbler, who had attacked Blackmore. The saying or verse quoted by Pope has not been traced to any earlier source.]

Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile encomium doubly ridicules : 410
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woful likeness; and if lies,
"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise:"[30]
Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415
(Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

[30] [From "The Celebrated Beauties: a Poem occasioned upon being suspected of writing The British Court," an anonymous piece in Tonson's Miscellany, 1709.]



# THE SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

[This Second Epistle was also published in 1737 Colonel Cotterell, to whom it is addressed, was son of Sir Charles Ludowick Cotterell, who succeeded his father in 1686, as Master of the Ceremonies, and in 1697 was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Privy Seal. The family had been long established at their seat of Rousham Hall, near Oxford, and Pope's friend was the founder of the Cotterells of Hadley, in Middlesex. Sir William Trumbull, the poet's early patron and friend in "the Forest," was married into this family. Colonel Cotterell died at Bath, October 13, 1746 ]

DEAR Colonel, Cobham's and your country's friend!
You love a verse, take such as I can send.
A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins :—"This lad, sir is of Blois :[1]
Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd! 5
My only son;—I'd have him see the world
His French is pure his voice too—you shall hear.
Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.
Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
Your barber, cook, upholsterer, what you please: 10
A perfect genius at an opera song—
To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
Take him, with all his virtues, on my word;
His whole ambition was to serve a lord:

[1] [The ancient and interesting town of Blois was then celebrated for the purity of its accent. Addison, it will be recollected, resided for above a year in Blois in order to acquire a correct knowledge of French, to qualify him for public life ]

But, sir, to you, with what would I not part? 15
Though, faith, I fear 'twill break his mother's heart.
Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry.
The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
(Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal." 20
If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he proved so bad?
Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;[2]
Who sent the thief that stole the cash away, 25
And punish'd him that put it in his way.
Consider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you, when I went, I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With laws, to which you gave your own assent? 30
Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
In Anna's wars, a soldier, poor and old,
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
Tired with a tedious march, one luckless night, 35
He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.
This put the man in such a desperate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, scaled a castle-wall, 40
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
"Prodigious well!" his great commander cried,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
Next, pleased his excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter;) 45
"Go on, my friend (he cried), see yonder walls!
Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?

[2] An eminent justice of peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pança.—P. [Sir Godfrey Kneller was the eminent justice. He is said to have dismissed a soldier who had stolen a joint of meat, and accused the butcher of having tempted him by it.]

"D'ye think me, noble general, such a sot? 50
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."
Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
Besides, my father taught me, from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad: 55
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half so well,
Deprived us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust, 60
Denied all posts of profit or of trust:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
While mighty William's thundering arm prevail'd.
For right hereditary tax'd and fined,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind; 65
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive.
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,[3] 70
If I would scribble, rather than repose
Years following years, steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend:[4] 75
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If every wheel of that unwearied mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?
But, after all, what would you have me do? 80
When out of twenty I can please not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg. 85

[3] Dr. Monroe, physician to Bedlam Hospital.—P.

[4] ["These verses [from 72 to 74]—verses which Lord Holland is so fond of hearing me repeat—are as good as any in Horace himself."—*Rogers*, in Table Talk.]

Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.
  But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme; can London be the place?
Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
In crowds and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury-square— 95
Before the Lords at twelve my cause comes on—
There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one.—
"Oh but a wit can study in the streets,
And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite so well however as one ought; 100
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two aldermen dispute it with an ass? 105
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Even to their own S-r-v-nce in a car?
  Go, lofty poet! and, in such a crowd,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run, 110
To ease and silence, every Muse's son.
Blackmore himself for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.[5]
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before? 115
  The man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,
See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare: 120
So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
Stepp'd from its pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;

[5] Two villages within a few miles of London.—P.

Shall I, in London, act this idle part? 125
Composing songs, for fools to get by heart?
The Temple late two brother serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls; 130
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray, as a wit
'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your eloquence,"
"Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's sense."
Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see
No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.[6] 140
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains, 145
And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause by printing what I write: 150
But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue, 155
Each, praised within, is happy all day long:
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men, who write such verse as we can read!
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare,
That wants, or force, or light, or weight, or care, 160
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay though at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:

[6] [Stephen Duck, previously alluded to, who, Warburton says, was "esteemed by Mr. Pope."]

Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words, that long have slept, to wake,
Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
(For use will father what's begot by sense,) 170
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line, 175
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please.
"But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."[7]
If such the plague and pains to write by rule, 180
Better (say I) be pleased, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bid rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There lived *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord; 185
Who, though the House was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell, 190
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him, the damn'd doctors and his friends immured,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purged; in short, they cured:
Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
"My friends!" he cried, "p-x take you for your care! 195
That, from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purged me to a simple vote."
Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
Wisdom (curse on it!) will come soon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull: 200
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:

[7] [Two lines in the Essay on Criticism.]

To rules of poetry no more confined,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonise my mind,
Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul 205
  Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropp'd before,
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
Meet, and rejoin me in the pensive Grot
There all alone, and compliments apart, 210
I ask these sober questions of my heart
  If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the doctor, when the more you have
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your folly, as disease? 215
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the smart, but not the vice"
  When golden angels cease to cure the evil
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil
When servile chaplains[8] cry, that birth and place 220
Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty D——! be fair,[9]
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your art can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatterers preach 225
  Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D * * * loved sixpence more than he[10]

[8] Dr Ken—t —*Warburton* [Dr White Kennet, the Whig Bishop of Peterborough, whose death had taken place nine years before the date of this Epistle, He had made a fulsome dedication of one of his works to the Duke of Devonshire, through whose influence he obtained the deanery of Peterborough In 1718 he was promoted to the bishopric of Peterborough, which he held till his death in 1728 There were two circumstances which must have marked out this divine as a fit object for Pope's satire. He had written against Atterbury on the subject of the Convocation, and he had seceded from the Tory party to join the Whigs Dr Walton, the rector of Whitechapel, put up a painting of the Last Supper as an altarpiece in his church, and Dr Kennet was represented in the character of Judas!]

[9] [The "dirty D——," was the Duke of Devonshire—William, the third Duke, a staunch Whig, of whom Horace Walpole said, "the Duke's outside was unpolished, his inside unpolishable."]

[10] [Devonshire, the Duke previously alluded to.]

If there be truth in law, and use can give 230
A property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abbs Court,[11] if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,
His venison too, a guinea makes your own: 235
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long since, what difference will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,[12] 240
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln-fen,
Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat;
Buy every pullet they afford to eat;
Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town. 245
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity should stand:
Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's power
Loose on the point of every wavering hour:
Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldst thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave,
All vast possessions (just the same the case
Whether you call them villa, park, or chase,) 255
Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let rising granaries and temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260
Enclose whole downs in walls,—'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall,
Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptured high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye, 265

[11] Abbs Court, near Hampton Court. The "Worldly" mentioned in the next couplet was probably Edward Wortley Montagu, whose general avarice, and practice of selling his game, Pope satirises in his imitation of the second satire of the second book of Horace.]

[12] [Sir Gilbert Heathcote. See Moral Essays, Ep. iii.]

There are who have not—and thank Heaven there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care
"Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips,[13] and all Grosvenor's mines
Why one like Bu—— with pay and scorn content,[14]
Bows and votes on, in court and parliament, 275
One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole [15]
Is known alone to that Directing Power
Who forms the genius in the natal hour,
That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280
Inclines our action, not constrains our will,

[13] Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George I and II —When this great statesman retired from business he amused himself in husbandry and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from turnips, it was the favourite subject of his conversation —*Warburton*

[Charles, the second Viscount Townshend brother in law of Sir Robert Walpole Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's notice of this nobleman is to the same effect as Pope's sarcasm He had that sort of understanding, she observes, "which commonly makes men honest in the first part of their lives, they follow the instruction of their tutor and till somebody thinks it worth while to show them a new path go regularly on in the road where they are set "]

[14] ["Bu——," Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe ]

[15] Employed in settling the colony of Georgia —P [General Oglethorpe was a remarkable man He had served under Prince Eugene, and in 1732 he entered upon those services for founding the colony of Georgia which the poet has so finely commemorated The two eminent brothers, John and Samuel Wesley, accompanied him to Georgia. He returned in 1734, bringing some Indian chiefs with him, and two years afterwards he repaired again to Georgia, accompanied by a second body of emigrants The war with Spain threatened the destruction of the colony, but Oglethorpe repelled the Spaniards, though he was unsuccessful in an expedition he made against St. Augustin On his return to England he was employed against the followers of Charles Edward in Scotland, in 1745 He could not come up with them, and was tried for neglect of duty, but acquitted. The circumstance that Oglethorpe was a decided Jacobite perhaps led to this slur on his military character, as it led to subsequent neglect on the part of the court and ministry The general, however, was repaid by the praises of Pope, Thomson, and Dr Johnson, and by the regard which his amiable character and intelligence inspired. He died in 1785 ]



GENERAL OGLETHORPE

Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: his great end the same.
Yes, sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep; 285
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place:

But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:
I, who at some times spend, at others spare, 290
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleased, if sordid want be far away 295
What is't to me (a passenger, God wot,)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail am neither less nor bigger;
I neither strut with every favouring breath, 300
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, placed
Behind the foremost, and before the last.
"But why all this of avarice? I have none."
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone, 305
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the avarice of power?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal?
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
With terrors round, can reason hold her throne, 310
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleased to look forward, pleased to look behind,
And count each birthday with a grateful mind? 315
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done, 320
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and loved, and eat, and drunk your fill:
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage: 325
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

# THE SATIRES OF DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,

## VERSIFIED.



Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius?—Hor.

[What then forbids our equal right to know
Why his own verses inharmonious flow?
Or whether in his subject lies the fault,
Or in himself, that they're not higher wrought?—Francis.]



[Dr John Donne, the precursor of Cowley and the other metaphysical poets, wrote Latin verses much smoother and more correct than his English satires. The latter, however, abound in sense and wit, and Dryden had suggested the modernisation of their style. Donne died in 1662, having survived many schools of poetry and politics: he was in his eighty-ninth year. The diction of this old poet, though rugged and most unmusical, is not very antiquated in expression. The following is the opening of his second satire,

Sir, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.
Though poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
As I think, that brings dearth and Spaniards in:
Though, like the pestilence and old-fashion'd love,
Ridingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starved out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at barre, judged as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
And saves his life) gives idiot-actors means,
(Starving himself) to live by 's laboured scenes:

As in some organs, puppets dance above,
And bellows pant below which them do move
One would move love by rhymes, but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms,
Rams and slings now are silly battery
Pistolets are the best artillery
And they who write to lords rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write because all write, have still
That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill]



DONNE

## SATIRE II

Yes, thank my stars! as early as I know
This town, I had the sense to hate it too
Yet here, as e'en in hell, there must be still
One giant-vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside, one pities not abhors,
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.
I grant that poetry's a crying sin,
It brought (no doubt) th' Excise and Army in;

Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10
Yet like the Papist's is the poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15
So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carved organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heaved by the breath the inspiring bellows blow:
The inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20
One sings the fair: but songs no longer move;
No rat is rhymed to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all—but gold.
These write to lords, some mean reward to get, 25
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit: 30
'Tis changed, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense, pass'd through him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.
I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs, 35
Who live like S—tt—n,[1] or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears. 40
E'en those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

[1] [Sir Robert Sutton, a privy councillor, and M.P. for Northamptonshire. He was one of the parties implicated in the frauds of the company called the Charitable Corporation, and was expelled the House of Commons.]

One, one man only, breeds my just offence; 45
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass 50
No young divine, new-beneficed, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive than he
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
Pierce the soft labyrinth of a lady's ear 55
With rhymes of this per cent. and that per year?
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts;
Call himself barrister to every wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60
Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.
Cursed be the wretch, so venal and so vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
If Peter deigns to help you to your own [2]
What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
And what a solemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when prisoners shake the head and swear
'Twas only suretyship that brought 'em there. 70
His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
For not in chariots Peter puts his trust;
For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to every lord in every thing,
Like a king's favourite, or like a king
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters e'en to godly * *.[3] 80

[2] [Peter Walter, whose name occurs so often in Pope's satires.]
[3] [Perhaps Paul Benfield, M.P., who was engaged in the jobbing actions of that period.]

Not more of simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of bastardy in heirs to crowns
In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
Till, like the sea, they compass all the land, 85
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand:
And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
Or when a duke to Jansen punts at White's,
Or city heir in mortgage melts away,
Satan himself feels far less joy than they 90
Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
Then, strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, covenants, articles they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
Are fathers of the Church for writing less
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dexterously omits, *ses heires*. 100
No commentator can more slily pass
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place
Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out
Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noster long, 105
When doom'd to say his beads and even-song;
But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer the power and glory clause [4]
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground? 110
We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?
Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes 115
Some beasts were killed, though not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals,

[4] [The doxology to the Lord's Prayer, Matthew vi. 13, has been pronounced spurious by biblical critics.]

And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve. 120
These, as good works, 'tis true we all allow,
But oh! these works are not in fashion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence; 125
Let no Court sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of treason or the law.

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## SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my purgatory here betimes, 5
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes
The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With foolish pride my heart was never fired,
Nor the vain itch to admire, or be admired; 10
I hoped for no commission from his grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
Yet went to Court! the devil would have it so.
But, as the fool that in reforming days 15
Would go to mass in jest (as story says)
Could not but think to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,[1]
As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!

[1] [In first edition:
Such was my fate whom Heaven adjudg'd as proud.]

Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been posed to name; 25
Noah had refused it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
A verier monster than on Afric's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain, 30
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon:
At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon.
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35
And the wise justice starting from his chair
Cry, By your priesthood tell me what you are?
Such was the wight The apparel on his back,
Though coarse, was reverend, and though bare, was black:
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45
This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for every state to do,
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refined.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew, 50
Henley himself I've heard, and Budgell too.
The Doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
The whole artillery of the terms of war,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling Bar; 55
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal favourites in flattery vie, 60
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.[2]
He spies me out; I whisper, Gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?

[2] [See *ante*. p. 127.]

That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharged on me! 65
Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
To crave your sentiment, if ——'s your name.
What speech esteem you most? "The King's," said I.
But the best words? "O, sir, the Dictionary."
You miss my aim, I mean the most acute 70
And perfect speaker? "Onslow, past dispute."
But, sir, of writers? "Swift, for closer style;
But Ho * * y for a period of a mile."[3]
Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was; 75
Nay troth, th' apostles (though perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were.
  Thus others' talents having nicely shown, 80
He came, by sure transition, to his own:
Till I cried out, You prove yourself so able,
Pity you was not druggerman at Babel:[4]
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the tower had stood. 85
  "Obliging sir! for Courts you sure were made:
Why then for ever buried in the shade?
Spirits like you should see and should be seen,
The king would smile on you—at least the queen."
Ah, gentle sir! you courtiers so cajole us— 90
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus*.[5]
And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
Though in his pictures lust be full display'd,
Few are the converts Aretine has made; 95

[3] [Bishop Hoadley.]  [4] ["Druggerman," *dragoman*, or interpreter.]
[5] [In early editions:

> Obliging sir, I love you, I profess,
> But wish you liked retreat a little less;
> Spirits like you, believe me, should be seen,
> And (like Ulysses) visit courts and men.
> So much alone—to speak plain truth between us,
> You'll die of spleen. "Excuse me, *Nunquam minus*."]

And though the Court show vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.
At this entranced, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks, like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies;
"Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100
To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!"
Then, happy man who shows the tombs! said I,
He dwells amidst the royal family;
He every day from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105
And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, ease and bread.
"Lord, sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
How elegant your Frenchmen!" Mine, d' ye mean? 110
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.
"Oh, sir, politely so! nay, let me die:
Your only wearing is your paduasoy."
Not, sir, my only, I have better still,
And this, you see, is but my dishabille.— 115
Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse, 120
You only make the matter worse and worse.
He pass'd it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, "What news?" I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas. 125
He hears, and as a still with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Mere household trash! of birthnights, balls, and shows, 130
More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stows.
When the queen frown'd, or smiled, he knows; and what
A subtle minister may make of that:
Who sins with whom: who got his pension rug,
Or quickened a reversion by a drug? 135

Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop, or a whore:
Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:
Who, in the secret, deals in stocks secure, 140
And cheats the unknowing widow and the poor:
Who makes a trust of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country or the town: 145
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising courtier will have toll.
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150
What lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, sick and sore,
I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:[6]
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,[7]
And talks Gazettes and Postboys o'er by heart. 155
Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
Then, as a licensed spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
Swears every place entail'd for years to come, 160
In sure succession to the day of doom:
He names the price for every office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delayed:
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port. 165
Not more amazement seized on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
Than mine to find a subject, staid and wise,
Already half turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt the infection slide from him to me, 170
As in the pox some give it to get free;

[6] Alluding to the effects of his use of oils in bilious disorders.—*Warburton.*

[7] [In early editions:

"Shows Poland's interest; takes the Primate's part.]

And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statutes ope its jaw.
In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by. 175
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.[8]
I quaked at heart; and still afraid, to see 180
All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, some god! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense: 185
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,[9]
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursued the amusing theme,
Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.[10]
A vision hermits can to hell transport, 190
And forced e'en me to see the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante dreaming all the infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me: 195
Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,
Care, if a liveried lord or smile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble serving-man?

[8] [Lord *Fanny*, or Hervey, whispering gossip or scandal at Court.]

[9] [From Milton's Comus:

> Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
> She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings.

But Pope, as Wakefield says, may have taken it from a line in Hughes's Thought in a Garden:

> Here Contemplation prunes her wings.]

[10] In early editions:

> Here still reflection led on sober thought,
> Which fancy coloured and aversion wrought.]

O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee 200
For huffing, braggart, puff'd nobility?
Thou, who since yesterday, hast roll'd o'er all
The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier sort,
Than such as swell this bladder of a Court? 205
Now pox on those who show a Court in wax![11]
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately, staring things— 210
No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.
  See! where the British youth, engaged, no more,
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,[12]
Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room; 215
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
"That's velvet for a king!" the flatterer swears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our Court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
That helps it both to fools' coats and to fools,
And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?
For these are actors, too, as well as those:
Wants reach all states; they beg, but better dress'd,
And all is splendid poverty at best. 225
  Painted for sight, and essenced for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochinell,
Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230
He boarding her, she striking sail to him:
"Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not praised for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235

[11] A famous show of the court of France, in wax-work.—P.

[12] White's was a noted gaming-house: Fig's, a prize-fighter's academy, where the young nobility received instruction in those days: it was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate.—P.

'Twould burst e'en Heraclitus with the spleen,
To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:
The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.
See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,[13] 240
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw;[14]
But oh! what terrors must distract the soul,
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole; 245
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
So first to preach a white-gloved chaplain goes, 250
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immaculate trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the ladies smile, and they are blest:
Prodigious! how the things protest, protest: 255
Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize you,[15]
If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!
  Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.
But here's the captain, that will plague them both, 260
Whose air cries, Arm! whose very look's an oath:
The captain's honest, sirs, and that's enough,
Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff.[16]
He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
Like battering rams, beats open every door: 265

[13] [Albert Durer.]
[14] [In first edition:

Each idle atom or erroneous straw.]

[15] Sir John Gonson, the famous police magistrate, was as celebrated in his day, in the annals of justice, as one of his successors in office, Sir John Fielding, has been since. His portrait is introduced in Hogarth's Harlot's Progress.—*Bowles.*
[16] [In first edition:

What though his soul be bullet; body buff,
Damn him, he's honest, sir, and that's enough.]

And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hangdogs in old tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse:
Confounds the civil; keeps the rude in awe; 270
Jests like a licensed fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from jails to execution go;
For, hung with deadly sins, I see the wall,[17]
And lined with giants deadlier than 'em all, 275
Each man an Askapart,[18] of strength to toss
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross
Scared at the grisly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.
Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine · 280
Charge them with Heaven's artillery, bold divine!
From such alone the great rebukes endure,
Whose satire's sacred, and who rage secure ·
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears 285
Howe'er, what's now Apocrypha, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.

[17] The room hung with old tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins —P.

[18] A giant famous in romances —P

# EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

## IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

[And published separately the same year, the first under the title of "One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight; a Dialogue something like Horace."]

### DIALOGUE I.

FR. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.[1]
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel— 5
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?

[1] These two lines are from Horace: and the only lines that are so in the whole poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent censurer: "'Tis all from Horace," &c.—P. [The lines which follow stood originally thus:

'Tis all from Horace: did not Horace say,
"Lord Fanny spun a thousand lines a day?"
And long before you, in much better metre,
Laugh at those fools who put their trust in Peter.]

After v. 2 in the MS.:

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Because you think your reputation made:
Like good Sir Paul, of whom so much was said,
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,
Or, like Sir Paul, you'll lie a-bed too long.

P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.

F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.
Besides, you grow too moral for a wit.—*Warburton.*

'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter." 10
But Horace, sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of vice:[2]
Horace would say, Sir Billy served the Crown,
Blunt could do business, H-ggins knew the town;[3]
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex, 15
In reverend bishops note some small neglects,[4]
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropp'd our ears, and sent them to the king.[5]
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at Court, and make Augustus smile: 20

[2] Some guilty person very fond of making such an observation.—P. [Bubb Doddington.]

[3] Formerly gaoler of the Fleet Prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled.—P. [Huggins was warden of the prison, a patent office. The actual gaoler was Thomas Baimbridge, to whom Huggins had let the appointment. This Baimbridge was guilty of cruelty and extortion, and was satirised by Hogarth. His gross abuse of his office at length led to inquiry, and he was subsequently expelled, and committed to Newgate. Huggins was also deprived of his patent. Swift, in his description of Morning, touches on one of these prison abuses:

> The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
> Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees.

This was literally true under the reign of Huggins and Baimbridge.]

[4] [In early editions "reverend Su——n," or Sir Robert Sutton. Warburton prevailed on Pope to make the alteration.]

[5] Said to be executed by the captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bade him carry them to the king his master.—P. [Jenkins had only one ear cut off, which he used to carry about with him in his pocket. He had been boarded and searched by a Spanish guarda-costa, and though he had, as he alleged, no contraband goods on board, and had not violated the regulations of the Spanish government, he had been barbarously treated by the officers and crew of the guard-ship. The case occurred in 1731, but it made little noise till 1738, when it was taken up by the opposition in the House of Commons to show the barbarity of the Spaniards, and the pusillanimity of the British government. Jenkins was examined before the House of Commons, and his statement had the effect of swelling the popular cry against Spain. After all, it is doubtful whether the story was not an invention. Some said that Jenkins lost his ear in the pillory! Burke seems to have disbelieved the evidence, for he mentions the affair as "the *fable* of Jenkins's ear."]

An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.[6]
But 'faith your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more[7]—
And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought 25
The great man never[8] offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir ROBERT!—

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power; 30
Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.[9]

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[6] Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.—*Pers.*

A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power.—P. [Lord Hervey.]

[7] This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the Court. Though some of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name.—P. [Opposite the word "patriots," Lord Marchmont, Pope's friend and executor, wrote "Carteret and Pulteney." See Marchmont Papers.]

[8] A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first minister.—P.

[9] These two verses were originally in the poem, though omitted in all the first editions.—P. [They appear in the small edition of 1739. The passage forms a very pleasant and graceful allusion to the great Whig minister, whose *bonhomie* and good humour were remarkable. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has some verses to the same effect on seeing a portrait of Walpole:

Such were the lively eyes and rosy hue
Of Robin's face, when Robin first I knew;
The gay companion and the favourite guest
Loved without awe and without fear caress'd;
His cheerful smile and open honest look
Added new graces to the truth he spoke:
Then every man found something to commend,
The pleasant neighbour and the worthy friend, &c.

Walpole's greatest error was in laughing at all public virtue and consistency, and in believing that men were only swayed by venal and selfish motives. Lord Marchmont, in a letter to Stair, March 28, 1739, gives an amusing illustration of this style of Walpole's. A deputation of the House of Commons had been appointed to wait on the Prince of Wales with a complimentary address, when Sir Robert called across the House to Alderman

Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt; 35
The only difference is, I dare laugh out.
F. Why yes: with Scripture still you may be free;
A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty;
A joke on Jekyl, or some odd old Whig.[10]
Who never changed his principle or wig; 40
A patriot is a fool in every age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue, as they will.
If any ask you, "Who's the man so near 45
His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?"
Why answer, Lyttelton,[11] and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verses vile, his whisper base:
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.[12] 50

Heathcote, who was one of those named to go, "Take a bank-bill of 20,000*l.* with you; he needs it; he will touch." Walpole lowered the tone of public opinion, and in this respect degraded the character of a statesman. The immense sums which he lavished on hireling writers and in secret bribery are also indefensible. But let it be remembered that his strong good sense, his love of peace, and his generally able management of affairs, preserved the country from war, and frustrated all the ceaseless efforts and plots of the Jacobites. Walpole did not long enjoy his retirement from public life. He was created Earl of Orford in 1742, and died March 18, 1745, aged sixty-nine.]

[10] Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of ONE who bestowed it equally upon religion and honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem.—P. [Jekyl, the brother-in-law of Lord Somers, had a seat in Parliament in the reign of Queen Anne, and was one of the managers in the trial of Sacheverell. He was knighted by George I. The word "ONE," printed conspicuously in Pope's note, seems to point to some important person, and Mr. Croker conjectures that the Queen was meant. This is a very probable supposition, though the horse-laugh at honesty is more in the style of the King or of Walpole. Pope must have picked up various items of Court scandal and gossip from Mrs. Howard.]

[11] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of liberty.—P.

[12] [Lord *Fanny*—Lord Hervey—was then Vice-Chamberlain to the King.]

Sejanus, Wolsey,[13] hurt not honest Fleury,[14]
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are sore, 55
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all again. 60
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.
P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmless characters, that no one hit; 65
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborne's wit![15]
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Y—ng![16]
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense, 70
That first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once again.[17]

[13] The one the wicked minister of Tiberius, the other of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. ii. ver. 137.—P.

[14] Cardinal, and minister to Louis XV. It was a patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty.—P.

[15] See them in their places in the Dunciad.—P.

[16] [In first edition:

The honey dropping from Ty——l's tongue,
The flowers of Bub——ton, the flow of Young.

In the small edition of 1739 (Works, vol. ii.) the last name is given "Y——nge," showing that Sir William Yonge, not Dr. Young, the poet and friend of "Bubo," or Doddington, was meant. "Ty——l," was doubtless Lord Tyrconnell.]

[17] Alludes to some Court sermons, and florid panegyrical speeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style: and was lastly served up in an epitaph between Latin and English, published by its author.—P. [Lord Hervey wrote an epitaph, or *éloge*, on Queen Caroline; Mr. H. Fox moved for and drew up the address of the House of Commons to his Majesty on

O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
All boys may read, and girls may understand!
Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the nation's sense;
Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn, 80
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,[18]
All parts perform'd, and all her children bless'd!
So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let a-God's name, every fool and knave 85
Be graced through life, and flatter'd in his grave
F. Why so? if Satire knows its time and place,
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
But let all satire in all changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.[19]

their first meeting after the Queen's death, Dr Alured Clarke wrote an essay on the Queen's character, and Bishop Gilbert preached at Court on the occasion, and was said to cry in his sermon The caution and prudence of Pope, in the midst of all his satirical allusions, is shown by his not printing even the name of the Senate at length Middleton and Bland next alluded to were the well-known Dr. Conyers Middleton, Lord Hervey's friend, and Dr. Bland, Master of Eton College, a friend of Walpole ]

[18] Queen Consort of King George II. She died in 1737 Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution.—P. [The four lines containing this bitter satire on the Queen's dying moments are not in the first edition, but appear in that of the following year. See Additional Notes.]

[19] A title given that lord by King James II He was of the Bedchamber to King William; he was so to King George I, he was so to King George II. This lord was very skilful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity.—P. [Charles, Earl of Selkirk, died in March, 1739. Lord Hervey, in a poetical Epistle to the Queen, 1736, speaks very unceremoniously of the old courtier:

Let nauseous Selkirk shake his empty head
Through six Courts more, when six have wish'd him dead.

In a sort of Court interlude or drama, drawn up for the amusement of the Queen, the scene being laid in her Majesty's drawing-room, Lord Hervey

Silent and soft, as saints removed to heaven,
All ties dissolved, and every sin forgiven,
These may some gentle ministerial wing 95
Receive, and place for ever near a king!
There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court,
There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their place: 100
But past the sense of human miseries,
All tears are wiped for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question, or a job.
P. Good Heaven forbid, that I should blast their glory, 105
Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory,
And when three sovereigns died, could scarce be vex'd,
Considering what a gracious prince was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings; 110
And at a peer, or peeress, shall I fret,
Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?[20]
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of Vice be lost?

introduces old Selkirk as one of the *dramatis personæ*. The dialogue confirms Pope's remarks as to the earl's knowledge of Court forms:

"*Queen* (to the Duke of Argyll). Where have you been, my lord? One has not had the pleasure to see you a great while, and one always misses you.

"*Duke of Argyll.* I have been in Oxfordshire, madam; and so long, that I was asking my father here, Lord Selkirk, how to behave: I know nobody that knows the ways of a Court so well, nor that has known them so long.

"*Lord Selkirk.* By G——, my lord, I know nobody knows them better than the Duke of Argyll.

"*Duke of Argyll.* All I know, father, is as your pupil; but I told you I was grown a country gentleman.

"*Lord Selkirk.* You often tell me things I do not believe.

"*Queen* (laughing). Ha, ha, ha! You are always so good together, and my Lord Selkirk is so lively."—*Hervey's Memoirs*, vol. ii.

The second courtier in Pope's verse was Lord Delaware.]

[20] [In the first edition, "Who starves a *mother*." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had 500*l.* a year for supporting her sister, the Countess of Mar, when suffering from mental alienation, and is said to have treated the countess harshly. The "debt" is an allusion to the affair of M. Ruremonde. See Dunciad and Life of Pope.]

Ye gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke, 115
Swear like a lord, or Rich outwhore a duke?[21]
A favourite's porter with his master vie,
Be bribed as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his grace, a will?[22] 120
Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things,)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,[23]
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran![24]
But shall a printer, weary of his life,[25] 125
Learn, from their books, to hang himself and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice thus abused, demands a nation's care;

[21] Two players: look for them in the Dunciad.—P.

[22] [The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Wake, was said to have secreted the will of King George I.]

[23] Author of an impious foolish book called The Oracles of Reason, who, being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself: of the consequence of which he really died.—P. [This is not correct. Blount shot himself with a pistol. After the death of his wife, he had proposed marriage to her sister; she declined on religious grounds, and the unhappy man committed suicide. He was the younger son of Sir Henry Blount of Hertfordshire: the lady who was the cause of the catastrophe was a daughter of Sir T. Tyrrel, of Shotover, Oxfordshire. Mr. Charles Blount was a man of learning and amiable character, but of infidel opinions. His miscellaneous works were published in 1695, by Charles Gildon, so often mentioned in the Dunciad. We have the volume now before us, and it appears that Gildon vindicated the death of Mr. Blount, and at that time shared in his unbelief.]

[24] Author of another book of the same stamp, called, A Philosophical Discourse on Death, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts. This unhappy man at last died a penitent.—*Warburton.*

[25] A fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his actions by the reasonings of some of these authors.—P. [Wilkes writes, "So remarkable a fact ought to have been told at large;" and in a subsequent blank leaf he has a newspaper cutting describing the occurrence. The case is reported in the Gentleman's Magazine, for April, 1732. The man, Richard Smith, and his wife, were in the King's Bench. They were found hanging in their room, and their infant child shot through the head in its cradle. In one of the letters which Smith left to be delivered after his death, there is a curious touch of feeling, "If you can find," he says, "any *chap* (buyer) for my dog and ancient cat, it would be kind."]



' Old England's genius, rough with many a scar "

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES *Dial* 1 *line* 152

This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.[26] 130
  Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;[27]
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,[28]
Outdo Landaff in doctrine,—yea, in life:[29]
Let humble Allen,[30] with an awkward shame, 135
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,
Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same beloved, contented thing. 140
Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth:
But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more,
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess, 145
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws,
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead. 150
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,

[26] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the people, till it was restrained by an Act of Parliament, in 1736.—P.

[27] [Dr. James Foster, a minister of the sect called Independents, and afterwards a Baptist. He was long a popular preacher in London, and author of sermons and theological treatises which fill four volumes. He died in 1753. According to Bolingbroke, Dr. Foster was author of the pointed remark that *where mystery begins religion ends*, a saying exactly suited to that peer, and not unwelcome to the poet.]

[28] [The Quaker's wife was a Mrs. Drummond, one of the notabilities of her day. Spence describes his going to the meeting with her: "No whining when she spoke, and scarce any action; very good language, particularly full of metaphors, but pretty and well-managed ones."]

[29] A poor bishopric in Wales, as poorly supplied.—P. [It was then supplied by Dr. John Harris, whose son, Dr. George Harris, became a distinguished lawyer, and writer on civil law.]

[30] [In the first edition it was, "low-born Allen," and "humble Foster." Pope wrote to Mr. Allen, that he had found him possessed of humility, and in justice to his own conscience, he would change the epithet in the poem from *low-born* to *humble*. As Mr. Allen was a man of fortune, and Mayor of Bath, he was probably not much flattered by either epithet.]

Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all liveried o'er with foreign gold, 155
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.[31] 160
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in power,
'Tis avarice all, ambition is no more!
See, all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore, 165
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law:
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is sacred now but villany." 170
Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

[31] [Warton thought this passage the noblest in all Pope's works, without any exception whatever—"A group of allegorical personages, worthy the pencil of Rubens, and described in expressions worthy of Virgil." The personification of England's Genius is certainly grand, and picturesque. Cowper has remembered it in two or three passages of the Task, and Burns echoes it in his description of Edinburgh Castle:

Like some old veteran, grey in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar.]

DIALOGUE II.

FR. 'TIS all a libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.[1]
P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.

[1] [Michael Paxton, Solicitor to the Treasury, who died in 1744. Two years before this, Paxton was examined by the Secret Committee appointed to inquire into the conduct of Walpole, then Lord Orford. In eleven years, according to the Committee's Report, Mr. Paxton received 94,000*l.* *unac-*

How should I fret to mangle every line,
In reverence to the sins of thirty-nine! 5
Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash; 10
E'en Guthrie[2] saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice.
P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice?
Come on, then, Satire! general, unconfined,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind. 15
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen vile, in army, court, or hall!
Ye reverend atheists. F. Scandal! name them, who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starved a sister, who forswore a debt, 20
I never named; the town's inquiring yet.
The poisoning dame[3]—F. You mean—P. I don't—F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The bribed elector—F. There you stoop too low. 25
P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escaped the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires? 30
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop, may I name a dean?
F. A dean, sir? no; his fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade. 35

*counted for*. He refused to answer inquiries respecting a sum of 500*l.* given at Lord Limerick's election, and was committed to Newgate, where he remained from April to July.]

[2] The ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the Memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name.—P.

[3] [See Dialogue i. v. 112, and note. The "poisoning dame" was Lady Deloraine.]

P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;[4]
Or, if a court or country's made a job, 40
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice:
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great? 45
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better sure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums,
Still better, ministers; or, if the thing 50
May pinch e'en there—why lay it on a king.
F. Stop! stop!
P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.
F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago. 55
Who now that obsolete example fears?[5]
E'en Peter trembles only for his ears.[6]
F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men desperate, if they once are bad:
Else might he take to virtues some years hence— 60
P. As S——k, if he lives, will love the Prince.
F. Strange spleen to S——k!
P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows, I praise a courtier where I can.
When I confess there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough name?[7] 65

[4] Jonathan Wild, a famous thief, and thief-impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train, and hanged.—P. [In the year 1725.]

[5] [How often did the poet forget this himself!]

[6] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the pillory for forgery; and got off with only a severe rebuke from the bench.—P. [The "S——k" in the next passage was Lord Selkirk. See Dialogue I. v. 29.]

[7] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the king appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his re-

Pleased let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove,[8]
(Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love)
The scene, the master, opening to my view;
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!
E'en in a bishop I can spy desert; 70
Secker is decent, Rundle has a heart,
Manners with candour are to Benson given,
To Berkeley, every virtue under heaven.[9]

signation of his great employment of Master of the Horse; and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties.—P. [Richard Lumley, second Earl of Scarborough, resigned his post of Master of the Horse in 1733-4. On the 4th of February, 1740, he committed suicide by shooting himself with a pistol. There was no apparent cause for the rash act.]

[8] The house and gardens of Esher, in Surrey, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, brother to the Duke of Newcastle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his character than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs.—P. [After the downfal of Walpole, Pelham became First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was an honest and popular minister, but possessed of no very shining talents. His death took place March 6th, 1754, when he was barely sixty-one years of age. Pelham's place of Esher was embellished under the direction of Kent. Horace Walpole admired Esher above all the villas he had seen, and said Kent was Kentissime there. The original house was pulled down, and a magnificent mansion, Claremont, erected by Lord Clive.]

[9] [The clerical group here "dwelling in decencies," may be briefly noticed. Dr. Thomas Secker (born in 1693, died in 1768) rose to be Archbishop of Canterbury, and, as primate, placed the crown upon the head of George III., at the coronation of that sovereign. He wrote numerous theological works and sermons, and was a wise and moderate head of the Anglican Church. Dr. Thomas Rundle (born in 1686, died in 1743) was conceived to be less orthodox, but finally was made Bishop of Derry, in Ireland. Swift, who liked the man, ridiculed the objections to Rundle's orthodoxy.

> Make Rundle bishop! fie for shame!
> An Arian to usurp the name!
> A bishop in the Isle of Saints,
> How will his brethren make complaints!

The Benson alluded to is, we suppose, Dr. George Benson, a learned Nonconformist divine, who officiated many years in London, and wrote some valuable theological treatises. He was on terms of friendship with most of the English prelates. He died in 1762, aged sixty-three. Dr. George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne (born in 1684, died in 1753), is too well known as a philosopher and friend of Pope, Swift, Chesterfield, and other eminent persons of that period, to require mention here. In his mind and character so many excellences were combined, that Pope's memorable line is scarcely an exaggeration.]

But does the Court a worthy man remove,
That instant, I declare, he has my love: 75
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Somers[10] once, and Halifax,[11] were mine.
Oft, in the clear, still mirror of retreat,
I studied Shrewsbury,[12] the wise and great:
Carleton's[13] calm sense, and Stanhope's[14] noble flame, 80
Compared, and knew their generous end the same:
How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour![15]
How shined the soul, unconquer'd in the Tower!

[10] John, Lord Somers, died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III., who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister; who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of learning and politeness.—P.

[11] A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of Queen Anne's ministry.—P.

[12] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, Ambassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718.—P.

[13] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle), who was Secretary of State under William III., and President of the Council under Queen Anne.—P. [Boyle was created Baron Carleton in 1714, and died in 1725. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in announcing Lord Carleton's death to her sister, says: "He disposed of his estate as he did of his time, between Lady Clarendon and the Duchess of Queensberry Jewels to a great value he has given, as he did his affections, first to the mother and then to the daughter. He was taken ill in my company, at a concert at the Duchess of Marlborough's, and died two days after, holding the fair duchess by the hand, and being fed at the same time with a fine fat chicken; thus dying, as he had lived, indulging his pleasures."]

[14] James, Earl Stanhope. A nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State.—P. [Lord Stanhope died in 1721. He replied to a speech of the Duke of Wharton's, on the South-Sea scheme, with so much warmth, that he burst a blood-vessel, and died soon afterwards.]

[15] [Of all the parties here named, Atterbury only was the friend of Pope. The remarkable history of this prelate will be found noticed in the sketch of Pope's life. His turbulence and ambition were strangely contrasted with the gentle, affectionate tone of his letters; and in his correspondence with Pope he is seen to great advantage as a Christian divine and man of letters.]

How can I Pulteney,[16] Chesterfield,[17] forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit? 85
Argyll,[18] the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field?
Or Wyndham,[19] just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions, and his own?
Names, which I long have loved, nor loved in vain, 90
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their train;
And, if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say,—No follower, but a friend.[20]

[16] [William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, the successful antagonist of Walpole, whom he finally drove from power in 1741. The defeated minister, however, had the address to procure Pulteney's elevation to the peerage, upon which both of them became (as Walpole expressed it) two of the most insignificant fellows in England! As Earl of Bath, Pulteney's popularity immediately declined. He died in 1764.]

[17] [The witty Lord Chesterfield, Philip Dormer Stanhope. He was then in his forty-fourth year, and had been several years in opposition. He lost his office of Steward of the Household in consequence of his votes and speeches against Walpole's Excise Bill. He afterwards was Ambassador at the Hague, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and he held the seals of Secretary of State for two years. Chesterfield's reputation as a senator is inferior to that which he attained as a wit and an author. His celebrated Letters to his Son lowered his character, but evinced his acuteness of observation: and his recently published correspondence is honourable to him both as a wit and a politician. He was an able diplomatist, and a sound and sagacious statesman. After a long series of ill-health and infirmities, he died in 1773, aged seventy-nine.]

[18] [John, the second and *great* Duke of Argyll, born in 1678; served, when only seventeen, under William III., and afterwards under Marlborough; was Ambassador in Spain, and, after the peace of Utrecht, Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Scotland. He was engaged in suppressing the rebellion of 1715. As a politician, he was grasping, versatile, and ambitious. He opposed Walpole's Administration at the date of this Satire, and, on the defeat of the Whig minister, was again employed. His death took place soon afterwards, in September, 1743.]

[19] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure; but since a much greater both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper.—P. [In first edition:

Wyndham arm'd for freedom.

Wyndham was a man of fine taste and accomplishments, as well as an effective orator. He died in 1740.]

[20] [An allusion by Pope to his intimacy with the Prince of Wales.]

Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays;—
I follow Virtue; where she shines, I praise: 95
Point she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.



SIR WILLIAM WYNDHAM.

I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Dined with the Man of Ross, or my Lord Mayor.
Some in their choice of friends, (nay, look not grave,) 100
Have still a secret bias to a knave:
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
F. Then why so few commended?
P. Not so fierce;
Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse. 105
But random praise—the task can ne'er be done:
Each mother asks it for her booby son,
Each widow asks it for "the best of men,"
For him she weeps, for him she weds again.[28]

[28] [Supposed to be an ironical allusion to the widow of Rowe the poet, whose grief for the loss of her husband is so emphatically recorded in the epitaph written by Pope for Rowe's monument in Westminster Abbey. The widow afterwards married a Colonel Deane.]

Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground: 110
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greatest of these days,
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend? 115
What Richelieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
No power the Muse's friendship can command;
No power, when Virtue claims it can withstand:
To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line;[22] 120
O let my country's friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? F. Faith, the thought's no sin:
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about. 125
F. They, too, may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall![23] aid me while I lie.
Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,[24] 130
And Lyttelton a dark designing knave;
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
But, let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull;
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.[25] 135
But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
Oh all-accomplished St. John! deck thy shrine?

[22] [Quis te, magne Cato, tacitum.—*Æneid*, lib. vi. 841.

Great Cato there for gravity renown'd.—*Dryden*.]

[23] Look for him in his place. Dunc. b. ii. ver. 315.—P.

[24] The Hon. Hugh Hume, son of Alexander, Earl of Marchmont, grandson of Patrick, Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of liberty.—P. [He became Earl of Marchmont in 1740, and died in January, 1794, aged eighty-six.]

[25] [An ironical allusion to Walpole's carelessness and unconcern as a husband. His maxim was, "to go his own way, and let madam go hers." Horace Walpole was commonly believed to be the son, not of his putative father, but of Carr, Lord Hervey, an elder brother of Lord *Fanny*.]

What! shall each spur-galled hackney of the day, 140
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-pensioned sycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend;[26]
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt? 145
Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honour bind me not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.
It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day, 150
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay;
But when he heard the affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;
The prudent general turned it to a jest,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest: 155
Which not at present having time to do—
F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake, where's the affront to you?
Against your worship when had S——k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?[27]
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend 160
["In power a servant, out of power a friend,"][28]
To W——le guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The priest whose flattery bedropp'd the Crown,[29]
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown. 165

[26] [The poet's windows were actually broken one day when he had Bolingbroke and Bathurst at dinner with him. This shows that the Opposition could not have been very popular.]

[27] [Lord Selkirk and Judge Page The latter was an orator in the style of Judge Jeffreys See Notes to Dunciad. In the first edition Tyrconnel was alluded to, not Page:

When did Ty——l hurt you with his wit.]

[28] A verse taken out of a poem to Sir R. W.—P. [The poem was written by Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe; and having done duty to one premier, was afterwards addressed to another, Lord Bute.]

[29] Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests.—P. [But glancing at Dr. Alured Clarke's panegyric on Queen Caroline; the "florid youth" in the next verse means Lord Hervey. See Dialogue i. v. 69, and note.]

And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,[30]
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?
P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same. 170
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly:
If one, through Nature's bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confined,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind:
From tail to mouth they feed, and they carouse:
The last full fairly gives it to the House. 180
F. This filthy simile, this beastly line,
Quite turns my stomach—P. So does flattery mine:
And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me further:—Japhet, 'tis agreed 185
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,[31]
In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write:
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forged was not my own? 190
Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195
Because the insult's not on man, but God?
Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.

[30] This seems to allude to a complaint made ver. 71 of the preceding dialogue.—P.

[31] Japhet—Chartres. See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst.—P.

In the MS.:

> I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed,
> Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.—*Warburton.*

When truth or virtue an affront endures,
The affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours. 200
Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
Who thinks a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel as for mankind.[32]
F. You're strangely proud. P. So proud, I am no slave:
So impudent, I own myself no knave: 206
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne, 210
Yet touch'd and shamed by ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but Heaven-directed hands denied,
The Muse may give thee, but the gods must guide: 215
Reverent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a Court maintains, 220
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day![33]
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings,— 225
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last address.[34]

[32] From Terence: Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.—P.

[33] Weak and slight sophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice as unable to hide the light of truth, as cobwebs to shade the sun. —P.

[34] After ver. 227, in the MS.:

> Where's now the star that lighted Charles to rise?
> —With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.
> Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,
> How chanced ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?
> Hence, lying miracles! reduced so low
> As to the regal touch, and papal-toe;
> Hence haughty Edgar's title to the main,
> Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!—*Warburton.*

When black Ambition stains a public cause,[35]
A monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,[36] 230
Not Boileau turn the feather to a star.[37]
Not so, when, diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Virtue's shrine,
Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of Eternity: 235
There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;[38]
Far other stars than * and * * wear,[39]
And may descend to Mordington[40] from Stair;[41]

"Luckless Sorel" was the horse that fell with William III. The monarch died soon afterwards, March 8, 1702.]

[35] The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (ver. 229) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries.—P.

[36] [Waller's poem on Cromwell is one of the finest of his productions. He is said to have apologised to Charles II. for it, by saying that poets dealt better with fiction than with truth—a happy after-thought, but not so true as the poem.]

[37] See his Ode on Namur, where (to use his own words) "il a fait un astre de la plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement à son chapeau, et qui est en effet une espèce de comète, fatale à nos ennemis."—P.

[38] The chief Herald-at-Arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour.—P. [John Anstis, the principal Garter King-at-Arms, died in 1744, and was succeeded in his heraldic office by his son.]

[39] [Lord Marchmont put opposite these blanks the names of "George" and "Frederick," meaning the King and Prince of Wales. Warton conjectured that the Dukes of Kent and Grafton were the persons satirised; but Lord Marchmont's intimacy with Pope gives authority to his emendation. The force of the contrast in the poem is also heightened by the introduction of royalty.]

[40] [Lord Mordington, a Scotch nobleman, who is said to have sunk so low from the blood of the Douglases, as to have kept a gaming-house in Covent-garden! He died 10th June, 1741. This degenerate peer had a son, brought up to the naval profession, who, having no property, never assumed the title, till tried in Carlisle for joining in the rebellion of 1745. He then pleaded his peerage as Lord Mordington, and, proving his descent, his trial was put off. He was eventually pardoned. The title died with this gentleman's daughter in 1791.]

[41] John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle, served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough, and afterwards as Ambassador in France.—P. [Lord Stair was another of the Walpole victims, but, on the fall of that minister, he regained his military employments. He was engaged at the battle of Dettingen, and also in the suppression of the rebel-

(Such as on Hough's unsullied mitre shine, 240
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine :)[42]
Let Envy howl, while Heaven's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let Flattery sickening see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies : 245
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.
Yes, the last pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read; 250
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead,
And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degenerate line.
F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on Man.[43] 255

lion of 1745. He died in 1747. His lordship was married to Lady Eleanor Campbell, widow of Viscount Primrose; and Mr Chambers, in his Traditions of Edinburgh, relates a curious story of the marriage The lady at first rejected his addresses, but by dint of bribes to her domestics, Lord Stair got himself insinuated overnight into a small room in her ladyship's house, where she used to say her prayers every morning, and the window of which looked upon the principal street of the city of Edinburgh. At this window, when the morning was a little advanced, he showed himself *en déshabillé*, to the people passing along the street, an exhibition which threatened to have such an effect upon her ladyship's reputation, that she saw fit to accept of him for her husband.]

[42] Dr. John Hough, Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England, in opposition to the false measures of King James II.; the other as firmly attached to the cause of that king. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue.—P.

[See Epigram on Bishop Hough, in Pope's Epigrams. Edward, Lord Digby, an Irish peer, and one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, died Nov. 30, 1737.]

[43] In the MS.:

Quit these themes, and write Essays on Man.—*Warburton.*

This was the last poem of the kind printed by our author, with a resolution to publish no more, but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of protest against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks, but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience.—P.

ON RECEIVING FROM THE

## RIGHT HON. THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY

### A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

[Warburton states that the poet was threatened with a prosecution in the House of Lords for the Epilogue to the Satires. In great resentment, he began a *Third Dialogue*, more severe and sublime than the first and second, which, becoming known, led to a compromise. The prosecution was dropped, and the poet agreed to leave the Third Dialogue unfinished and suppressed. "This affair," adds Warburton, "occasioned this little beautiful poem, to which it alludes throughout, but more especially in the four last stanzas." Lady Frances Shirley was a daughter of Earl Ferrers, who had at that time a house at Twickenham. She died unmarried in 1762.]

YES, I beheld the Athenian queen
  Descend in all her sober charms;
"And take" (she said, and smiled serene),
  "Take at this hand celestial arms:

Secure the radiant weapons wield;
  This golden lance shall guard desert,
And if a vice dares keep the field,
  This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Awed, on my bended knees I fell,
  Received the weapons of the sky;
And dipp'd them in the sable well,
  The fount of fame or infamy.

"What well? what weapon?" (Flavia cries)
  "A standish, steel and golden pen!
It came from Bertrand's,[1] not the skies;
  I gave it you to write again.

[1] [Bertrand's was a toy-shop at Bath.]

But, friend, take heed whom you attack;
  You'll bring a house (I mean of peers),
Red, blue, and green, nay white and black
  L—— and all about your ears.[2]

You'd write as smooth again on glass,
  And run, on ivory, so glib,
As not to stick at fool or ass,
  Nor stop at flattery or fib.

Athenian queen! and sober charms!
  I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't:
'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
  In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
  That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
I'll list you in the harmless roll,
  Of those that sing of these poor eyes."[3]

[2] [Lambeth would seem to be here meant. In the Epilogue to the Satires, Dial. i. ver. 120, Pope had hazarded an allusion to a scandal, that the Archbishop of Canterbury had "pocketed" the will of George I. Walpole, however, states that the Archbishop produced the will, and that George II. carried it off. Pope's frequent satires on the Court prelates must have given great offence, and Lord Hervey alludes to the cabals and combinations of the bishops about this time, to oppose and influence the transactions of Parliament.]

[3] [One that sung of Lady Frances Shirley was Chesterfield.

> When Fanny, blooming fair,
>   First met my ravish'd sight,
> Struck with her shape and air,
>   I gazed with strange delight.—*Dodsley's Collection.*

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in one of his light satires, alludes to the intimacy between Chesterfield and Fanny; and—

> "That eternal whisper which begun
> Ten years ago, and never will be done.]

1740.

## A FRAGMENT OF A POEM.

[This fragment was first published by Warton, who received it from Dr. Wilson, Fellow and Librarian of Trinity College, Dublin. Dr. Wilson informed Warton that he transcribed it from a rough draft *in Pope's own hand*, obtained from a grandson of Lord Chetwynd, the friend of Bolingbroke. Mr. Bowles concluded that this poem was the beginning of the satire alluded to by Warburton—the unfinished and suppressed *Third Dialogue*. The piece has certainly no marks of the *sublimity* which Warburton mentions, and possesses only one good line, supposed to allude to Pulteney:

He foams a patriot to subside a peer.

But Pulteney, it should be recollected, was not created a peer until two years after the date prefixed to this poem. The "patriot race" were much divided in 1740, and Pope, in his letters, appears to have been very desponding as to the future prospects of his country. Marchmont and Bolingbroke indulged in the same exaggerated strain; yet we cannot believe that the poet would have satirised the friends with whom he was in constant intercourse, or that even the first draft of any of his satires would have been so bald and disjointed as this fragment.]

O WRETCHED B——![1] jealous now of all,
What God, what mortal, shall prevent thy fall?
Turn, turn thy eyes from wicked men in place,
And see what succour from the patriot race.
C——,[2] his own proud dupe, thinks monarchs things
Made just for him, as other fools for kings; 5
Controls, decides, insults thee every hour,
And antedates the hatred due to power.

[1] Britain. In the explanatory names here subjoined, we need hardly say that in many instances no certainty can be attained.

[2] Mr. Bowles supposed Cobham to be here meant; but Cobham is afterwards alluded to in obvious connexion with Gower and Bathurst, and the Lord of Stowe was not important enough to justify this severe censure. Probably *Campbell* should be the name, meaning John, Duke of Argyll, a conspicuous, proud, and selfish *patriot* of the day; or Lord *Cholmondely*, son-in-law of Sir Robert Walpole, who was Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales, and afterwards Lord Privy Seal.

Through clouds of passion P——'s[3] views are clear,
He foams a patriot to subside a peer; 10
Impatient sees his country bought and sold,
And damns the market where he takes no gold.
Grave, righteous S——[4] jogs on till, past belief,
He finds himself companion with a thief.
To purge and let thee blood, with fire and sword, 15
Is all the help stern S——[5] would afford.
That those who bind and rob thee, would not kill,
Good C——[6] hopes, and candidly sits still.
Of Ch—s W——[7] who speaks at all,
No more than of Sir Harry[8] or Sir P—— ?[9] 20
Whose names once up, they thought it was not wrong
To lie in bed, but sure they lay too long.
G——r,[10] C——m,[11] B——t,[12] pay thee due regards,
Unless the ladies bid them mind their cards.
with wit that must
And C——d,[13] who speaks so well and writes, 25
Whom (saving W.) every S. harper bites.
must needs
Whose wit and equally provoke one,
Finds thee, at best, the butt to crack his joke on.

[3] Pulteney, created Earl of Bath in June, 1742. His political versatility and his personal avarice, are both touched upon in this passage.

[4] Sandys. Afterwards Lord Sandys, and Speaker of the House of Lords

[5] Shippen. "Honest Will Shippen," the Jacobite member of the House of Commons.

[6] Cornbury. Viscount Cornbury, eulogised by Pope in his Imitations of Hor. ver. 1, ep. vi.

[7] Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the lively political rhymester and diplomatist, who was then M.P. for Monmouth, is supposed by Mr. Bowles to be here meant; but Williams was a friend of Walpole, and was selected by Sir Robert as Envoy to Naples, in 1737. For this reason, and as the line, with Williams's name, is defective, perhaps two names were intended—as *Chetwynd* or *Chandos*, and *Winchelsea*. Errors may have been made in copying the rough draft of the poem.

[8] [9] Sir Henry Oxenden and Sir Paul Methuen. Sir Paul had been Treasurer of the Household, which office he resigned in disgust, at not being made one of the Secretaries of State, in 1729.

[10] [11] [12] Lords Gower, Cobham, and Bathurst.

[13] Philip, Lord Chesterfield. The "W." in the next line is perhaps intended for *Walter*, the notorious Peter Walter, who *bit* Lord Rivers, and many other noblemen.

As for the rest, each winter up they run,
And all are clear, that something must be done, 30
Then, urged by C——t,[14] or by C——t stopp'd,
Inflamed by P——,[15] and by P—— dropp'd;
They follow reverently each wondrous wight,
Amazed that one can read, that one can write:
So geese to gander prone obedience keep, 35
Hiss, if he hiss, and if he slumber, sleep.
Till having done whate'er was fit or fine,
Utter'd a speech, and ask'd their friends to dine;
Each hurries back to his paternal ground,
Content but for five shillings in the pound; 40
Yearly defeated, yearly hopes they give,
And all agree, Sir Robert cannot live.
Rise, rise, great W——,[16] fated to appear,
Spite of thyself, a glorious minister!
Speak the loud language princes . . . . 45
And treat with half the . . . . . . . . .
At length to B——[17] kind, as to thy . . . .
Espouse the nation, you . . . . . . . . . . . .
What can thy H,[18] . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Dress in Dutch . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 50
Though still he travels on no bad pretence,
To show . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Or those foul copies of thy face and tongue,
Veracious W———,[19] and frontless Young;[20]
Sagacious Bubb,[21] so late a friend, and there 55
So late a foe, yet more sagacious H——?[22]

[14] Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville. At this time, Lord Carteret and Pulteney were much distrusted by the other "patriots."

[15] Pulteney.

[16] Sir Robert Walpole.

[17] Britain.

[18] Horace Walpole, the brother of Sir Robert. He had been Secretary to Earl Stanhope in Spain, Secretary to the Treasury, and Ambassador in Holland and France, &c.

[19] Winnington. He was successively Lord of the Admiralty, Lord of the Treasury, and Paymaster of the Forces. Though an inconsistent politician, he is represented as having been one of the most amiable of men.

[20] Sir William Yonge (for so he spelt the name), Secretary at War.

[21] Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe.

[22] Francis Hare, Bishop of Chichester, who died in the year assigned to this fragment, 1740.

Hervey and Hervey's school, F—, H——y, H——n,[23]
Yea, moral Ebor, or religious Winton.[24]
How! what can O——w, what can D———,[25]
The wisdom of the one and other chair, 60
N——,[26] laugh, or D——'s[27] sager,
Or thy dread truncheon, M.'s mighty peer?[28]
What help from J——'s[29] opiates canst thou draw,
Or H——k's quibbles voted into law?[30]
C., that Roman in his nose alone,[31] 65
Who hears all causes, B——,[32] but thy own,
Or those proud fools whom nature, rank, and fate
Made fit companions for the sword of state.
Can the light packhorse, or the heavy steer,
The sousing prelate,[33] or the sweating peer, 70
Drag out, with all its dirt and all its weight,
The lumbering carriage of thy broken state?
Alas! the people curse, the carman swears,
The drivers quarrel, and the master stares.
The plague is on thee, Britain, and who tries 75
To save thee, in the infectious office, dies.

[23] Fox, Henley, Hinton.

[24] The Archbishop of York, and Bishop of Winchester; Blackburn and Hoadley.

[25] Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, and Lord Delaware, Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords.

[26] Duke of Newcastle.

[27] Lionel, first Duke of Dorset. He had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and conciliated the favour and regard of Swift. Read *Dorset's sager sneer.*

[28] Duke of Marlborough. A sarcastic allusion to the second Duke, formerly Lord Sunderland.

[29] Probably Sir Joseph Jekyll, though Jekyll died in 1738.

[30] Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, elevated to the woolsack in 1734.

[31] Sir John Cummins, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; or Spencer Compton, Lord Wilmington, President of the Council. Compton died in 1743, and Pope wrote to Lord Marchmont, strongly condemning the useless life of the deceased nobleman. "Three hundred thousand pounds, the sum of his life, without one worthy deed, public or private! His titles only must be his epitaph; and there can be nothing on his monument remarkable, except his nose, which, I hope, the statuary will do justice to." Lord Hervey also alludes to Compton's prominent feature, calling him "Privy Nosy."

[32] Britain.

[33] Sherlock. See Dunciad, book ii. v. 323, and note.

The first firm P——y,[34] soon resign'd his breath.
Brave S——w[35] loved thee, and was lied to death.
Good M—m—t's fate tore P——th from thy side,[36]
And thy last sigh was heard, when W——m died.[37] 80
  Thy nobles sl—s, thy se—s bought with gold,[38]
Thy clergy perjured, thy whole people sold.
An atheist ⌣ a ⊕''''s ad . . . . . .
Blotch thee all o'er, and sink . . .
  Alas! on one alone our all relies,[39] 85
Let him be honest, and he must be wise;
Let him no trifler from his         school,
Nor like his . . . . . . . still a . . . .
Be but a man! unminister'd, alone,
And free at once the senate and the throne; 90
Esteem the public love his best supply,
A ⊙'s true glory his integrity;
Rich with his . . . . in his . . . strong,
Affect no conquest, but endure no wrong.
Whatever his religion or his blood, 95
His public virtue makes his title good.
Europe's just balance and our own may stand,
And one man's honesty redeem the land.

[34] Pulteney.

[35] Lord Scarborough. Pope generally spelt Scarborough and Peterborough with a final *w* instead of *ugh*.

[36] The Earl of Marchmont, who died in January, 1740, when his son, Hugh, Lord Polwarth, succeeded to the earldom.

[37] Sir William Wyndham died in June, 1740.

[38] Thy noble slaves, thy senates bought, &c.

[39] The one on whom all relied was probably Frederick, Prince of Wales, with whom Pope was then on terms of intimacy. Mr. Bowles restores the passage as follows:

> Alas! on one alone our all relies,
> Let him be honest, and he must be wise;
> Let him no trifler from his father's school,
> Nor, like his father's father, still a fool;
> Be but a man! unminister'd, alone,
> And free at once the Senate and the Throne.

# ADDITIONAL NOTES TO SATIRES.

## PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

### DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Ver. 27. *Friend to my life!*] Dr. John Arbuthnot, the celebrated wit and scholar to whom this masterly epistle is addressed, was the son of a Nonjuring clergyman in Scotland, and born at Arbuthnot, in the county of Kincardine, in April, 1667. He was the oldest son of the Rev. Alexander Arbuthnot (who was nearly related to the noble family of that name), minister of the parish of Arbuthnot. In 1690, his father being obliged to resign his charge in consequence of his refusal to comply with the Presbyterian system, which was restored at the Revolution of 1688, retired to the Castle of Hallgreen, near Bervie, in the neighbourhood of which he possessed by inheritance the small estate of Kinghornie. His sons, determining to seek their fortune abroad, went to London, where John employed himself for some time as a teacher of mathematics.—(*Statistical Account of Scotland.*) He had studied and taken his degree of M.D. at the University of Aberdeen. In 1697 he appeared as an author in a work entitled "An Examination of Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge." He afterwards published an "Essay on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning." These works recommended him to the notice of the learned. He enjoyed considerable professional distinction. In 1710 he had been elected a member of the Royal College of Physicians; in 1723 he was chosen Second Censor of the College; in 1727 he was ... an Elect of the same institution, and was selected to pronounce the Harveian oration for that year. About the same time he challenged more public distinction and acquired greater honour by his Dissertations on Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures, a work of curious learning and elaborate research; and in 1732 he lent his powerful assistance to the detection and exposure of the frauds committed under the name of the Charitable Corporations. He also pub-

lished two medical treatises, one on the nature of aliments, and the other on the effects of air on human bodies. He died in 1735. His farewell letter to Pope will be found in our sketch of the poet's life.

In Lord Mahon's edition of the Earl of Chesterfield's Letters, is the following character of Arbuthnot, drawn in Chesterfield's happiest manner.

"Dr. Arbuthnot was both my physician and my friend, and in both those capacities I justly placed the utmost confidence in him. Without any of the craft, he had all the skill of his profession, which he exerted with the utmost care and pleasure upon those unfortunate patients who could not give him a fee. To great and various erudition he joined an infinite fund of wit and humour, to which his friends Pope and Swift were more obliged than they have acknowledged themselves to be.

"His imagination was almost inexhaustible, and whatever subject he treated, or was consulted upon, he immediately overflowed with all that it could possibly produce. It was at anybody's service, for as soon as he was exonerated, he did not care what became of it; insomuch, that his sons, when young, have frequently made kites of his scattered papers of hints, which would have furnished good matter for folios. Not being in the least jealous of his fame as an author, he would neither take the time nor the trouble of separating the best from the worst; he worked out the whole mine, which afterwards, in the hands of skilful refiners, produced a rich vein of ore. As his imagination was always at work, he was frequently absent and inattentive in company, which made him both say and do a thousand inoffensive absurdities; but which, far from being provoking, as they commonly are, supplied new matter for conversation, and occasioned wit, both in himself and others.

"His social character was not more amiable than his moral character was pure and exemplary; charity, benevolence, and a love of mankind appeared unaffectedly in all he said or did. His letter to Pope against personal satire, published in the works of the latter, breathes in a most distinguished manner that amiable spirit of humanity. His good understanding could not get the better of some prejudices of his education and country. For he was convinced that he had twice had the second sight, which in Scotch signifies a degree of nocturnal inspiration, but in English only a dream. He was also a Jacobite by prejudice, and a Republican by reflection and reasoning. He indulged his palate to excess, I might have said to gluttony, which gave him a gross plethoric habit of body, that was the cause of his death.

"He lived and died a devout and sincere Christian. Pope and I were with him the evening before he died, when he suffered racking pains from an inflammation in his bowels, but his head was clear to the last. He took leave of us with tenderness, without weakness,

and told us that he died, not only with the comfort, but even the devout assurance, of a Christian.

"By all those who were not much acquainted with him, he was considered infinitely below his level; he put no price upon himself, and consequently went at an undervalue; for the world is complaisant or dupe enough to give every man the price he sets upon himself, provided it be not insolently and overbearingly demanded. It turns upon the manner of asking."

## THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

Ver. 232. *Full-blown Bufo puff'd by every quill*] Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, the celebrated statesman and once popular poet, seems to be the original of Bufo. He was ambitious to be considered the Mæcenas of his age, and his patronage of Addison, though not munificent, was well timed and important in its results. Addison's "Letter from Italy to Charles, Lord Halifax," 1701, is the finest of his poems. Congreve, Steele, Rowe, and a host of minor authors, dedicated works to Halifax. Pope twice complimented him—first, in the preface to his Iliad. In the Epilogue to the Satires he again eulogises him for his love of letters, and his abilities in Parliament. Pope stated to Spence that Halifax at one time, in the beginning of George the First's reign, proposed to settle a pension upon him; that he had taken time to consider the proposition, and about three months afterwards had written to the effect that all the difference he could find in having or not having a pension was, that if he had one he might live more at large in town, and that if he had not he might live happily enough in the country. Halifax does not seem to have pressed the matter; it dropped, and Pope said, "I had my liberty without a coach." (See Life of Pope, p. 110.) Swift was probably not aware of this design of pensioning his friend, for he has remarked that Halifax's encouragements were only *good words and good dinners*. The death of this fortunate nobleman took place in 1715; and as Pope's satire was not published till 1734, it has been represented as highly improbable that the poet should have stigmatised him under the name of Bufo nineteen years after his death, and having twice flattered him in his own name. The improbability is held to be greater when it is found that Pope alluded to Halifax in terms of respect and regard in a poem written four years later than the date of this character of Bufo. The objection is plausible, but it is overthrown by the evidence on the other side. All the circumstances in the character of Bufo apply to Halifax, and they will apply to no other.

> Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
> Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:
> But still the great have kindness in reserve;
> He helped to bury whom he helped to starve.

Bufo, then, must have been living and dispensing patronage at the time of Dryden, though the poet "came not nigh." The reason is obvious: Halifax, in conjunction with Prior, had written the City Mouse and Country Mouse in ridicule of Dryden's Hind and Panther, and the success of this travesty for a time clouded Dryden's popularity, and it is said affected him even to the shedding of tears. Halifax was a minister of the Crown six years before Dryden's death, but he wholly overlooked his claims as the first poet of the age. Dryden died in the year 1700, when Halifax, Lord Jefferies, and other men of quality, made a subscription for a public funeral, and the poet was interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. Thus Halifax "helped to bury" him whom if he had not "helped to starve," he had at least seriously injured. Pope's real sentiments regarding Halifax may be seen from his conversations with Spence. He considered him to be rather a pretender to taste than possessed of it, and he illustrates this with an anecdote respecting his Homer. The poet read part of his translation to the peer, in presence of Addison, Congreve, and Garth. His lordship objected to certain passages, which he wished to be revised. Pope was distressed at the loose and general nature of the observations made by Halifax, when Garth, on their way home, suggested an easy remedy. "All you need do (said he) is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him as altered. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event." Pope followed the advice, and found the result as predicted. The passages were read exactly as they were at first. "Ay, now, Mr. Pope," cried the peer, "they are perfectly right: nothing can be better." Mr. Roscoe disbelieves this anecdote, because Lord Halifax had at one time the manuscript of the two first books of Homer in his hands, "where they had certainly been placed by Pope for the purpose of obtaining his remarks upon them, in a more deliberate form than he could expect to receive them on a cursory reading." The reading scene, however, may have taken place at an earlier period, or the books of Homer placed in Halifax's hands, December, 1714, may have been the third and fourth—not the two first. Mr. Roscoe's argument leaves the *morality* of the case pretty much the same. To fabricate the anecdote in depreciation of Halifax was as bad as to satirise him at one time and praise him at another.

Tickell dedicated his translation of the First Book of the Iliad to the memory of Lord Halifax, lamenting the misfortune which had be-

fallen the learned world by the death of so generous and universal a patron; adding, that he was prompted to make the dedication by gratitude for the protection with which Halifax had begun to honour him. This must have piqued Pope.

We ought to mention that the lines on Dryden are not in the first edition of the poem. They seem to have been introduced by Pope for the express purpose of identifying Bufo with Halifax.

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## LORD HERVEY.

Ver. 305. *Let Sporus tremble.*] John Lord Hervey, eldest son of the first Earl of Bristol, born 15th October, 1696. He was early attached to the Court of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Richmond, and in 1720 he married the "fair Lepell," one of the Princess's maids of honour. In the free language of that age, Pulteney and Lord Chesterfield signalised the event by a ballad in honour of both bride and bridegroom:

> For Venus had never seen bedded
> So perfect a beau and a belle,
> As when Hervey the handsome was wedded
> To the beautiful Molly Lepell.

Pulteney some years afterwards wrote of the "handsome Hervey" in a very different strain, as "half man, half woman," and showered on him every epithet of contempt. Another lampoon of the day describes him as,

> Ne'er made for use, just fit for show,
> Half wit, half fool, half man, half beau.

His manliness was in one respect vindicated by a duel with Pulteney. Lord Hervey had written several defences of Walpole, in answer to attacks in the Craftsman; and to one of these Pulteney published A Proper Reply to a Late Scurrilous Libel. The reply was grossly personal; Hervey challenged his rival politician, and they fought with swords in St. James's Park. No serious result ensued, and Lord Hervey was left to the vengeance of Pope.

In the quarrel between Lord Hervey and Pope, the poet appears to have been the aggressor, first, by the allusion in the Miscellanies in 1727, next year in the Dunciad, and in one of the Imitations of Horace in 1732. Then, and not till then, Lord Hervey joined with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in attempts at retaliation. (See Additional Notes to the Dunciad.) The germ of Pope's Sporus will be found in these party pasquinades; but the truth of the intellectual

portrait was not fully disclosed till a very late period, 1848, when Mr. Croker published the long-hoarded Memoirs of the Reign of George II., by Lord Hervey. In this work the noble Vice-Chamberlain is seen more in the character of a malignant gossip than in that of an historian. He literally whispers at the ear of Eve—*i. e.* Queen Caroline—"half froth, half venom;" flatters all her prejudices, writes Court verses and lampoons for her gratification, evinces the grossest indelicacy in many of his communications, sneers at every high and sacred feeling; and throughout the whole work is seen to be destitute of all proper spirit and independence of character. As a politician Hervey was inconsistent, but evinced greater power in debate, and more persevering application both in speaking and writing, than would be surmised from Pope's satire. He never rose higher than Privy Seal, and this subordinate office he relinquished with great reluctance when Walpole's Administration was driven from power in 1742. His quarrel with the Prince, and secession from his party, had no ground of principle, but sprung originally from a desire for office, and, secondly, from jealousy as to a mistress.

And Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring.

Lord Hervey's effeminacy arose partly from ill-health, but was carried to an extreme. Having been threatened with epileptic fits, he adopted a regimen fit for an anchorite. He took no wine or malt liquor, breakfasted on green tea unsweetened by sugar, and biscuits without butter; at dinner, he ate no meat but a little chicken; and once a week he indulged in a *Scotch pill*, and took thirty grains of Indian root *when his stomach was loaded.* To soften his ghastly appearance, he used rouge. Another account represents him as drinking ass's milk, to which Pope alludes in the Sporus lines; and when once asked at dinner whether he would have some beef, he answered: "Beef? Oh, no! Faugh! don't you know I never eat beef, nor *horse*, nor any of those things!" This is equal to Brummell's having once tried vegetables, and ate *one pea:* but both stories are no doubt mere dinner-table pleasantries. Lord Hervey died on the 8th of August, 1743.

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## POPE'S PARENTS.

Ver. 381. *His father, mother, &c.*] Pope's account of his parents has received fresh illustration since the Editor published his life of the poet. At that time no trace of Pope's grandfather, the reputed clergyman of Hampshire, had been obtained, but intelligence was accidentally found where it had never been thought necessary to make a search. In Rymer's Fœdera is a record of the presentation by King

Charles I., in 1638, of the Rev. Alexander Pope, A.M., to the prebend of Abbot's-Itchen, in the diocese of Winchester.[1] This notice would apply perfectly well, so far as dates are concerned, to Pope's grandfather, and if he was really the person mentioned, he must have been a clergyman of some consideration, not only holding a benefice, but a cathedral preferment.

Mr. Joseph Hunter has made further discoveries. In his interesting tract on "Pope; his Descent and Family Connections" (1857), Mr. Hunter has proved that a Rev. Alexander Pope of Hampshire, according to "The Book of Compositions for First Fruits," on the 31st of January, 1631, compounded for the first fruits of the rectory of Thruxton, in the county of Hants. 2. On November 23, 1633, he compounded for the first fruits of the prebend of Middleton. 3. And on May 23, 1639, for the first fruits of the prebend of Ichen-Abbot's (or Abbot's-Itchen, as in the Fœdera). He held the rectory of Thruxton till his death, and was buried there: "1645, Feb. 21. Alexander Pope, Minister of Thruxton, was buried."—*Register of Burials at Thruxton.*

Mr. Hunter has found another entry regarding a certain Alexander Pope of that period. In the will of Dr. Barcroft, Oxford, 1627, is a bequest "to his godson, John Wilkins, Zanchi's works, so many as I have, to be delivered to his father-in-law [or *stepfather*, Mr. Hunter says], Mr. Alexander Pope, for his use." John Wilkins is described by Mr. Hunter as the son of a goldsmith of Oxford, whose mother was one of the daughters of Dodd, of Fawsley, the noted Puritan minister. Mr. Hunter supposes that the Alexander Pope who was instituted to the rectory of Thruxton in 1631, is the Alexander Pope named in Dr. Barcroft's will in 1627, and that he was the son-in-law, or the grandson, of the Puritan minister. The Crown presentation appears to negative this conjecture. Alexander Pope, of Thruxton, owed his first appointments in the Church to private influence. In 1638 he was advanced a step by the Crown, and this seems to prove two things—first, that he was, by his talents or connexions, a clergyman of some little mark, and, secondly, that he was not a

[1] "Alexander Pope, clericus, A.M., habet Literas Patentes de presentatione ad Prebendam de Abbats-Itchen, diocesis Wintonie, per mortem ultimi incumbentis ibidem jam vacantem, et ad nostram presentationem pleno jure spectantem; et diriguntur he litere Reverendo in Christo Patri ac Domino Gualtero, permissione divina Wintonie Episcopo. Teste Rege apud Canbury, decimo septimo die Augusti." [Anno regni Car. I. 14.]—*Rymer's Fœdera*, tom. xx. p. 314. Lond. 1735.

There is one other notice of a Pope in the Fœdera. In 1628 occurs the name of Nicholas Pope, a clergyman and Master of Arts, in the diocese of Bath and Wells. He is described as a chaplain of the Bishop of that see, and obtains the Bishop's license and King's confirmation to hold another living along with his rectory of Blatchington.

Puritan. The Church patronage of the Crown was in 1638 in the hands of Archbishop Laud, and was carefully dispensed by him only to churchmen of his own ecclesiastical views and principles.

The registers of Thruxton contain no information relative to the Rev. Alexander Pope beyond the fact of his burial on the 21st of February, 1645 (1645-6?), at which time the poet's father was (assuming the date on his monument to be correct) between three and four years of age. There is no entry of the baptism of his children, if he had children, and no evidence that he was married. The fact of his relationship to the poet, though dates and other circumstances render it probable, is still, therefore, uncertain.

The family tradition that the poet was of the same stock as the Popes, Earls of Downe, is allowed by Mr. Hunter to be very probable. Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of that family, was of humble origin, the son of a yeoman at Deddington, in Oxfordshire. He was enriched by the spoils of the Church at the period of the Reformation, but died without issue. His brother was ennobled in 1628. If, therefore, the poet's ancestors were allied to this family, it must have been through the Deddington yeoman, and the connexion gives no support to Pope's claim of "gentle blood."

The maternal descent of the poet, however, warranted the assumption. It has been satisfactorily traced by Mr. Hunter to the reign of Elizabeth, and subsequently, by Mr. Robert Davies ("Pope: Additional Facts," &c., London, 1858), to the reign of Henry VIII. The family of Turner owed its advancement to the trade or commerce of the city of York. In 1553, Edward Turner, scrivener, son of Robert Turner, wax-chandler, being entitled by patrimony to the city franchise, was enrolled in the register of freemen. He was one of the officials of the Council of the North, owner of considerable property in the city of York, and of lands in the county, which he transmitted to his descendants. His eldest son, Lancelot, disposed of most of the town property, and purchased the manor and estate of Towthorpe. In the last year of the reign of Elizabeth, Feb. 10, 1603-4, a grant was made by the Crown to Lancelot Turner, of the manor of Towthorpe (where he then resided), in the county of York. In December, 1619, Lancelot Turner made his will. He appears to have been wealthy, and without any family of his own, and the bulk of his fortune—"all the manor of Towthorpe and lands there, and also a rent-charge of 70*l.* a year, which he has issuing out of the manor of Ruston"—he left to William Turner, son of his brother, Philip Turner. This William Turner was the poet's grandfather. His grandmother also was remembered in this will—most likely, as Mr. Hunter supposes, because she was about to become the wife of the nephew William, which she did not long afterwards: "To Thomasine Newton, daughter of Christopher Newton, late of Kilburn, gentleman, an annuity of 50*l.* for life, issuing out of the manor of

Towthorpe," &c. Some household goods and plate are also left to Thomasine Newton, with the testator's *song-books*. William Turner and Thomasine Newton were married at Huntington, Jan, 14, 1622, and had no less than seventeen children, of whom Edith, the mother of the poet, was one. The charge of so numerous a family may have reduced his estate, and he seems to have disposed of Towthorpe, but increased his estate or interest in Ruston. He lived some years at Worsborough, and had four children born there (Life of Pope, p. 11), but was living in York when he made his will, and died in 1665. He leaves his estate, consisting of messuages in York, his manor of Ruston, with its appurtenances in Ruston, Wickham, and Marton, and the rent-charge from Ruston of 70*l.* to his wife, so long as she continues a widow, and after her death the messuages in York to be conveyed to seven of his daughters (only one of whom, Alice Mawhood, was then married), and the Ruston estate and rent-charge to descend to his *only son*, William Turner, his heirs, &c. A sum of 40*l.* is also left to be divided among the seven daughters, with all his personal estate, and 20s. to each for mourning rings. Another daughter, Thomasine Turner, is left 50*l.*, "in full of her filial part," and his artist son-in-law, Cooper, and his wife, are each to receive 20s. for rings. The rent-charge of 70*l.* descended to the poet's mother, the last survivor of this large family, and was bequeathed by her husband to his son, the poet. (See will of the elder Pope in Life of Pope, p. 464.) No trace has been found of the "sequestrations and forfeitures of the family," mentioned by Pope, or of the three brothers, of whom William, as we have seen, was the only survivor in 1665. He rose to be a general officer in Spain, according to the poet; and Mr. Hunter adds: "The General used to speak of his *ten* sisters [some of the fourteen may have died young], and to compare them with the five wise and five foolish virgins, that is, five Roman Catholics, and five of the Protestant Church; but which, in his opinion, were the wise and the foolish, does not appear in the family tradition preserved by John Charles Brooke, Somerset Herald, who was descended of one of them." Pope is silent as to all his aunts and their descendants.

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## SATIRE I.—TO MR. FORTESCUE.

### DARTINEUF.

Ver. 46. *Darty his ham-pie.*] Charles Dartineuf, or Dartiquenave, was Paymaster of the Board of Works, and Surveyor of the Royal Gardens, in 1736. He was, as Swift describes him, a "true epicure," and a man "that knows everything, and everybody; where a knot of

rabble are going on a holiday, and where they were last." His partiality for ham-pie has been confirmed by Warburton and Dodsley. Pope, he said, had done justice to his taste; if he had given him *sweet pie* he never could have pardoned him. Lord Lyttelton, in his Dialogues of the Dead, has introduced Dartineuf discoursing with Apicius on the subject of good eating, ancient and modern. His favourite dish, ham-pie, is there commemorated; but Dartineuf is made to lament his ill-fortune in having lived before turtle-feasts were known in England. Swift, in his Journal to Stella, mentions dining with Dartineuf one day at Eckershall's. "James," he says, "is Clerk of the Kitchen to the Queen, and has a snug little house at St. James's, and we had the Queen's wine, *and such fine victuals that I could not eat it.*" The masculine tastes of Swift made him reject the epicurism of his friend, as Sir Walter Scott preferred his simple Scotch fare—sheep's-head and whisky-punch—to French wines and French cookery. Pope and Gay would have had more sympathy with the accomplished epicure. But Dartineuf had higher tastes than those which the Clerk of the Kitchen gratified. He was a well-educated, well-informed man, and a peculiarly agreeable companion. He was a writer in the Tatler, though only one of his papers has been ascertained. This is on a congenial subject—the cheerful use of wine, which he considers to be designed for a "loftier indulgence of nature" than merely satisfying thirst. He describes the beneficial effects of wine in the case of one of his friends, and this friend is supposed to have been Addison.

"I have the good fortune," he says, "to be intimate with a gentleman who has an inexhaustible source of wit to entertain the curious, the grave, the humorous, and the frolic. He can transform himself into different shapes, and adapt himself to every company; yet, in a coffee-house, or in the ordinary course of affairs, appears rather dull than sprightly. You can seldom get him to the tavern, but, when once he is arrived to his pint, and begins to look about, and like his company, you admire a thousand things in him which before lay buried. Then you discover the brightness of his mind and the strength of his judgment, accompanied with the most graceful mirth. In a word, by this enlivening aid, he is whatever is polite, instructive, and diverting. What makes him still more agreeable is, that he tells a story, serious or comical, with as much delicacy of humour as Cervantes himself. And for all this, at other times, even after a long knowledge of him, you shall scarce discern in this incomparable person a whit more than what might be expected from one of a common capacity. Doubtless there are men of great parts that are guilty of downright bashfulness, that, by a strange hesitation, and reluctance to speak, murder the finest and most elegant thoughts, and render the most lively conceptions flat and heavy. In this case, a certain quantity of my white or red cordial—which you will—is an easy but infallible remedy. It awakens the judgment, quickens memory,

ripens understanding, disperses melancholy, cheers the heart; in a word, restores the whole man to himself and his friends, without the least pain or indisposition to the patient."—*Tatler*, No. 252.

Dartineuf's fine dishes and wines could not have much shortened his life. This paper in the Tatler was written in 1710, and he did not die till 1737. In some of the accounts of this gentleman, he is said to have been the *élève* of a refugee French family whose name he took; while others represent him as an illegitimate son of Charles II.

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## WILL SHIPPEN.

Ver. 52. *As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne.*] Of the French essayist, Michael de Montaigne, it is useless here to speak. His delightful volumes, whether in the original or in the racy homespun English of Charles Cotton, are as popular and as likely to be lasting as the poetical Essays of Pope. William Shippen, or "Honest Will Shippen," as he was called, resembled Montaigne only in his plain speaking; and had it not been for this line of Pope, his name would long since have dropped from all but the bye-corners of history. He was, however, a noted Tory and Jacobite leader in the reigns of George I. and II. He was sent to the Tower for saying in the House of Commons, and refusing to retract the expression, that part of the King's speech (George I.) "seemed rather to be calculated for the meridian of Germany than Great Britain; and that 'twas a great misfortune that the King was a stranger to our language and constitution." Shippen was above thirty years in Parliament. He openly avowed his desire to have the Stuarts restored: and when asked how he would vote on certain occasions, he used jocularly to answer, "I cannot tell until I hear from Rome." Notwithstanding his Jacobitism, Shippen had a personal regard for Walpole, and would occasionally remark, "Robin and I are honest men; he is for King George and I for King James; but as for these fellows with the long cravats (Sandys, Rushout, and others), they only desire places either under King George or King James." Various efforts were made to silence or to soften Shippen, but he was incorruptible. At this time he had only about 400*l* a year, and, though bred to the law, had no professional practice. He afterwards married the daughter of Sir Richard Stote, of Northumberland, with whom he had a fortune of 70,000*l*. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, has also commemorated old Shippen. In his verses on the election of a poet laureate, he says:

> To Shippen, Apollo was cold with respect,
> But said in a greater assembly he shined,
> *As places are things he had ever declined.*

This was as early as 1719, when Eusden was appointed laureate. Shippen was fully as well qualified for the office, for he had written "Faction Displayed," and some other political verses. Considering the strong Jacobite predilection of this politician, it is surprising that he could take the oaths to the reigning sovereign. Walpole is said on one occasion to have charged him—no doubt as a mere piece of humour—with kissing his thumb instead of the New Testament; upon which the other exclaimed, "Ah, Robin, that's not fair." Shippen's speeches are described as "generally containing some pointed period, which he uttered with great animation; he usually spoke in a low tone of voice, with too great rapidity, and held his glove before his mouth." He died in 1743, aged seventy-one.

## COUNTESS OF DELORAINE.

Ver. 81. *Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage.*] Mary Howard, Countess of Deloraine, bears the "sad burden" of this imputation. She was the young widow of Henry Scott, second son of the Duke of Monmouth and Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch, and who had been created Earl of Deloraine in 1706. Delia was governess—apparently a very unfit one—to the young princesses, daughters of George II., and was a favourite with the king, with whom she generally played cards in the evenings in the princesses' apartments. Sir Robert Walpole considered Lady Deloraine as a dangerous person about the court, for she possessed, according to the shrewd Minister, a weak head, a pretty face, a lying tongue, and a false heart. Lord Hervey, in his Court Ballad written in 1742, sarcastically styles her "*virtuous*, and *sober*, and *wise* Deloraine;" and in his Memoirs, under date of 1735, he describes her as "one of the vainest as well as one of the simplest women that ever lived; but to this wretched head," he adds, "there was certainly joined one of the prettiest faces that ever was formed; which, though she was now five-and-thirty, had a bloom upon it, too, that not one woman in ten thousand has at fifteen." Horace Walpole, the unrivalled court gossip and scandal-monger, gives a ludicrous anecdote illustrating the manners of the court circle: "There has been a great fracas at Kensington (1742). One of the mesdames (the princesses) pulled the chair from under Countess Deloraine at cards, who, being provoked that her monarch was diverted with her disgrace, with the malice of a hobby-horse gave him just such another fall. But, alas! the monarch, like Louis XIV., is mortal in the part that touched the ground, and was so hurt and so angry, that the countess is disgraced, and her German rival remains in the sole and quiet possession of her royal master's favour." The story of the poisoning to which Pope alludes, was a common rumour at the time, the alleged victim being a Miss Mackenzie, a beauty, and

we suppose the same lady who is noticed in the journals as having been appointed Maid of Honour in November, 1732, the daughter of Colonel Mackenzie. She was said to have been poisoned in a fit of jealousy by Lady Deloraine. It was probably a mere piece of scandal at the expense of a *worthless*, though no doubt *envied*, court favourite. No proceedings appear to have followed upon the report; it did not affect the countess's position at court; nor did it prevent her getting a second husband in the person of a country squire, W. Wyndham, Esq., of Carsham She died in 1744, when she could only have been about forty-two years of age.

In a contemporary rhyming Epistle to Pope, in the Scots Magazine for April, 1740, the poisoning case is alluded to in the following passage, but the writer appears to make Lord Deloraine (who died in 1730) the victim:

> When that of late you lash'd the poisoning dame,
> Did you do right to screen her guilty name?
> D * * * 's fatal skill who has not heard?
> A h—b—d victim the whole town has scared;
> Esculapius' aid almost too late
> To make M * * * void the chocolate.
> How is a secret rival to be fear'd,
> When lust prevails and reason is debarr'd!

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## LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Ver. 82. *From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate.*] Pope denied that this abominable couplet applied to Lady Mary, but it contains the same gross imputation which he had undoubtedly made against her five years before in the Dunciad (book ii. v. 136). The town seems also to have entertained the conviction that Lady Mary was aimed at, and Lord Marchmont, the poet's friend, concurred in the general belief. The lady herself (we must think with singular indelicacy) applied to Lord Peterborough on the subject. His lordship writes to her as follows:

"Madam,—I am very unwilling to have my name made use of in an affair in which I have no concern, and, therefore, would not engage myself to speak to Mr. Pope; but he, coming to my house the moment you went away, I gave him as exact an account as I could of our conversation. He said to me, what I had taken the liberty to say to you, that he wondered how the town would apply these lines to any but some noted common woman; that he should be yet more surprised if you should take them to yourself. He named to me four remarkable poetesses and scribblers, Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. Haywood, Mrs. Manley, and Mrs. Behn, ladies famous indeed in their genera-

tion, and some of them seemed to have given very unfortunate favours to their friends, assuring me that such only were the objects of his satire. I hope this assurance will prevent your further mistake, and any consequences upon so odd a subject. I have nothing more to add.

"Your ladyship's most humble and obedient servant,

"PETERBOROUGH."

The authoresses here named were, with one exception, all dead, and pretty well forgotten. Mrs. Behn had died forty-four years before; Mrs. Centlivre, ten years; and Mrs. Manley, nine. Mrs. Haywood still lived; but her latter works were unexceptionable in point of morality, and the poor woman was as far as possible from being a *furious* and *libelling* Sappho. That the miserable dead poetasters could inspire either fear or anger, is an idea too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment. The Sappho of Pope must have some resemblance in power to the Delia of the same passage—the courtly, sensual, false, and even murderous Countess Deloraine.

Lady Mary and the town felt this; the cry had gone out against her, and instead of adopting the sensible advice of the gallant Peterborough, the indignant lady prepared for a *furious* poetical war. Pope's imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace was published in February [entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 14th], and on March 8th appeared "Verses addressed to the Imitator of Horace," by a Lady. It is probable that Lady Mary had gained the willing assistance of her friend, Lord Hervey, who had already smarted under the lash of Pope; and, between them, was composed that crude, coarse, undignified, but not imbecile satire. The opening lines refer to Pope's system of printing the text of Horace in one page, and his own imitation on the opposite page:

In two large columns on thy motley page,
Where Roman wit is striped with English rage;
Where ribaldry to satire makes pretence,
And modern scandal rolls with ancient sense:
Whilst on one side we see how Horace thought;
And on the other how he never wrote:
Who can believe, who view the bad, the good,
That the dull copyist better understood
That spirit, he pretends to imitate,
Than heretofore that Greek he did translate?

Thine is just such an image of *his* pen,
As thou thyself art of the sons of men:
Where our own species in burlesque we trace,
A sign-post likeness of the human race;
That is at once resemblance and disgrace.

> Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear;
> You only coarsely rail, or darkly sneer:
> His style is elegant, his diction pure,
> Whilst none thy crabbed numbers can endure:
> *Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure.*

The proper objects of satire are then defined, and Pope's enormities of course pointed out

> Is this the thing to keep mankind in awe,
> *To make those tremble who escape the law?*
> Is this *the ridicule* to live so long,
> The *deathless satire* and *immortal song?*
> No: like the self-blown praise, thy scandal flies;
> And, as we're told of wasps, it stings and dies. . . .
> Then whilst with coward hand you stab a name,
> And try at least to assassinate our fame,
> Like the first bold assassin's be thy lot,
> Ne'er be thy guilt forgiven or forgot;
> But, as thou hat'st, be hated by mankind,
> And, with the emblem of thy crooked mind
> Mark'd on thy back, like Cain, by God's own hand,
> Wander, like him, accursed through the land.

Lady Mary knew well where the dreaded enemy was most vulnerable. The allusions to obscure birth and personal deformity—though utterly disgraceful to the noble writers of the verses—pierced most deeply, and were sure to provoke a reply. Pope, however, paused to collect his strength. He had higher game to fly at than the Dennises, Welsteds, and James Moore-Smythes, and there was personal danger in attacking too fiercely even a Vice-Chamberlain of the Court, and a lady who numbered so many lords as friends and relatives in her train. In this portentous calm, Lord Hervey tried a second blow. It does not appear that Lady Mary lent her aid to this new effort, and, consequently, it is vastly inferior to the first. It is in the form of a Letter from a Nobleman at Hampton Court to a Doctor of Divinity (Dr. Sherwin). A few lines will suffice :

> Guiltless of thought, each blockhead may compose
> This nothing meaning verse, as well as prose;
> And Pope with justice of such lines may say,
> His Lordship "spins a thousand such a day."
> Such Pope himself might write, who ne'er could think,
> He who at crambo plays with pen and ink,
> And is called Poet, 'cause in rhyme he wrote
> What Dacier construed, and what Homer thought.

Pope was now ready both in prose and verse. The former was a Letter to a Noble Lord, on occasion of some Libels written and pro-

pagated at Court in the Year 1732-3. The letter was shown to some friends, but not published. The poetical reply was contained in the Epistle to Arbuthnot, and included that most tremendous of all his invectives, the character of Sporus, in which Lord Hervey's appearance, character, tastes, and habits are so unmercifully, yet, in many points, so truly, satirised and delineated.

The year preceding his death, Lord Hervey published a poetical Essay—an attempt at ethics—on "The Difference between Verbal and Practical Virtue, exemplified in some Instances, both Ancient and Modern." Pope is the modern instance, and he is charged with all manner of crimes—as lost to decency and honour, libelling the living, and aspersing the dead. Some lines in this sketch are forcible and poetical:

> Such is the injustice of his daily theme,
> And such the lust that breaks his nightly dream,
> That vestal fire of undecaying hate,
> Which Time's cold tide itself can ne'er abate.

But, was Hervey's resentment less durable or less vindictive?

Lady Mary wisely withdrew from the contest: there were poisoned arrows on both sides, but Pope's were unerring and irresistible. She went abroad in 1739. Spence and Walpole met her next year in Rome. The good-natured Spence reported pretty favourably. "She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet; she is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best-natured, cruelest woman in the world; 'all things by turns and nothing long!'" Walpole had as strong an aversion to Lady Mary as Pope himself, being, from certain family connexions, biased from his birth against her. He mentions the wandering lady's eccentricities. "Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence, must amaze any one that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob, that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang loose, never combed or curled, an old mazarine blue wrapper, that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat. Her face swelled violently on one side, partly covered with a plaster, and partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought coarse," &c. A libellous caricature! Lady Mary did not return till she was past seventy—a worn-out wanderer, and a victim to cancer. The scene was soon closed; but she has two imperishable claims on the world's gratitude—her courageous perseverance in introducing the art of inoculation, which she had learned in Turkey, and her Letters from Abroad, so full of fine description and novel facts, of intelligence and animation.

The question as to the joint authorship of the "Verses to the Imitator of Horace" has recently been investigated by a writer in the Athenæum, March 21, 1857. Both Lady Mary and Lord Hervey left

manuscript copies of the poem (See Life of Pope, p. 302); but the first edition, advertised March 8, 1733, printed for A. Dodd, bears on the title-page "*By a Lady.*" On the following day, another copy, printed for J. Roberts, appeared without the words "by a Lady." This almost simultaneous publication and the alteration in the title-page were, no doubt, done for the purpose of mystification, and Pope alludes to it in his Letter to Lord Hervey as a joint production, though at first, in writing to Fortescue, he sets it down as Lady Mary's. The writer in the Athenæum adds. "Lord Hervey probably undertook to publish a copy through Roberts, in which case it might be thought necessary, in order to keep up the mystery, to make some corrections for a new edition in his own hand; but with the words 'by a Lady,' on the title-page of the original edition, the words 'by a Lady of Quality,' in the advertisement, and with the fact of Lady Mary's having copied them into a book verified by her own hand as written by her, I cannot but believe that she was the writer." The *principal* writer; but as Lord Hervey was concerned in the mystification, it is highly probable (even judging from the internal evidence) that he was also concerned in the composition. A copy of the first edition of the "Verses" is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford; it had originally belonged to Lord Oxford, who has written on the title, "The authors of this poem are Lady Mary Wortley, Lord Hervey, and Mr. Windham, under-tutor to the Duke of Cumberland, and married to my Lady Deloraine."

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## THE SECOND SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

### ADDRESSED TO MR. HUGH BETHEL.

### EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU AND HIS SON.

Ver. 49. *Avidien or his wife.*] Mr. Wortley, the husband of Lady Mary, was the son of the Hon. Sidney Montagu, and by his mother, Mrs. Anne Wortley, he inherited the large Wortley estate in Yorkshire, where most of his latter years were passed. At the date of Pope's satire, Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary were living together. She went abroad a second time in 1739, and did not return till after the death of her husband in 1761. They seem to have parted by mutual consent; there was nothing domestic in the witty lady's character; but she kept up a friendly correspondence with her husband

to the last. Writing to him from Avignon, in 1745, she says, "Since the death of Pope I know nobody that is an enemy to either of us." *She* was never without enemies, or at least quarrels, the natural result of her own caprice, violence, and proneness to satire. Mr. Wortley continued quietly in his retreat near Sheffield, hoarding up money and watching over his health. He amassed an immense fortune, nearly a million of money, exclusive of his estates, and lived to a great age. In 1756, Horace Walpole looked in upon him at Wharncliffe. "Old Wortley Montagu," he says, "lives on the very spot where the dragon of Wantley did, only I believe the latter was much better lodged. You never saw such a wretched hovel; lean, unpainted, and half its nakedness barely shaded with harateen, stretched till it cracks. Here the miser hoards health and money, his only two objects. He has chronicles in behalf of the air, and battens on Tokay, his single indulgence, as he has heard it is particularly salutary. But the savageness of the scene would charm your Alpine taste. It is tumbled with fragments of mountains, that look ready for building the world. One scrambles over a huge terrace, on which mountain ashes and various trees spring out of the very rocks; and at the brow is the den, but not spacious enough for such an inmate. However, I am persuaded it furnished Pope with this line, so exactly it answers to the picture:

On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes.

I wanted to ask if Pope had not visited Lady Mary Wortley here during their intimacy, but could one put that question to Avidien himself? There remains an ancient odd inscription here which has such a whimsical mixture of devotion and romanticness, that I must transcribe it: 'Preye for the soul of Sir Thomas Wortley, Knight of the body to the Kings Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., whose faults God pardon. He caused a Lodge to be built on this craig in the midst of Wharncliffe to hear the hart's bell, in the year our Lord 1510.' It was a chase, and what he meant to hear was the noise of the stags."

Pope alludes (ver. 56) to the son of Wortley and Lady Mary. The allusion is harsh and unjust, for there was no want of proper feeling on the part of the parents towards this most extraordinary and profligate youth. This second Edward Wortley was worthy of a niche in Pope's gallery of originals. He ran off on three separate occasions from Westminster School, sailed as a cabin boy to Spain, was discovered, and restored to his parents. He next travelled with a tutor on the Continent, returned to England, and sat for two parliaments in the House of Commons. Extravagance brought debt, and debt forced him abroad; in France he cheated a Jew—a marvellous instance of his adroitness—and was subjected to a short imprison-

ment; in Italy he adopted the Roman Catholic religion; and in Turkey he became a strict Mahometan. His father deprived him by his will of the succession to the family estate.

"But even this step," says Lord Wharncliffe, "was not taken without a sufficient provision being made for him; and, in the event of his having an heir legitimately born, the estate was to return to that heir, to the exclusion of his sister Lady Bute's children. This provision in Mr. Wortley's will he endeavoured to take advantage of in a manner which is highly characteristic. Mr. Edward Wortley, early in life, was married in a way not then uncommon, namely, a Fleet marriage. With that wife he did not live long, and he had no issue. After his father's death he lived several years in Egypt, and there is supposed to have professed the religion of Mahomet, and indulged in the plurality of wives permitted by that faith. In the year 1776, Mr. E. Wortley, then living at Venice, his wife being dead, through the agency (as is supposed) of his friend Romney, the painter, caused an advertisement to be inserted in the Public Advertiser of April 16th in that year, in the following words:

"'A gentleman who has filled two successive seats in Parliament, is nearly sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry a widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polite manners, and is five or six months gone in her pregnancy. Letters directed to —— Brecknock, Esq., at Will's Coffee House, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every mark of respect.'

"It has always been believed in the family that this advertisement was successful, and that a woman having the qualifications required by it was actually sent to Paris to meet Mr. E. Wortley, who got as far as Lyons on his way thither. There, however, while eating a beccafico for supper, a bone stuck in his throat, and occasioned his death; thus putting an end to this honest scheme."[1]

The scheme could not have stood an examination in a court of law, but it formed a fitting close to such a life.

[1] Lord Wharncliffe's edit. of Lady Mary W. Montagu's Works.

# EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

## DEATH OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

Dial. i. v. 82. *All parts perform'd, and all her children bless'd.*] This passage (which is not in the first edition) is ironical. The Queen was taken ill on the 9th of November, 1737, and continued getting worse. On the 11th, the Prince sent to request that he might see her, but the king said this was like one of the *scoundrel's* tricks, and he forbade the Prince to send messages, or approach St. James's. The Queen herself was no less decided. In fact, the family feud was of the bitterest description, and of many years' standing. Its cause has never been satisfactorily explained, but in the rival Courts there were never wanting occasions for fresh enmity and exasperation. The King, it appears, relaxed so far as to say to her Majesty, that, if she had the least mind to see her son, he had no objection to it. "I am so far," said the Queen, "from desiring to see him, that nothing but your absolute commands should ever make me consent to it. For what should I see him? For him to tell me a hundred lies, and to give myself at this time a great deal of trouble to no purpose. If anything I could say to him would alter his behaviour, I would see him with all my heart; but I know that is impossible. Whatever advice I gave him he would thank me for, *pleureroit comme un veau* all the while I was speaking, and swear to follow my directions, and would laugh at me the moment he was out of the room, and do just the contrary of all I bid him the moment I was dead. And, therefore, if I should grow worse, and be weak enough to talk of seeing him, I beg you, sir, to conclude that I dote or rave." The speech was characteristic of Caroline—a strong-minded, resolute, ambitious woman, with little tenderness or religion. She was then dying of the effects of a rupture, which she had courageously concealed for fourteen years, and she would have died without declaring it, had not the King communicated the fact to her attendants. This delicacy was not (as Lord Hervey says) merely an ill-timed coquetry at fifty-four, that would hardly have been excusable at twenty-five. She feared to lose her power over the King, which she had held firmly in spite of all his mistresses, and was in constant apprehension of making her person distasteful to her husband. The Prince continued to send messages to the dying Queen, and the messengers got into the palace, but the Queen wished to have the *ravens* (who, she said, were only there to watch her death, and would gladly tear her to pieces whilst she was alive) turned out of the house, and the old King was inexorable. About the seventh day of the Queen's illness, the Archbishop of Canterbury,

Dr. Potter, was sent for. He continued to attend every morning and evening, but her Majesty did not receive the sacrament. Some of Lord Hervey's revelations are curious enough. Her Majesty, it appears, advised the King, in case she died, to marry again. George sobbed and shed tears: whilst in the midst of this passion, wiping his eyes and sobbing between every word, with much ado he got out this answer: "Non, j'aurai des maîtresses:" to which the Queen made no other reply than, "Ah, mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas."

When she had finished all she had to say on these subjects, she said she fancied she could sleep. The King said many kind things to her, and kissed her face and her hands a hundred times; but even at this time, on her asking for her watch, which hung by the chimney, in order to give it to him to take care of her seal, the natural *brusquerie* of his temper, even in these moments, broke out, which showed how addicted he was to snapping without being angry, and that he was often capable of using those worst whom he loved best; for, on this proposal of giving him the watch to take care of the seal with the Queen's arms, in the midst of sobs and tears, he raised and quickened his voice, and said, "Ah, my God! let it alone: the Queen has always such strange fancies. Who should meddle with your seal? Is it not as safe there as in my pocket?"

During their night watches, the King and Lord Hervey had many conversations, all which the Court Boswell reports fully. George wished to impress upon the Privy Seal that the Queen's affectionate behaviour was the natural effect of an amorous attachment to his person, and an adoration of his great genius! He narrated instances of his own intrepidity, during a severe illness and in a great storm; and, one night while he was discoursing in this strain, the Princess Emily, who lay upon a couch in the room, pretended to fall asleep. Soon after, his Majesty went into the Queen's room."

"As soon as his back was turned, Princess Emily started up, and said, 'Is he gone? How tiresome he is!' Lord Hervey replied only, 'I thought your Royal Highness had been asleep.' 'No,' said the Princess Emily; 'I only shut my eyes that I might not join in the *ennuyante* conversation, and I wish I could have shut my ears too. In the first place, I am sick to death of hearing of his great courage every day of my life; in the next place, one thinks now of mamma, and not of him. Who cares for his old storm? I believe, too, it is a great lie, and that he was as much afraid as I should have been, for all what he says now.'"

Other glimpses of the interior of this strange Court at this time are furnished by Lord Hervey. Walpole appears in no better light than the coarse, boasting sovereign. But at length the last scene came. There had been about eleven days of suffering:

"On Sunday, the 20th November, in the evening, she asked Dr.

Tesier—with no seeming impatience under any article of her present circumstances but their duration—how long he thought it was possible for all this to last? To which he answered, 'Je crois que votre Majesté sera bientôt soulagée.' And she calmly replied. 'Tant mieux.' About ten o'clock on Sunday night, the King being in bed and asleep, on the floor, at the foot of the Queen's bed, and the Princess Emily in a couch bed in a corner of the room, the Queen began to rattle in the throat; and Mrs. Purcel giving the alarm that she was expiring, all in the room started up. Princess Caroline was sent for, and Lord Hervey, but before the last arrived the Queen was just dead. All she said before she died was, 'I have now got an asthma; open the window.' Then she said, 'Pray,' upon which the Princess Emily began to read some prayers, of which she scarce repeated ten words before the Queen expired. The Princess Caroline held a looking-glass to her lips, and finding there was not the least damp upon it, cried, ''Tis over.'"

George did not marry again, but contented himself with "des maîtresses." He survived nearly twenty-three years, dying suddenly on the 25th of October, 1760. He directed that his remains and those of the Queen should be *mingled together*, and accordingly one side of each of the wooden coffins was withdrawn and the two bodies placed together in a stone sarcophagus.

# IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

## BOOK I. EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'Tis true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Changed it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am sick, 5
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in every street,
And funerals black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores: 10
And what a dust in every place!
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!
"The dog-days are no more the case." 15
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
And you shall see, the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together. 20
My Lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to every one that comes,
Just as a Scotchman does his plums.
"Pray take them, sir,—enough's a feast: 25
Eat some, and pocket up the rest."—

What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
"No, sir, you'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye. 30
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is, or should 35
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free; 40
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your honour's ear.
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye, 45
The engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a summer-sun,
And kept you up so oft till one:
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda raised my strain.[1] 50

[1] [This is an agreeable touch of egotism. The lively eye Pope certainly possessed; and his early gaiety of spirits must have been heightened by the "voluntary vein" of the Rape of the Lock, which established his reputation, and by the success of his Homer, which rendered him independent in his circumstances. He was rarely, if ever, seen to laugh, but had a peculiarly sweet smile. Mr. Bowles has an interesting note, comparing the succession of Pope's original productions with the progress of his mind and character. "In his earliest effusion—the Ode on Solitude—all is rural, quiet, innocence, content, &c. We next see in his Pastorals the golden age of happiness, while the

Shepherd lad leads forth his flock
Beside the silver Thame.

"His next step, Windsor Forest, exhibits the same rural turn, but with views more diversified and extended, and approaching more to the real history and concerns of life. The warm passions of youth succeed, and we are interested in the fate of the tender Sappho, or the ardent and unfortunate Eloise. As the world opens, local manners are displayed. In the Rape of

A weasel once made shift to slink
In at a corn-loft through a chink;
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the house 55
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cried, "You 'scape not so,
Lean as you came, sir, you must go."
Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation; 60
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South Sea subscriptions take who please, 65
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,[2]
Who praised my modesty, and smiled.
Give me, I cried (enough for me),
My bread, and independency! 70
So bought an annual rent or two,
And lived—just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.

the Lock we see the first playful effort of satire, without ill nature, at once gay, elegant, and delightful:

Belinda smiles, and all the world is gay.

"The man of severer thought now appears in the Essay on Man. The same vein shows itself in the Moral Essays; but the investigation is directed to individual failings, and mingled with spleen and anger. In the later satires we witness the language of acrimony and bitterness. The Dunciad closes the prospect, and we there behold the aged bard amid a swarm of enemies, who began his career all innocence, happiness, and smiles." The ingenious and poetical commentator omitted the reasoning and reflective vein, not unmingled with satire, which Pope had displayed in the Essay on Criticism, before he painted the charms of Belinda.]

[2] [Craggs the younger, and Sir Francis Child, the eminent banker, and M.P. for Middlesex, who died in 1740. Warburton says that Mr. Craggs gave the poet some South Sea subscriptions, but he was so indifferent about them as to neglect making any benefit of them. "He used to say it was a satisfaction to him that he did not grow rich, as he might have done, by the public calamity."]

Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well, 75
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.
There died my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better. 80
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
"Harley, the nation's great support,"—
But you may read it,—I stop short.

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## BOOK II. SATIRE VI.

THE FIRST PART IMITATED IN THE YEAR 1714, BY DR. SWIFT; THE LATTER PART NOW FIRST ADDED. (*Pope*, 1738.)

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house, to lodge a friend;
A river at my garden's end;
A terrace-walk, and half a rood 5
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
[But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine, but till I die; 10
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.
If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules, 15
And not like forty other fools:
As thus, "Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre:
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure:" 20

But only what my station fits.
And to be kept in my right wits.
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose 25
Something in verse as true as prose:
Removed from all the ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.][1]
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;[2] 30
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the dean will be of use, 35
Send for him up; take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas;
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found: 40
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er considered yet.

[1] [The twenty lines within brackets are not in the early copies of this imitation. Pope distinguishes them (Works, vol. ii. Part ii., Dodsley, 1738) by inverted commas. Lord Bathurst, in a letter to Swift, Oct. 5, 1737, says: "The fable of the Country and City Mouse is as prettily told as anything of that kind ever was: possibly, if you look over your papers you may find that you finished the whole; if not, I enjoin you as a task to go through with it." On the back of the original letter Swift has observed that upon receiving it he added twenty lines to the poem.]

[2] [Swift always considered his preferment to the Deanery of St. Patrick's as a banishment. Various references to this occur in his correspondence In the Additional MSS., British Museum, are two letters addressed by Swift, in 1709, to the Earl of Halifax, entreating for preferment, and specifying particularly the reversion of Dr. South's prebend, at Westminster. If this reversion could not be compassed, he was anxious to be named for the bishopric of Cork. (See "Letters of Eminent Literary Men," by Sir H. Ellis, Camden, Soc. 1843, and Life of Pope in this edition, p. 99.) Lord Orrery's conjecture is, no doubt, the true one. Swift's English friends wished him promoted *at a distance*, not in England, where his intractable spirit and eccentric movements might have occasioned uneasiness and trouble.]

"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away, 45
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round.
Chequered with ribands blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between? 50
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud
To justle here among a crowd."
Another, in a surly fit, 55
Tells me I have more zeal than wit:
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove;
But rudely press before a duke."
I own, I'm pleased with this rebuke, 60
And take it kindly, meant to show,
What I desire the world should know.
  I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools, I never saw,
Come, with petitions fairly penn'd, 65
Desiring I would stand their friend.
  This, humbly offers me his case—
That, begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears. 70
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone:"
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind, 75
To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider, 'tis my first request."
Be satisfied, I'll do my best:
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please; 80
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you"—

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four),
Since Harley bid me first attend, 85
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" and, "How's the wind?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?" 90
Or gravely try to read the lines,
Writ underneath the country-signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains 95
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a-week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaimed at Charing-cross. 100
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well:
"How think you of our friend the dean?
I wonder what some people mean;
My lord and he are grown so great, 105
Always together *tête-à-tête*.
What, they admire him for his jokes—
See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report,
Of some express arrived at Court; 110
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in every street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
Inform us, will the Emperor treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?" 115
'Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, doctor, how you love to jest.
'Tis now no secret."—I protest
'Tis one to me—"Then, tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?" 120
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,

They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
  Thus in a sea of folly toss'd, 125
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country-seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book, 130
And there, in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.[3]
O charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine;
My friends above, my folks below, 135
Chatting and laughing all a-row:
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup served with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleased, and please,
And e'en the very dogs at ease! 140
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what's in either of the Houses:
But something much more our concern, 145
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to choose our friends
For their own worth, or our own ends? 150
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all?
  Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *à propos*:[4]

[3] [Here ends the satire as originally written and published.]

[4] [Prior has several little apologues on mice. His first work was the City and Country Mouse, a parody on Dryden's Hind and Panther, by Prior and Montagu (afterwards Lord Halifax). Pope's silence as to Montagu's share in the satire seems to countenance the observation of Lord Peterborough, who, being asked if Montagu did not write the Country Mouse with Prior, replied, "Yes, just as if I was in a chaise, with Mr. Cheselden here, drawn by his fine horse, and should say, 'Lord, how finely we draw this chaise!'"]

Name a town life, and in a trice, 155
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Received a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord. 160
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet loved his friend, and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coûte qui coûte*,
He brought him bacon (nothing lean), 165
Pudding that might have pleased a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though noway sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring. 170
Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat.
But Lord! my friend this savage scene! 175
For God's sake come and live with men:
Consider mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I:
Then spend your life in joy and sport,
(This doctrine, friend, I learned at court)." 180
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation,
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn;
('Twas on the night of a debate, 185
When all their Lordships had sat late.)
Behold the place, where if a poet
Shined in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls; 190
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,
The moon was up and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red: 195

The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat *tête-à-tête*.
  Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law, 200
"*Que ça est bon! Ah, goutez ça!*
That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs, and swills, and stuffs again. 205
"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good.
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall 210
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:



"A RAT, A RAT! CLAP TO THE DOOR!"

"A rat, a rat! clap to the door"—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice! 215
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)
"An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
"This same dessert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree 220
A crust of bread, and liberty!"

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## BOOK IV. ODE I.

### TO VENUS.[1]

AGAIN? new tumults in my breast?
Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
Ah, sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.
Mother too fierce of dear desires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To Number Five direct your doves,
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves;[2]
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With every sprightly, every decent part;
Equal, the injured to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
He, with a hundred arts refined,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.

[1] This and the unfinished imitation of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book, which follows, show as happy a vein for the Odes of Horace as for the Epistles.—*Warburton.*

[2] [Murray's chambers were at this time in King's Bench Walks, No. 5.]

Then shall thy form the marble grace
  (Thy Grecian form), and Chloe lend the face:
His house, embosom'd in the grove,
  Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,
  Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
Thither, the silver-sounding lyres
  Shall call the smiling loves, and young desires;
There, every Grace and Muse shall throng,
  Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
  Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
  For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
  The still-believing, still-renew'd desire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
  And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
  Steals down my cheek the involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
  Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dress'd in Fancy's airy beam,
  Absent I follow through the extended dream;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
  And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms,
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
  Or softly glide by the canal,
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
  And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

## PART OF THE NINTH ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

Lest you should think that verse shall die,
  Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
  Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
  In Spenser native muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
  Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.

Sages and chiefs long since had birth,
  Ere Cæsar was, or Newton named;
These raised new empires o'er the earth;
  And those, new heavens and systems framed.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride
They had no poet, and they died.
In vain they schemed, in vain they bled
They had no poet, and are dead.

# MISCELLANIES.

## ARGUS.

WHEN wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests toss'd,
Arrived at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,
To all his friends and even his queen unknown;
Changed as he was, with age, and toils, and cares, 5
Furrow'd his reverend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forced to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew! 10
Unfed, unhoused, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant, now cashier'd, he lay;
*And though even then expiring on the plain,*
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again. 15
Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he could) and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet,
Seized with dumb joy—then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died!

[The above was sent by Pope to H. Cromwell, in a letter dated Oct. 19, 1709. The line which we have printed in italics is in the original MS., but was omitted by Pope in preparing his letters for publication. The letter to Cromwell contains a very interesting panegyric upon dogs. "Histories," he says, "are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not insist upon many of them, because it is possible some may be almost as fabulous as those of Pylades and Orestes, &c. I will only say for the honour of dogs, that the two most ancient and estimable books, sacred and profane, extant (viz., the Scripture and Homer), have shown a

particular regard to these animals. That of Toby is the more remarkable, because there seemed no manner of reason to take notice of the dog, besides the great humanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulysses' dog, Argus, is the most pathetic imaginable, all the circumstances considered, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good nature. Ulysses had left him at Ithaca when he embarked for Troy, and found him at his return after twenty years (which, by the way, is not unnatural, as some critics have said, since I remember, the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when she died May the omen of longevity prove fortunate to her successors!) Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themistocles, steps back again out of the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one that followed his master across the sea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dog's Grave to that part of the island where he was buried. This respect to a dog, in the most polite people of the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few such) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriously called the Order of the Elephant), was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named Wildbrat, to one of their kings who had been deserted by his subjects. He gave his order this motto, or to this effect (which still remains), 'Wildbrat was faithful.' Sir William Trumbull has told me a story, which he heard from one that was present. King Charles I. being with some of his Court, during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound, because (said he) it has all the good-nature of the other without the fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse on dogs."]

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## IMPROMPTU TO LADY WINCHELSEA.

OCCASIONED BY FOUR SATIRICAL VERSES ON WOMEN WITS, IN THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

In vain you boast poetic names of yore,
And cite those Sapphos we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the fall of every female wit;
But doom'd it then, when first Ardelia writ.

Of all examples by the world confess'd, 5
I knew Ardelia could not quote the best;
Who like her mistress on Britannia's throne
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praise you but in vain essay;
E'en while you write you take that praise away: 10
Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more.

[Lady Winchelsea wrote a copy of verses in answer to Pope's impromptu. See Hearne's Supp. volume, p. 183.]

## EPILOGUE TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.[1]

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

Prodigious this! the frail one of our play
From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious thus, and cried,
The play may pass—but that strange creature Shore, 5
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister-sinner you shall hear,
"How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!" 10
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked customs so contrive,
We'd be the best good-natured things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues, a reserve of vice. 20
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maids, or with her chaplain crams.

[1] [Rowe's tragedy of Jane Shore was first acted Feb. 2nd, 1713-4, and had a run of nineteen nights. Lintot appears to have given Rowe 50l. 15s. for the copyright of the play.]

Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
'Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.
Well, if our author in the wife offends, 25
He has a husband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse: 30
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly loved his wife:
Yet, if a friend a night or so should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make; 35
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Though with the Stoic chief our stage may ring,
The Stoic husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And loved his country—but what's that to you? 40
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the city:
There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a disgrace, 45
That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face;
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good;
'Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down. 50

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## PROLOGUE TO THE THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE.

[Brought on the stage January 16, 1716-7.]

Authors are judged by strange capricious rules;
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools:
Yet sure the best are most severely fated,
For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.
Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor; 5
But fool 'gainst fool is barbarous civil war.

Why on all authors then should critics fall?
Since some have writ, and shown no wit at all.
Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it,
Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the French who made it." 10
By running goods, these graceless owlers gain;
These are the rules of France, the plots of Spain:
But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Dash'd by these rogues, turns English common draught.
They pall Molière's and Lopez' sprightly strain, 15
And teach dull harlequins to grin in vain.
  How shall our author hope a gentler fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate?
It had been civil in these ticklish times,
To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes, 20
Spaniards and French abuse to the world's end,
But spare old England, lest you hurt a friend.
If any fool is by our satire bit,
Let him hiss loud, to show you all, he's hit.
Poets make characters, as salesmen clothes, 25
We take no measure of your fops and beaus,
But here all sizes and all shapes you meet,
And fit yourselves, like chaps in Monmouth-street.
  Gallants! look here, this Fools-cap[1] has an air,
Goodly and smart, with ears of Issachar. 30
Let no one fool engross it, or confine,
A common blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
But poets in all ages had the care
To keep this cap, for such as will, to wear,
Our author has it now, (for every wit 35
Of course resign'd it to the next that writ:)
And thus upon the stage 'tis fairly[2] thrown;
Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

[1] Shows a cap with ears. [2] Flings down the cap, and exit.

## PROLOGUE DESIGNED FOR MR. D'URFEY'S LAST PLAY.[1]

Grown old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to discard
Your persevering, unexhausted bard:

[1] [Tom D'Urfey died in 1723.]

Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd poet lives, and writes again.
The adventurous lover is successful still, 5
Who strives to please the fair against her will:
Be kind, and make him in his wishes easy,
Who in your own despite has strove to please ye.
He scorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore;
But ever writ, as none e'er writ before. 10
You modern wits, should each man bring his claim,
Have desperate debentures on your fame;
And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
From his deep fund our Author largely draws; 15
Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.
Though plays for honour in old time he made,
'Tis now for better reasons—to be paid
Believe him, he has known the world too long,
And seen the death of much immortal song. 20
He says, poor poets lost, while players won,
As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.
Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,
The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.
Fame is at best an unperforming cheat; 25
But 'tis substantial happiness to eat.
Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

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## PROLOGUE TO THOMSON'S SOPHONISBA.

[Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Pope, says, "I have been told by Savage, that of the Prologue to Sophonisba, the first part was written by Pope, who could not be persuaded to finish it, and that the concluding lines were added by Mallet." The play was first acted Feb. 28, 1729-30, and ran ten nights.]

When learning, after the long Gothic night,
Fair o'er the western world, renew'd its light,
With arts arising Sophonisba rose;
The Tragic Muse, returning wept her woes.

With her the Italian scene first learn'd to glow, 5
And the first tears for her were taught to flow:
Her charms the Gallic Muses next inspired;
Corneille himself saw, wonder'd, and was fired.
What foreign theatres with pride have shown,
Britain, by juster title, makes her own. 10
When freedom is the cause, 'tis hers to fight,
And hers, when freedom is the theme, to write.
For this a British author bids again
The heroine rise to grace the British scene:
Here, as in life, she breathes her genuine flame, 15
She asks, what bosom has not felt the same?
Asks of the British youth—is silence there?
She dares to ask it of the British fair.
To-night our homespun author would be true
At once to nature, history, and you. 20
Well pleased to give our neighbours due applause,
He owns their learning, but disdains their laws,
Not to his patient touch, or happy flame,
'Tis to his British heart he trusts for fame.
If France excel him in one freeborn thought, 25
The man, as well as poet, is in fault.
Nature! informer of the poet's art,
Whose force alone can raise or melt the heart,
Thou art his guide; each passion, every line,
Whate'er he draws to please, must all be thine. 30
Be thou his judge: in every candid breast
Thy silent whisper is the sacred test.

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## A PROLOGUE BY MR. POPE

*To a Play for* MR. DENNIS'S *Benefit in* 1733, *when he was old, blind, and in great distress, a little before his death.*

As when that hero, who in each campaign,
Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,
Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by every foe;
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind, 5
But pitied Belisarius old and blind?

Was there a chief but melted at the sight?
A common soldier but who clubb'd his mite?
Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
Who press'd by want and weakness Dennis lies; 10
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
Their quibbles routed, and defied their puns;
A desp'rate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce
Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan, 15
And shook the stage with thunders all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain Pretender's hope,
Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn; 20
If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;
If there's a senior, who contemns this age;
Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's friend.

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## OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Muse, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain, 5
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

[The lines by Buckingham compliment Pope on his Iliad, and also on his worth as a companion and friend. For a notice of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, by Pope, see Essay on Criticism. This noble man lived in great state in Buckingham House, St. James's Park. He built the mansion in 1703, and in a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, describes minutely its fine gardens, noble terrace, park, and canal, with its magnificent apartments, pictures, sculpture, and other decorations. He dwells with pleasure on the avenues to the house along St. James's Park, "through rows of goodly elms on one hand,

and gay flourishing limes on the other;" and on his book-closet at the end of the green-house, under the windows of which was a little wilderness, full of blackbirds and nightingales. Pope said the stately mansion was a country house in the summer, and a town house in the winter. Buckingham House, it is well known, was purchased by George III., and taken down by George IV. in 1825, to make way for the present royal palace.]



OLD BUCKINGHAM HOUSE.

## MACER: A CHARACTER.

When simple Macer, now of high renown,
First sought a poet's fortune in the town,
'Twas all the ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele.
Some ends of verse his betters might afford, 5
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these, he ventured on the town,
And with a borrow'd play, outdid poor Crowne,
There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little: 10

Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.
So some coarse country wench almost decay'd 15
Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid;
Awkward and supple, each devoir to pay;
She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
And strangely liked for her simplicity: 20
In a translated suit, then tries the town,
With borrowed pins and patches not her own:
But just endured the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk, 25
To bawd for others, and go shares with Punk.

[When first published in the Miscellanies the piece had the following note attached: "He requested by public advertisements, the aid of the ingenious to make up a Miscellany in 1713." Ambrose Philips is the person satirised. His advertisement appeared in the London Gazette, not in 1713, but in January 1714-5, and such gentlemen as were "willing to appear in the Miscellany" were desired to communicate their pieces to Jacob Tonson. The attempt does not seem to have been successful. On the accession of George I., when the Whigs obtained power, Philips was put into the commission of the peace, and appointed a Commissioner of the Lottery. He afterwards went to Ireland with Dr. Boulter, Primate of Ireland, and was made Registrar of the Prerogative Court at Dublin. The "borrowed play" was the "Distrest Mother," from Racine, which was highly successful. The allusion to "simplicity" is no doubt intended to refer to Philips's Pastorals, and that to the "translated suit" to his Persian tales, translated for Tonson.]

## UMBRA.

Close to the best known author Umbra sits,
The constant index to old Button's wits.
"Who's here?" cries Umbra: "only Johnson,"—"O!
Your slave," and exit; but returns with Rowe:
"Dear Rowe, let's sit and talk of tragedies:" 5
Ere long Pope enters, and to Pope he flies.

Then up comes Steele: he turns upon his heel,
And in a moment fastens upon Steele;
But cries as soon, "Dear Dick, I must be gone,
For, if I know his tread, here's Addison." 10
Says Addison to Steele, "'Tis time to go;"
Pope to the closet steps aside with Rowe.
Poor Umbra left in this abandoned pickle,
E'en sets him down and writes to honest Tickell.
Fool! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam; 15
Know, sense, like charity, begins at home.

[Mr. Cunningham, in his edition of Johnson's Lives, says Walter Carey was Pope's Umbra. The character seems to suit that of James Moore-Smythe, and would also apply to Philips.]

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## SANDYS' GHOST;

### OR A PROPER NEW BALLAD ON THE NEW OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS: AS IT WAS INTENDED TO BE TRANSLATED BY PERSONS OF QUALITY.

[The last literary labour of Sir Samuel Garth, before his death in 1718-9, was engaging several "ingenious gentlemen," as he calls them, to undertake a translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses. Among these were Mainwaring, Croxall, Ozell, Vernon, Harvey, Leonard Welsted, &c. Garth himself translated the fourteenth book and part of the fifteenth, besides contributing a preface.]

Ye Lords and Commons, men of wit,
And pleasure about town;
Read this ere you translate one bit
Of books of high renown.

Beware of Latin authors all!
Nor think your verses sterling,
Though with a golden pen you scrawl,
And scribble in a berlin:

For not the desk with silver nails,
Nor bureau of expense,
Nor standish well japann'd avails
To writing of good sense.

Hear how a ghost in dead of night,
With saucer eyes of fire,
In woful wise did sore affright
A wit and courtly 'squire.

Rare imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth
Like puppy tame that uses
To fetch and carry, in his mouth,
The works of all the Muses.

Ah! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was so civil;
And sell his soul for vanity,
To rhyming and the devil?

A desk he had of curious work,
With glittering studs about;
Within the same did Sandys lurk,[1]
Though Ovid lay without.

Now as he scratch'd to fetch up thought,
Forth popp'd the sprite so thin;
And from the key-hole bolted out,
All upright as a pin.

With whiskers, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff composed most duly;
This 'squire he dropp'd his pen full soon,
While as the light burnt bluely.

Ho, Master Sam, quoth Sandys' sprite,
Write on, nor let me scare ye;
Forsooth, if rhymes fall in not right,
To Budgell seek, or Carey.

I hear the beat of Jacob's drums,[2]
Poor Ovid finds no quarter!
See first the merry P—— comes[3]
In haste without his garter.

[1] [Sandys (whom Dryden terms "the best versifier of the last age") published his translation of Ovid in 1627.]

[2] [Jacob Tonson, the publisher.]

[3] [The Earl of Pembroke.]

Then lords and lordings, 'squires and knights,
Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers!
Garth at St. James's, and at White's,
Beats up for volunteers.

What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,
Tom B——t[4] or Tom D'Urfey may,
John Dunton, Steele, or any one.

If Justice Philips' costive head
Some frigid rhymes disburses;
They shall like Persian tales be read,
And glad both babes and nurses.

Let W—rw—k's muse with Ash—t join,[5]
And Ozell's with Lord Hervey's:
Tickell and Addison combine,
And P—pe[6] translate with Jervas.

L—— himself, that lively lord,[7]
Who bows to every lady,
Shall join with F——[8] in one accord,
And be like Tate and Brady.

Ye ladies too draw forth your pen,
I pray where can the hurt lie?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witness Lady W—l—y.[9]

Now, Tonson, list thy forces all,
Review them, and tell noses;
For to poor Ovid shall befall
A strange metamorphosis.

4 [Tom Burnet. See the Dunciad. John Dunton, in the following line, was a well-known bookseller and writer, publisher of the "Athenian Oracle," and of a curious work, an account of his own "Life and Errors."]

5 [Lord Warwick and Dr. Ashurst.]

6 Pope. 7 Lord Lansdowne.

8 [Philip Frowde, a dramatic writer and fine scholar, a friend of Addison's. He was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he made the acquaintance of Addison. He was author of two tragedies, *Philotas* and *The Fall of Saguntum*; also of several Latin poems in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*. Frowde died in 1738.]

9 [Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.]

A metamorphosis more strange
Than all his books can vapour;
"To what (quoth 'squire) shall Ovid change?"
Quoth Sandys: "To waste paper."

## THE TRANSLATOR.

Ozell, at Sanger's call, invoked his Muse—
For who to sing for Sanger could refuse?
His numbers such as Sanger's self might use.
Reviving Perrault, murdering Boileau, he
Slander'd the ancients first, then Wycherley;
Which yet not much that old bard's anger raised,
Since those were slander'd most, whom Ozell praised.
Nor had the gentle satire caused complaining,
Had not sage Rowe pronounced it entertaining:
How great must be the judgment of that writer
Who the Plain Dealer damns, and prints the Biter!

[Sanger was a bookseller who succeeded Bernard Lintot in his shop at the Middle Temple Gate, Fleet-street. He published Ozell's translation of Boileau's Lutrin, which Rowe considered entertaining. The Plain Dealer is Wycherley's best comedy; the Biter, a very indifferent one, by Rowe. As to Ozell, he will be found in the Dunciad.]

## THE THREE GENTLE SHEPHERDS.

[Two of the shepherds are well enough known. The third would seem to be Henry Carey, the dramatist (author of "Sally in our Alley"); but there was also a John Carey, of New College, Oxford, a contributor to the Tatler and Spectator, and Walter Carey, F.R.S., who died Clerk of the Privy Council in 1757.]

Of gentle Philips will I ever sing,
With gentle Philips shall the valleys ring;
My numbers too for ever will I vary,
With gentle Budgell and with gentle Carey.
Or if in ranging of the names I judge ill,
With gentle Carey and with gentle Budgell:
Oh! may all gentle bards together place ye,
Men of good hearts, and men of delicacy.
May satire ne'er befool ye, or beknave ye,
And from all wits that have a knack, God save ye.

## THE CHALLENGE.

A COURT BALLAD. [1716.]

To the tune of "To all you Ladies now at Land," &c.

I.

To one fair lady out of Court,
And two fair ladies in,
Who think the Turk and Pope a sport,
And wit and love no sin!
Come, these soft lines, with nothing stiff in,
To Bellenden, Lepell, and Griffin.[1]
With a fa, la, la.

II.

What passes in the dark third row,
And what behind the scene,
Couches and crippled chairs I know,
And garrets hung with green;
I know the swing of sinful hack,
Where many damsels cry alack.
With a fa, la, la.

III.

Then why to Courts should I repair,
Where's such ado with Townshend?[2]
To hear each mortal stamp and swear,
And every speech with "zounds" end;
To hear them rail at honest Sunderland,[3]
And rashly blame the realm of Blunderland.
With a fa, la, la.

[1] [Ladies of the Court of the Princess Caroline. Mary Bellenden became the wife of Colonel Campbell (afterwards Duke of Argyll), and Mary Lepell married Lord Hervey. Both marriages took place in October, 1720, and the Court was thus deprived of its most popular and beautiful ornaments.]

[2] [Lord Townshend, a rough but popular minister, who was then out of favour with the Court, and had a rupture with his colleague, Stanhope, which ended in his being forced to resign.]

[3] [The Earl of Sunderland, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had been charged

IV.

Alas! like Schutz I cannot pun,[4]
  Like Grafton court the Germans;
Tell Pickenbourg how slim she's grown,
  Like Meadows run to sermons;
To court ambitious men may roam,
But I and Marlborough stay at home.
  With a fa, la, la.

V.

In truth, by what I can discern,
  Of courtiers, 'twixt you three,
Some wit you have, and more may learn
  From Court, than Gay or me:
Perhaps, in time, you'll leave high diet,
To sup with us on milk and quiet.
  With a fa, la, la.

VI.

At Leicester Fields, a house full high,
  With door all painted green,
Where ribbons wave upon the tie,
  (A milliner, I mean;)
There may you meet us three to three,
For Gay can well make two of me.
  With a fa, la, la.

VII.

But should you catch the prudish itch,
  And each become a coward,
Bring sometimes with you Lady Rich,[5]
  And sometimes Mistress Howard;

with encouraging the native Irish, and appointing them to public offices. Hence the talk concerning "Blunderland." Sunderland exchanged the Lord-Lieutenancy for the Privy Seal in 1715, and was afterwards Prime Minister. His death took place in 1722.]

[4] [Augustus Schutz, Equerry to Prince George. The "Grafton" mentioned in the next line was the Duke of Grafton, the second duke, who was one of the Lords of the Bedchamber in 1714, and next year of the Privy Council. "Pickenbourg" and "Meadows" were maids of honour, the latter a sister of Sir Sidney Meadows.]

[5] [Lady Rich, one of the correspondents of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,

For virgins, to keep chaste, must go
Abroad with such as are not so.
With a fa, la, la.

VIII.

And thus, fair maids, my ballad ends:
God send the king safe landing;
And make all honest ladies friends
To armies that are standing;
Preserve the limits of those nations,
And take off ladies' limitations.
With a fa, la, la.

---

## LINES SUNG BY DURASTANTI,[1] WHEN SHE TOOK LEAVE OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.

THE WORDS WERE IN HASTE PUT TOGETHER BY MR. POPE, AT THE REQUEST OF THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

Generous, gay, and gallant nation,
Bold in arms, and bright in arts;
Land secure from all invasion,
All but Cupid's gentle darts!
From your charms, oh who would run?
Who would leave you for the sun?
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!

was the wife of Sir Robert Rich, Bart. She was a daughter of Colonel Griffin, and sister of Miss Griffin, of the Princess's establishment, alluded to in the first stanza. "Mistress Howard," afterwards Countess of Suffolk, is of course the person alluded to in the next line. Neither Lady Rich nor Mrs. Howard would be much gratified by the poet's attentions in this ballad.]

[1] [This lady was brought to England by Handel in 1719. Mr. Bowles states that she was so great a favourite at Court that the King stood godfather to one of her children.]

Let old charmers yield to new;
In arms, in arts, be still more shining;
All your joys be still increasing;
All your tastes be still refining;
All your jars for ever ceasing:
But let old charmers yield to new.
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!

---

## WHAT IS PRUDERY?

["A prude would never have had any charms for Mr. Pope, to whom Mrs. Howe said one day, 'You men call us strange names, some of them I don't understand. Coquetry, indeed, I guess at, but *prudery*,—for Heaven's sake, make me know thoroughly what that prudery is.' Mr Pope wrote her an answer in the leaf of an ivory book."—*Ayre's Life of Pope*.]

WHAT IS PRUDERY?
'Tis a beldam,
Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows;
'Tis (no 'tisn't) like Miss Meadows.
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful, would seem wise;
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly envious shrew,
That rails at dear Lepell, and you.

[Miss Sophia Howe was one of the Maids of Honour to the Princess Caroline. She was a daughter of General Howe, brother of the first Viscount of that name. An unfortunate acquaintance with Mr. A. Lowther, brother of Lord Lonsdale, lost this young lady her reputation. According to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams,

'Her breaking looks foretold a breaking heart;

and she died in 1726.—See Life of Pope, p. 203.]

## ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.[1]

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman
Handsome and witty, yet a friend

Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour,
Not grave through pride, or gay through folly,
An equal mixture of good humour
And sensible soft melancholy

"Has she no faults, then, (Envy says) sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear[2]

[1] [Mrs Howard, Countess of Suffolk.]
[2] [With a view to the cure of Mrs Howard's deafness, Cheselden, the King's surgeon, obtained the reprieve of a malefactor named Rey, in order that an experiment might be made on his ears The man was pardoned, but, according to Walpole, the experiment was not attempted The case appears to have caused considerable discussion, and there is a humorous paper on the subject in the Grub-street Journal for January 7, 1731 Mrs Howard's deafness continued till her death ]

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## A FAREWELL TO LONDON

IN THE YEAR 1715

DEAR, damn'd distracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll tease
This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, sleep at ease!

Soft B—— and rough C——s adieu,[1]
Earl Warwick make your moan,
The lively H——k and you
May knock up whores alone

[1] [Perhaps Colonel Butler, "Fair Butler," of the Ormond family, whom

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman's toll;
Let Jervas[2] gratis paint, and Frowde
Save three-pence and his soul.

Farewell, Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned sot;
And Garth, the best good Christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee for thy loss of Rowe,[3]
Lean Philips, and fat Johnson.[4]

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage:
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

Pope mentions as an acquaintance. (See Life of Pope, p. 84.) Bethel, though of "equal mind," can scarcely be considered a gay friend. Ayre mentions a Mr. Fettiplace Bellers, of Crown Allins, Gloucestershire, "an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Pope's, and much esteemed by him." C——s was Craggs. "H——k," in the same verse, was probably Lord Hinchingbrook, who was made Colonel of the 37th Foot in 1717, and died in 1722, at the age of thirty. In 1719 he was sent by Lord Cobham to Portugal to lay before the King an account of the proceedings of the British troops at Vigo. Lord H. is described as a nobleman of "very bright parts." He supported Steele in the "Expulsion affair," at which time he was one of the members for Huntingdonshire.]

[2] [See poem, Sandys' Ghost, in which Frowde is alluded to.]

[3] [Rowe had the year before, on the accession of George I., been made Poet Laureate, one of the land-surveyors of the port of London, Clerk of the Closet to the Prince of Wales, and Secretary of Presentations under the Lord Chancellor. Such an accumulation of offices might well suspend for a season the poetical and publishing pursuits of Rowe. But he did not enjoy his good fortune long. His death took place in 1718, when he was only forty-five years of age.]

[4] [The "Johnson" coupled with Ambrose Philips, was Charles Johnson, the dramatist, who died in 1748.]

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn:
And not one Muse of all he fed
Has yet the grace to mourn.[5]

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betrayed:
Poor Y——r's sold for fifty pound,
And B——ll is a jade.[6]

* * *

[5] [The date of Halifax's death was May 19, 1715.]

[6] [Most likely Miss Younger and Mrs. Bicknell, sisters. They were both actresses, and had performed in Gay's "What d'ye call it." Gay also mentions them, as friends of Pope, in his "Welcome from Greece." Steele commends Mrs. Bicknell in the Tatler and Spectator. In the History of the English Stage, published by Curll in 1741, is a letter from Mrs. Saunders giving an account of Miss Younger. "Her father and mother, James and Margaret Younger, were born in Scotland. Her mother was a Keith, nearly related to the Earl Marshal; her father rode in the 3rd troop of Guards; and served several years in Flanders under King William. She was born Sept. 2nd, 1699, and came into the house, as near as I can guess, at seven years old, and has ever behaved with the greatest prudence. Her first part was Princess Elizabeth.' This was in Banks's play of "Virtue Rewarded, or Anna Bullen," in which the Princess Elizabeth appears in one scene, appealing to the King on behalf of her mother. The scene is interesting, and could only have been performed by a very intelligent child. Miss Younger must have been a few years older than the above account makes her, for in the *Daily Courant* of June 4th, 1703, this same play was performed, "the part of Henry the Eighth to be performed by Captain Griffin" (Pope's "One Griffin, a player"), and a few weeks afterwards the play of the "Pilgrim" is announced, "with a new Epilogue to be spoken in a Quaker's dress *by the little girl that play'd the part of Queen Bess in Anna Bullen.*" She seems to have been popular in this part, for three years afterwards (March 27, 1706) the play is announced, "with a new Epilogue to be spoken by the child that acts the part of the Princess Elizabeth." She continued on the stage till 1734 (the last announcement of her being in the character of Lady Fanciful, in the "Provoked Wife," at Covent-garden, May 13), after which she disappears. In 1736 she accomplished what must have been considered a great match—she was married to the Hon. John Finch, M.P., brother of the Earl of Winchelsea. Her name has been kept out of Burke's Peerage, but the marriage is mentioned in Musgrave's MSS. in the Museum, and in Collins's Peerage. She died in 1762. We find Mrs. Bicknell's death recorded in the Historical Register: "May 24 (1723) dy'd Mrs. Bicknell, an eminent actress at the theatre in Drury-lane." It is to be hoped that Pope's allusion to the ladies refers only to some of the theatrical revolutions which then took place between the rival companies.]

Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favour seek?
Or follow girls, seven hours in eight,
I need but once a week?

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake, alive.

Solicitous for others' ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
For sober, studious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For salads, tarts, and pease!

Adieu to all, but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

---

## TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.[1]

I.

In beauty, or wit,
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dared:
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

[1] [From a Miscellany of Original Poems, 1720, edited by Anthony Hammond. This was not the first poetical compliment publicly offered by Pope

II.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females denied;
So Papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at first
(Indeed she was cursed)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree
The laws should decree
To the first possessor the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

**to the fascinating Lady Mary. In the Epistle to Jervas, 1716 (see vol. i. p. 281), the verse**

**And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes,**

**was originally "Wortley's eyes." After the quarrel with Lady Mary, Pope ingeniously, by the alteration of one letter, transferred the honour to Lady Worsley, to whom it was no less applicable.]**

## EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES,

ON THE PICTURE OF LADY MARY W. MONTAGU, BY KNELLER.

The playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,
That happy air of majesty and truth;
So would I draw (but oh! 'tis vain to try,
My narrow genius does the power deny;)
The equal lustre of the heavenly mind,
Where every grace with every virtue's join'd;
Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,
With greatness easy, and with wit sincere;
With just description show the work divine,
And the whole princess in my work should shine.

---

## IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

[Pope, in his letters to Lady Mary in the East, expressed a desire, real or fanciful, to travel abroad to meet her. "But if my fate be such," he says, "that this body of mine (which is as ill matched to my mind as any wife to her husband) be left behind in the journey, let the epitaph of Tibullus be set over it."]

Hic jacet immiti consumptus morte Tibullus,
Messalam, terrâ, dum sequiturque mari.

Here, stopped by hasty death, Alexis lies,
Who cross'd half Europe, led by Wortley's eyes.

---

## TO MR. GAY,

WHO CONGRATULATED HIM ON FINISHING HIS HOUSE AND GARDENS.

Ah, friend! 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens:
Joy lives not here,—to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.
What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,

But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequester'd part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
He, stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.

[Pope after his quarrel with Lady Mary suppressed the first six lines of this exquisite little poem.]

## LINES WRITTEN IN WINDSOR FOREST.

["I arrived in the forest by Tuesday noon. I passed the rest of the day in those woods, where I have so often enjoyed a book and a friend; I made a hymn as I passed through, which ended with a sigh, that I will not tell you the meaning of."—*Pope to Martha Blount*, September, 1717.]

ALL hail, once pleasing, once inspiring shade!
Scene of my youthful loves and happier hours!
Where the kind Muses met me as I stray'd,
And gently press'd my hand, and said "Be ours!—
Take all thou e'er shalt have, a constant Muse:
At Court thou may'st be liked, but nothing gain:
Stock thou may'st buy and sell, but always lose,
And love the brightest eyes, but love in vain."

## IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

[Sir William Trumbull, Jan. 19, 1715-6, writes to Pope: "On occasion of my being obliged to congratulate the birth-day of a friend of mine, finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly sent him your imitation of Martial's epigram on Antonius Primus, *Jam, numerat placido felix Antonius ævo,*" &c.]

AT length, my friend, while Time, with still career,
Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year,[1]

[1] [How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
*Milton's Sonnets.*]

Sees his past days safe out of Fortune's power,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;
Reviews his life, and in the strict survey
Finds not one moment he could wish away,
Pleas'd with the series of each happy day.
Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
And from the goal again renews the race;
For he lives twice, who can at once employ,
The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.

## ERINNA.

Though sprightly Sappho force our love and praise,
A softer wonder my pleased soul surveys,
The mild Erinna blushing in her bays.
So while the sun's broad beam yet strikes the sight,
All mild appears the moon's more sober light;
Serene in virgin majesty she shines,
And unobserved the glaring orb declines.[1]

[1] [This simile the poet afterwards inserted in his Moral Essays, Ep. ii. For account of Erinna (Judith Cowper) see Life of Pope, p. 215.]

## ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

COMPOSED OF MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, AND MINERALS.

Thou who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow:[1]
Approach. Great Nature studiously behold!
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach: but awful! lo! the Ægerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;

[1] After ver. 6, in the MS.:

You see that island's wealth, where, only free,
Earth to her entrails feels no tyranny.

Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,[2]
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor!

---

## ON THE COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON CUTTING PAPER.

PALLAS grew vapourish once, and odd,
She would not do the least right thing,
Either for goddess, or for god,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frown'd, and, "Use," he cried, "those eyes
So skilful, and those hands so taper;
Do something exquisite and wise—"
She bow'd, obey'd him,—and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
Thought by all heaven a burning shame;
What does she next, but bids, on earth,
Her Burlington do just the same.

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The sense and taste of one that bears
The name of Saville and of Boyle.

Alas! one bad example shown;
How quickly all the sex pursue!
See, madam, see the arts o'erthrown,
Between John Overton and you!

[Dorothy Saville, eldest of the two daughters and co-heiresses of the last Marquis of Halifax, was married to Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, in 1720-1. She died at Chiswick in 1758.]

[2] In the MS.:

To Wyndham's breast the patriot passions stole.

[Warburton pointed out these variations, but there were others in this

## THE LOOKING-GLASS.

### ON MRS. PULTENEY.

WITH scornful mien, and various toss of air,
Fantastic, vain, and insolently fair,
Grandeur intoxicates her giddy brain,
She looks ambition, and she moves disdain.
Far other carriage graced her virgin life,
But charming G——y's lost in P—— y's wife.
Not greater arrogance in him we find,
And this conjunction swells at least her mind:
O could the sire renown'd in glass, produce
One faithful mirror for his daughter's use![1]
Wherein she might her haughty errors trace,
And by reflection learn to mend her face:
The wonted sweetness to her form restore,
Be what she was, and charm mankind once more!

[1] [Anna Maria Gumley, Mrs Pulteney, was the daughter of John Gumley, of Isleworth, who had amassed a large fortune by carrying on a glass manufactory.]

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## SYLVIA, A FRAGMENT.[1]

SYLVIA, my heart in wondrous wise alarm'd,
Aw'd without sense, and without beauty charm'd,
But some odd graces and fine flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Her tongue still run on credit from her eyes,
More pert than witty, more a wit than wise.

small piece, which seems to have been elaborated with great care. At first the poem opened with "O thou who stopp'st," &c.; the "Ægerian grot," was "th' inspiring grot," and the allusion to Marchmont and Wyndham was,

> Here stole the honest tear from Marchmont's eye,
> Here, Wyndham, thy last sighs for liberty.

The first line recals one in Samson Agonistes, where Milton has the "broad translucent wave."]

[1] [First published in the Miscellanies 1727, and afterwards introduced, with alterations, into the Moral Essays, Ep. ii.]

Good nature, she declared it, was her scorn,
Though 'twas by that alone she could be borne.
Affronting all, yet fond of a good name,
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame;
Now coy and studious in no point to fall,
Now all agog for D——y at a ball.[1]
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Gr—— and C——.[2]
Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,
But every woman's in her soul a rake.
Frail, feverish sex! Their fit now chills, now burns,
Atheism and superstition rule by turns;
And the mere heathen in her carnal part,
Is still a sad good Christian at the heart.

[1] [Colonel Disney. See Life of Pope, p 200.]
[2] [His Grace and Chartres See Moral Essays]

## TO MR. LEMUEL GULLIVER.

THE GRATEFUL ADDRESS OF THE UNHAPPY HOUYHNHNMS, NOW IN SLAVERY AND BONDAGE IN ENGLAND.[1]

To thee, we wretches of the Houyhnhnm band,
Condemn'd to labour in a barbarous land,
Return our thanks. Accept our humble lays,
And let each grateful Houyhnhnm neigh thy praise.
O happy Yahoo! purg'd from human crimes,
By thy sweet sojourn in those virtuous climes,
Where reign our sires; there, to thy country's shame,
Reason, you found, and virtue were the same.
Their precepts razed the prejudice of youth,
And even a Yahoo learn'd the force of truth.
Art thou the first who did the coast explore—
Did never Yahoo tread that ground before?

[1] [Pope in a letter to Swift, dated March 8, 1726-7, says: "You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a horse and a Lilliputian to Gulliver, and an heroic epistle of Mrs. Gulliver. The bookseller would fain have printed them before the second edition of the book, but I would not permit it without your approbation; nor do I much like them." The poet seems to have afterwards added a fourth piece on Gulliver—the "pastoral lamentation"—which is the best of the whole.]

Yes, thousands! But in pity to their kind,
Or sway'd by envy, or through pride of mind,
They hid their knowledge of a nobler race,
Which own'd, would all their sires and sons disgrace.
You, like the Samian, visit lands unknown,
And by their wiser morals mend your own.
Thus Orpheus travell'd to reform his kind,
Came back, and tamed the brutes he left behind.
You went, you saw, you heard; with virtue fought,
Then spread those morals which the Houyhnhnms taught.
Our labours here must touch thy generous heart,
To see us strain before the coach and cart;
Compell'd to run each knavish jockey's heat,
Subservient to Newmarket's annual cheat!
With what reluctance do we lawyers bear
To fleece their country clients twice a-year?
Or managed in your schools, for fops to ride,
How foam, how fret beneath a load of pride!
Yes, we are slaves—but yet by reason's force
Have learn'd to bear misfortune like a horse.
O would the stars, to ease my bonds, ordain
That gentle Gulliver might guide my rein!
Safe would I bear him to his journey's end—
For 'tis a pleasure to support a friend.
But if my life be doom'd to serve the bad,
O may'st thou never want an easy pad!

HOUYHNHNM.

## TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

### A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

In amaze,
Lost, I gaze,
Can our eyes
Reach thy size?
May my lays
Swell with praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!

Muse inspire,
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas head
Propp'd the skies:
See! and believe your eyes!

See him stride
Valleys wide,
Over woods,
Over floods,
When he treads,
Mountain heads
Groan and shake:
Armies quake:
Let his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed,
Troops take heed!
Left and right,
Speed your flight!
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost.
Turn'd aside,
From his hide,
Safe from wound,
Darts rebound.
From his nose
Clouds he blows:
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand;
So shall I,
Lofty Poet! touch the sky.

## MARY GULLIVER TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

The Captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly complaining epistle.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
—What, touch me not? what, shun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And wak'd, and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no second spouse;
What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
'Tis said, that thou should'st cleave unto thy wife;
Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.

Hear, and relent! hark how thy children moan;
Be kind at least to these, they are thy own:
Be bold, and count them all; secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:
Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone:
Be kind at least to these, they are thy own.
 Biddell, like thee, might farthest India rove;
He changed his country, but retain'd his love.
There's Captain Pennell,[1] absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife.
Yet Pennell's wife is brown, compared to me;
And Mrs. Biddell sure is fifty-three.
 Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me slut:
Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
What mean those visits to the sorrel mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,—
Preferr'st thou litter to the marriage bed!
 Some say the devil himself is in that mare:
If so, our dean shall drive him forth by prayer.
Some think you mad, some think you are possess'd;
That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
Vain means, alas! this frenzy to appease,
That straw, that straw, would heighten the disease.
 My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys,)
Alone I press; in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand, no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I rise, and, shivering with the frost,
Search all the house,—my Gulliver is lost!
Forth in the street I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open, all the neighbours rise;
"Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!"
The neighbours answer, "With the sorrel mare."

[1] Names of the sea captains mentioned in Gulliver's Travels.

At early morn, I to the market haste,
(Studious in everything to please thy taste;)
A curious fowl and sparagrass I chose
(For I remember you were fond of those);
Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.
Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses;
My only token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see
The groom and sorrel mare preferred to me!
These, for some moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due distance) sweet discourse admit,
'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know,
For pleased remembrance builds delight on woe.
At every danger pants thy consort's breast,
And gaping infants squall to hear the rest.
How did I tremble, when, by thousands bound,
I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground?
When scaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each step they trod, I felt upon my heart.
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, staring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my husband came,
And what extinguish'd theirs, increased my flame.
Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
Were once my present; love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For when he sign'd thy death, he sentenced me.
When folks might see thee all the country round
For sixpence, I'd have given a thousand pound.
Lord! when the giant-babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow-bone I see thee ramm'd;
Or on the house-top by the monkey cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heaven, 'twas all a wanton maiden did!

Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her case:
Heaven guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free?
My life, alas! I fear proved death to thee.
O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by thy best-loved name!
Whether the style of Grildrig please the most,
So call'd on Brobdignag's stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you sate,
And hollow'd in his ear intrigues of state;
Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings;
When like a mountain you looked down on kings:
If ducal Nardac Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumglum's humbler title soothe thy ear:
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm through the nose,
I'd call thee Houyhnhnm, that high-sounding name;
Thy children's noses all should twang the same.
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

## THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH FOR THE LOSS OF GRILDRIG.

A PASTORAL.

Soon as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.
No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears,
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears

Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.
"Was it for this (she cried) with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar!
And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supplied;
Where twined the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook.
Sure in that lake he dropp'd; my Grilly's drown'd."
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast;
But little creatures enterprise the most.
Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children, as they play'd at taw,
Nor fear the marbles, as they bounding flew;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?
Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
Versed in Court tricks, that money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdignag I'll roam,
And never will return or bring thee home.
But who has eyes to trace the passing wind?
How then, thy fairy footsteps can I find?
Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
Or tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
Perhaps all maim'd, lie grovelling on the ground?
Dost thou, embosom'd in the lovely rose,
Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?
Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head:
O show me, Flora, midst those sweets, the flower
Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bower
"But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females, and on little loves;

Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
Thy baby playthings that adorn thy house,
Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms,
Equal in size to cells of honeycombs,
Hast thou for these now ventured from the shore,
Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
Or in thy box, now bounding on the main,
Shall I ne'er bear thy self and house again?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm? Of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh?
How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea like milk-pail on thy head?
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay?"
She said, but broken accents stopp'd her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:
She sobb'd a storm, and wiped her flowing eyes
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies
O squander not thy grief; those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

---

## SONG,

### BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

### WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

I.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart,
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess, weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Soothe my ever-waking slumbers;
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela, drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to fate.

## VERSES LEFT BY MR. POPE,

ON HIS LYING IN THE SAME BED WHICH WILMOT, THE CELEBRATED EARL OF ROCHESTER, SLEPT IN, AT ADDERBURY, THEN BELONGING TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, JULY 9, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour fired
  I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he loved, or here expired,
  Begets no numbers grave or gay.

Beneath thy roof, Argyll, are bred
  Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,
  Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
  Yet stoop to bless a child or wife;
And such as wicked kings may mourn,
  When freedom is more dear than life.

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## ON SEEING THE LADIES AT CRUX EASTON WALK IN THE WOODS BY THE GROTTO.

EXTEMPORE BY MR. POPE.

[From "The Student," Oxford Miscellany, 1750.]

AUTHORS the world and their dull brains have traced
To fix the ground where Paradise was placed;
Mind not their learned whims and idle talk;
Here, here's the place where these bright angels walk.

[August 25, 1733.]

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## INSCRIPTION ON A GROTTO, THE WORK OF NINE LADIES.

BY THE SAME.

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame;
Clear as her soul and shining as her frame;

Beauty which nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But Fate disposed them in this humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a Court.

[These lines appear in Dodsley's Miscellany, with a poetical address to the ladies by their brother, Dr. Lisle, Chaplain to the Factory at Smyrna. Warton says the grotto at Crux-Easton, Hants, was adorned with shell-work.]

## HYMN.

[The following translation exists in the handwriting of Mr. Fermor, of Tusmore, the last of the name, who devised his estates in trust for his daughter, Maria, wife of Captain John Turner Ramsay. Mr. Fermor prefaces the verses with this statement. "The following translation was made at the desire of the Rev. Mr. Brown, chaplain to Mr. Caryll, of Lady-holt, a Roman Catholic gentleman, on Mr. Pope, our celebrated poet making a visit there, who, being requested by Mr. Brown to translate the following hymn or *rythmus*, composed by St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies, on the morning after produced what follows."—A copy of the Hymn was sent to the Gentleman's Magazine, by a correspondent from Baltimore, and appears in the number for October, 1791. The correspondent of the magazine says he received it nearly forty years before, from Mr. Brown, who died some time after, aged about ninety. "This venerable man had lived in England, as domestic chaplain in the family of the Mr. Caryll to whom Mr. Pope inscribes the Rape of the Lock, in the beginning of that poem; and at whose house he spent much of his time in the early and gay part of his life. I was informed by Mr. Brown, that, seeing the poet often amuse the family with verses of gallantry, he took the liberty one day of requesting him to change the subject of his compositions, and to devote his talents to the translating of the Latin hymn."]

THOU art my God, sole object of my love;
Not for the hope of endless joys above;
Not for the fear of endless pains below,
Which they who love thee not must undergo.
For me, and such as me, thou deign'st to bear
An ignominious cross, the nails, the spear:
A thorny crown transpierced thy sacred brow,
While bloody sweats from every member flow.

For me in tortures thou resign'st thy breath,
Embraced me on the cross, and saved me by thy death.
And can these sufferings fail my heart to move?
What but thyself can now deserve my love?
Such as then was, and is, thy love to me,
Such is, and shall be still, my love to thee—
To thee, Redeemer! mercy's sacred spring!
My God, my Father, Maker, and my King![1]

[1] Oratio à Sancto Xaverio composita.

O Deus! ego amo te
Nec amo te ut salves me,
Aut quia non amantes te
Æterno punis igne.
Tu, tu, mî Jesu! totum me
Amplexus es in cruce.
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam;
Innumeros dolores,
Sudores, et angores,
Ac mortem, et hæc propter me—
Ac pro me peccatore.
Cur igitur non amem te,
O Jesu amantissime!
Non ut in cœlo salves me,
Aut nè æternùm damnes me;
Nec præmii ullâ spe:
Sed sicut tu amâsti me,
Sic amo, et amabo te;
Solùm quià Rex meus es,
Et solùm quià Deus es. Amen.

## TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF OXFORD,

UPON A PIECE OF NEWS IN MIST [MIST'S JOURNAL], THAT THE REV. MR. W. REFUSED TO WRITE AGAINST MR. POPE BECAUSE HIS BEST PATRON HAD A FRIENDSHIP FOR THE SAID MR. P.[1]

WESLEY, if Wesley 'tis they mean,
They say on Pope would fall,
Would his best patron let his pen
Discharge his inward gall.

[1] [From Nichols's Literary Anecdotes. The "W." alluded to was the Rev. Samuel Wesley, and "Father Francis," the Bishop of Rochester, then in exile.]

What patron this, a doubt must be,
Which none but you can clear,
Or father Francis cross the sea,
Or else Earl Edward here.

That both were good must be confess'd;
And much to both he owes;
But which to him will be the best
The Lord of Oxford knows.

## TRANSLATION OF A PRAYER OF BRUTUS.

[The Rev. Aaron Thompson, of Queen's College, Oxon., translated the Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth. He submitted the translation to Pope, 1717, who gave him the following lines, being a translation of a prayer of Brutus.]

GODDESS of woods, tremendous in the chase,
To mountain wolves and all the savage race,
Wide o'er the aërial vault extend thy sway,
And o'er the infernal regions void of day.
On thy third reign look down; disclose our fate,
In what new station shall we fix our seat?
When shall we next thy hallow'd altars raise,
And choirs of virgins celebrate thy praise?

## LINES IN EVELYN'S BOOK ON COINS.

TOM WOOD of Chiswick, deep divine,
To painter Kent gave all this coin.
'Tis the first coin, I'm bold to say,
That ever churchman gave to lay.

["Wrote in Evelyn's book of coins given by Mr. Wood to Kent: he (Mr. Wood) had objected against the word *trio*, in Mr. Pope's father's epitaph." The lines, with this explanation, were communicated to Notes and Queries, March 13, 1851, by the Rev. R. Hotchkin, Thimbleby Rectory, from a copy by Mason the poet. They are also in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1735—the names indicated by their initials, and the two last lines thus:

'Tis the first time, I dare to say,
That churchman e'er gave coin to lay.]

## LINES ON SWIFT'S ANCESTORS.

["Swift put up a plain monument to his grandfather, and also presented a cup to the church of Goodrich, or Gotheridge (Herefordshire). He sent a pencilled elevation of the monument (a simple tablet) to Mrs. Howard, who returned it with the following lines inscribed on the drawing by Pope. The paper is indorsed, in Swift's hand, 'Model of a Monument for my grandfather, with Mr. Pope's roguery.'"—*Scott's Life of Swift.*]

JONATHAN SWIFT
Had the gift,
By fatherige, motherige,
And by brotherige,
To come from Gotherige,
But now is spoil'd clean
And an Irish dean:
In this church he has put
A stone of two foot,
With a cup and a can, sir,
In respect to his grandsire;
So Ireland change thy tone,
And cry, O hone! O hone!
For England hath its own!

---

## LINES TO LORD BATHURST.

[The following lines were first published by Mr. Mitford, in one of the notes to Gray's Correspondence, 1843. An extract from the poet's printed Correspondence, part of a letter addressed to Lord Bathurst, will illustrate the verses: "I believe you are by this time immersed in your vast wood; and one may address to you as to a very abstracted person, like Alexander Selkirk, or the self-taught philosopher. I should be very curious to know what sort of contemplations employ you. I remember the latter of those I mentioned gave himself up to a devout exercise of making his head giddy with various circumrotations, to imitate the motions of the celestial bodies. I do not think it at all impossible that Mr. L. may be far advanced in that exercise, by frequent turns towards the several aspects of the heavens, to which you may have been pleased to direct him in search of prospects and new avenues. He will be tractable in time, as

birds are tamed by being whirled about: and doubtless come not to despise the meanest shrubs or coppice wood, though naturally he seems more inclined to admire God in his greater works, the tall timber." The "Mr. L." of this letter is evidently the "Lewis" of the verses:]

"A WOOD!" quoth Lewis, and with that
He laugh'd, and shook his sides of fat.
His tongue, with eye that mark'd his cunning,
Thus fell a-reasoning, not a-running:
"Woods are—not to be too prolix—
Collective bodies of straight sticks.
It is, my lord, a mere conundrum
To call things woods for what grows under 'em.
For shrubs, when nothing else at top is,
Can only constitute a coppice.
But if you will not take my word,
See anno quint. of Richard Third;
And that's a coppice call'd when, dock'd,
Witness an. prim. of Harry Oct.
If this a wood you will maintain,
Merely because it is no plain,
Holland, for all that I can see,
May e'en as well be term'd the sea,
Or C——by [Coningsby] be fair harangued
An honest man, because not hang'd."[1]

## AN ANSWER TO WHAT IS LOVE.

[We find the following in some of the Miscellanies ascribed to "Mr. Pope:"]

Love's no irregular desire,
No sudden start or raging pain,
That in a moment turns to fire,
And in a moment cools again.

[1] [Thomas, the first Lord Coningsby, a zealous promoter of the Revolution of 1688. He was with William at the Battle of the Boyne; was elevated to the peerage of Ireland in 1692; Vice-Treasurer and Paymaster of the Forces under Queen Anne; and on the accession of George I. made a peer of Great Britain. He died in 1729.]

# EPIGRAMS.

### ON MRS. TOFTS, A CELEBRATED OPERA-SINGER.[1]

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starved, and the poets have died.

### ON THE FEUDS ABOUT HANDEL AND BONONCINI.

Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

### EPIGRAM.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

### EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH.

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to show it
That every fool is not a poet.

[1] [This lady, an Englishwoman, maintained her ground against the Italian singers when the opera was first introduced to this country. She had a strong party in her favour, and one night, Feb. 5th, 1703-4, her Italian rival, Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, was hissed and pelted by Katharine Toft's clamorous admirers. Colley Cibber speaks warmly of the English singer's voice and personal attractions.]

### EPITAPH.

Well then, poor G—— lies underground!
So there's an end of honest Jack.
So little justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.[1]

– –

### EPITAPH.

*Joannes jacet hic Mirandula—cætera norunt*
*Et Tagus et Ganges—forsan et Antipodes.*
Applied to F. C. [Francis Chartres.]

Here Francis C—— lies. Be civil;
The rest God knows—perhaps the devil!

[So printed in the Miscellanies, but, as appears from Spence, also applied to Coningsby—"Here lies Lord Coningsby," &c.]

– –

### THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.

Now Europe balanced, neither side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

### TO A LADY WITH "THE TEMPLE OF FAME."

What's fame with men by custom of the nation,
Is call'd in women only reputation;
About them both why keep we such a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

["I send you my Temple of Fame, which is just come out; but my sentiments about it you will see better by this epigram."—*Pope to Martha Blount*, 1714.]

[1] [Imitated by Goldsmith. The original idea is in a French epitaph, *La mort du Sieur Etienne.* See Forster's Life of Goldsmith, ii. 80.]

### ON THE TOASTS OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB, ANNO 1716.

Whence deathless Kit-Cat took its name,
Few critics can unriddle;
Some say from pastry-cook it came,
And some from cat and fiddle.

From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
Gray statesmen or green wits;
But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
Of old "cats" and young "kits."

[The Kit-cat Club was formed about the year 1700, and met at first in a pastrycook's in Shire-lane, near Temple-bar. This person, famous for mutton pies, was called Christopher Cat, whence the name of the club. *Toasting* ladies after dinner was a rule of the club. A lady was chosen for the year by ballot, and her name written with a diamond on a drinking glass. Poetical *jeux d'esprit* on the beauties thus selected to reign supreme were written by Addison, Garth, the Earl of Halifax, Lord Dorset, Lord Wharton, &c. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, when a child of only eight years of age, was nominated by her father, Lord Kingston. Jacob Tonson, the publisher, was mainly instrumental in keeping the club together, and the members presented him with their portraits, painted by Kneller, all uniform in size. These portraits, forty-eight in number, Tonson hung up in a room which he had added to his residence at Barn Elms, for the meetings of the club. They are still preserved, and have been often engraved.]

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### A DIALOGUE (1717).

Pope.—Since my old friend is grown so great
As to be Minister of State,
I'm told, but 'tis not true, I hope,
That Craggs will be ashamed of Pope.

Craggs.—Alas! if I am such a creature
To grow the worse for growing greater;
Why, faith, in spite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope must be ashamed of Craggs.

## ON DRAWINGS OF THE STATUES OF APOLLO, VENUS, AND HERCULES, MADE FOR POPE BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

WHAT god, what genius, did the pencil move,
When Kneller painted these?
'Twas friendship warm as Phœbus, kind as love,
And strong as Hercules.

## UPON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK.

SEE, sir, here's the grand approach;
This way is for his grace's coach:
There lies the bridge, and here's the clock,
Observe the lion and the cock,
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mark how wide the hall is made!
The chimneys are so well design'd,
They never smoke in any wind.
This gallery's contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council chamber for debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.
Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling,

## ON BEAUFORT HOUSE GATE AT CHISWICK.

GATE, *loquitur.*

I WAS brought from Chelsea last year,
Batter'd with wind and weather;
Inigo Jones put me together;
Sir Hans Sloane let me alone;
Burlington brought me hither.

[The arched gate, formerly of Beaufort House, Chelsea, the work of Inigo Jones, was in 1740 given by Sir Hans Sloane to the Earl of Burlington, who had it removed to its present site in Chiswick Gardens.]

### ON A PICTURE OF QUEEN CAROLINE, DRAWN BY LADY BURLINGTON.

PEACE, flattering Bishop! lying Dean!
*This* portrait only paints the Queen!

[The Bishop was Gilbert; the Dean, Dr. Alured Clarke, satirised in Epilogue to the Satires.]

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### ON CERTAIN LADIES.

WHEN other fair ones to the shades go down,
Still Chloe, Flavia, Delia, stay in town:
Those ghosts of beauty wandering here reside,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

---

### CELIA.

CELIA, we know, is sixty-five,
Yet Celia's face is seventeen;
Thus winter in her breast must live,
While summer in her face is seen.

How cruel Celia's fate, who hence
Our heart's devotion cannot try;
Too pretty for our reverence,
Too ancient for our gallantry!

### EPIGRAM.

#### ENGRAVED ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG WHICH I GAVE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

[Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III.]

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

[This is taken from Sir William Temple's Heads designed for an Essay on Conversation. "Mr. Grantam's fool's reply to a great man that asked whose fool he was,—'I am Mr. Grantam's fool—pray tell me whose fool are you?'"

### INSCRIPTION ON A PUNCH-BOWL,

IN THE SOUTH-SEA YEAR, FOR A CLUB, CHASED WITH JUPITER PLACING CALLISTO IN THE SKIES, AND EUROPA WITH THE BULL.

Come, fill the South Sea goblet full;
The gods shall of our stock take care;
Europa pleas'd accepts the *Bull*,
And Jove with joy puts off the *Bear*.

[This epigram was communicated by Warburton to Dr. Birch.]

### VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

*Un jour, dit un Auteur, &c.*

Once, says an author—where I need not say—
Two travellers found an oyster in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
While, scale in hand, Dame Justice pass'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
"There,—take," says Justice, "take ye each a shell;
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—Adieu."

### BISHOP HOUGH.

A bishop, by his neighbours hated,
Has cause to wish himself translated;
But why should Hough desire translation,
Loved and esteemed by all the nation?
Yet if it be the old man's case,
I'll lay my life I know the place:
'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
And whither Enoch went before him.

[Dr. John Hough was made Bishop of Oxford in 1690, Bishop of

Lichfield and Coventry in 1699, and Bishop of Worcester in 1717. He died in 1743, at the great age of ninety-three. Pope's compliments to this prelate are creditable to his liberality, for Hough made a courageous and memorable stand against the bigotry and tyranny of James II.]

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### EPIGRAM.

My Lord complains that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
Has cut three trees, the value of three farthings.
"But he's my neighbour," cries the peer polite:
"And if he visit me, I'll waive the right."
What! on compulsion, and against my will,
A lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill!

[Pope had cut three walnut-trees, which hindered the view from his garden. Warton says the peer alluded to was Lord Radnor. The Countess of Hertford, in her Correspondence with the Countess of Pomfret (2nd edit. 1806), says the trees belonged to Lady Ferrers, "whom he makes a lord."]

### EPIGRAM.

[The Countess of Hertford sends the following to the Countess of Pomfret, in their Correspondence between the years 1738 and 1741, observing, "The severity of the weather has occasioned greater sums of money to be given in charity than was heard of before. Mr. Pope has written two stanzas on the occasion."]

Yes! 'tis the time, (I cried,) impose the chain,
  Destined and due to wretches self-enslaved;
But when I saw such charity remain,
  I half could wish this people should be saved.

Faith lost, and Hope, our Charity begins;
  And 'tis a wise design in pitying Heaven,
If this can cover multitude of sins,
  To take the *only* way to be forgiven.

## EPIGRAMS AND OTHER VERSES FROM THE "GRUB-STREET JOURNAL."

### EPIGRAM

*Occasioned by seeing some sheets of Dr. Bentley's edition of Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Did Milton's prose, O Charles, thy death defend?
A furious foe unconscious proves a friend.
On Milton's verse does Bentley comment?—Know
A weak officious friend becomes a foe.
While he but sought his Author's fame to further,
The murderous critic has aveng'd thy murder.

[A copy of this epigram, in Pope's handwriting, is among the Mapledurham MSS. In transcribing it the poet had made a slip of the pen, which is copied in Mr. Bowles's edition of Pope: he wrote, "On Milton's verse does *Milton* comment," instead of "*Bentley* comment," as the sense points out, and as it appears in the Grub-street Journal of December 2, 1731.]

### EPIGRAM.

Should D——s print, how once you robb'd your brother,
Traduc'd your monarch, and debauch'd your mother;
Say, what revenge on D——s can be had;
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad?
Of one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw.
Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

[Dr. Johnson assigns this epigram on Dennis to Savage, but Warburton, better informed, ascribes it to Pope. In the *Memoirs of Grub-street* it is marked by Pope's signature, "A."]

MR. J. M. S——E [JAMES MOORE SMYTHE]

*Catechised on his One Epistle to Mr. Pope.*

WHAT makes you write at this odd rate?
Why, Sir, it is to imitate.
What makes you steal and trifle so?
Why, 'tis to do as others do.
But there's no meaning to be seen.
Why, that's the very thing I mean.

A.

[June 18, 1730.]

EPIGRAM

*On Mr. M——re's going to law with Mr. Gilliver: Inscribed to Attorney Tibbald.*

ONCE in his life M——re judges right:
His sword and pen not worth a straw,
An author that could never write,
A gentleman that dares not fight,
Has but one way to tease—by law.
This suit, dear Tibbald, kindly hatch;
Thus thou may'st help the sneaking elf;
And sure a printer is his match,
Who's but a publisher himself.

A.

[June 25, 1730.]

EPIGRAM.

A GOLD watch found on cinder whore,
Or a good verse on J——y M——e,
Proves but what either should conceal,
Not that they're rich, but that they steal.

A.

[July 2, 1730.]

[Pope uses the same illustration in the "Author to Let," ascribed to Savage.]

EPITAPH.

[*On James Moore-Smythe.*]

HERE lies what had nor birth, nor shape, nor fame;
No gentleman! no man! no-thing! no name!
For Jamie ne'er grew James; and what they call
More, shrunk to Smith—and Smith's no name at all.
Yet die thou can'st not, phantom, oddly fated:
For how can no-thing be annihilated?

*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

A.

[July 23, 1730.]

TO STEPHEN DUCK.[1]

O DUCK! preferr'd by bounteous Queen
To cackle verse on Richmond-green,
Wild duck in genius! You on high
Soar with bold wing: our rhyming fry
Are tame ones, and not made to fly.
All glorious souls, who e'er have been,
Some lesser beings usher in.
One hardly worthy to unloose
The leathern thongs that tie thy shoes,
We judge did fix his eye on thee,
In his Duck-Island prophecy!
Where now fulfill'd we sense explore,
Dark, as it should be, all before.
Thy notes our ears with pleasure treat,
So very wild, so very sweet:
More than Amphion thou hast done,
And raised walls, which prove thy own.

[1] Last Friday night Stephen Duck, the poor thresher of Wilts, waited on her Majesty at Windsor; and in a public drawing-room presented a poem humbly inscribed to the Queen on her late benevolence to him; which was read by a nobleman who was in waiting on his Majesty: at which time her Majesty was graciously pleased to order him a further yearly gratuity; which, with the house he lives in, amounts to 80*l.* per annum.—*Post-boy*, Oct. 7, 1730.

This Stephen, if there's faith in news,
Preferment's heaven opened views:
And yet by Sovereign goodness own'd,
By critics' hands escapes unstoned.
O sent in mercy to these times!
With vigour thresh our modern rhymes;
Much stalk from little grain withdraw,
And save our pence in buying straw.
No chaffy bard dare thee assail;
There is no fence against a flail:
Our dangerous state we all discern,
And fetch Dictators from the barn.

[October 8, 1730.]

## ON THE CANDIDATES FOR THE LAUREL.

### AN EPIGRAM.

SHALL royal praise be rhym'd by such a ribald
As fopling C——r [Cibber] or attorney T——d? [Tibbald]
Let's rather wait one year for better luck;
One year may make a singing swan of Duck.

## IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

Epig. Lib. viii. Ep. 61.

C——N [Concanen] pale with envy lies,
Ready to burst, he raves, he cries;
Knits in a noose the fatal string,
And seeks high boughs from whence to swing.
'Tis not my fame this rage has rais'd,
That through the world I'm read and prais'd;
Not that my works for guineas sold,
Shining in Turkey, wrought with gold,
In every nation spread my name,
Which e'er has heard Great Britain's fame.
But that in Twick'nam's cool retreats,
I lie secure from summer heats,

Where a neat house and garden join
To gratify each wish of mine;
And that sometimes I take the air
In my own chariot and a pair.
O A——t, [Arbuthnot] what shall I say,
This envious madness to repay?
This is my wish: obtain may he
Those things and more he envies me:
A house and garden near the town,
A car and horses of his own;
In profitable pomp and pride,
With plants and fruits encompass'd ride;
And to the crowd each market-day
His learning and his wit display. M.

[These lines must have seemed too egotistical to be marked with Pope's distinctive signature, "A," but they appear to be of his composition.]

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LORD HERVEY.

[Lord Hervey or Lord Chesterfield wrote the following epigram on Lord Burlington's house at Chiswick.]

Possessed of one great hall for state,
Without one room to sleep or eat,
How well you build let Flattery tell,
And all mankind how ill you dwell.

[Some heavy lines on the same subject were ascribed to Lord Hervey, and appear in the Grub-street Journal, September 16, 1736, with the subjoined epigrams:]

TO THE E. OF B. ASKING WHO WRIT THE VERSES AGAINST HIM.

You wonder who this thing has writ,
So full of fibs, so void of wit?
Lord! never ask who thus could serve ye;
Who can it be but fibster H——?

ON THE L. H——, BY ANOTHER HAND.

Of charms most lady-like possess'd,
With not one useful talent bless'd,
How handsome, let your glass set forth,
And all mankind how little worth.

### AN EPIGRAM

*On the celebrated Print inscribed to Sir R—— W—— [Sir Robert Walpole].*[1]

Three Frenchmen, grateful in their way,
Sir R——'s glory would display;
Studious, by sister arts t' advance
The honour of a friend of France:
They consecrate to W——'s fame
Picture and verse and anagram.
With mottoes quaint the Print they dress
With snakes, with rocks, with goddesses.
The lines beneath the subject fit
As well for quantities as wit.
Thy glory, W——, thus enroll'd,
Ev'n foes delighted may behold.
For ever sacred be to thee
Such sculpture and such poetry!
For nothing but thy name can raise
Such panegyric into praise.

[July 16, 1730.]

---

### EPIGRAM.

The wonders of this age to latest time
Shall shine transmitted down in prose and rhyme:
For see! two equal pens their tribute bring.
Oldmixon shall record, and Cibber sing.

[December 17, 1730.]

---

### AN EPIGRAM.

When Pope display'd in pompous rhyme
The reign of Dulness in our clime,

[1] A print by Fourdrinier, with emblems and devices, and six Latin verses, ending thus:

Invidus improperet, strideat, vel garriat amens:
Hunc qui tanta patriæ docta Minerva regit.

Eusden, quoth he, shall wear the bays,
Cibber be Chancellor of plays.
When Eusden stoop'd, alas! to fate,
Cibber upheld alone her state:
Then for one place she gave him two;
No other way the goddess knew
Her own out-doings to out-do.

---

A QUESTION BY ANONYMOUS.

Tell, if you can, which did the worse,
Caligula or Gr—n's Gr—ce? [Grafton's Grace]
*That* made a Consul of a horse,
And *this* a Laureate of an ass. A.

---

ANSWER TO AN EPIGRAM

*Printed in the St. James's Evening Post, Dec. 12, and ending, "Admire a Virgil, and disdain a Pope."*

If none must be admir'd but poets born,
Admire a Homer, and a Virgil scorn;
Admire a Horace and contemn Boileau;
Admire a Dryden and despise a Rowe;
But if on such as these with scorn we look,
What must be done to W——d, T——d, C—k? [Welsted, Tibbald, Cooke.]

[Dec. 24, 1730.]

[Pope defended this epigram (which we have only given in part) by a letter, in which he cited from travellers an account of some beastly customs of the Hottentots.]

---

AN EPIGRAM.

Why, envious, bards, such clamours will you raise
Against your elder brother crown'd with bays?
Has it not ancient, annual custom been
For wreaths of bays t' adorn old posts with green?
M.

ANOTHER.

What! Cibber laureate made! O heavens!—forbear
All ye Nonjurors, if you can, to swear.

[Jan. 7, 1731.]

—

Great G—— [George] such servants since thou well can'st lack,
Oh! save the salary, and drink the sack.

A

[Nov. 12, 1730]

EPIGRAM.

Behold! ambitious of the British bays,
Cibber and Duck contend in rival lays.
But, gentle Colley, should thy verse prevail,
Thou hast no fence, alas! against his flail:
Therefore thy claim resign, allow his right:
For Duck can thresh, you know, as well as write

A.

[Nov. 19, 1730.]

AN EPIGRAM

*Occasioned by a late Acrostic upon Sir Robert Walpole, published in the Daily Journal.*

When costive poets from distemper'd brain
Dull anagrams or low conundrums strain;*
Or smear thee, Walpole, with acrostic dross,
O raise thy arm, and lay thy STICK ACROSS.

B.

[Nov. 19, 1730.]

### EPIGRAM

*Upon the author of the Critical Review of the public buildings saying, "I own myself much pleased with the design of filling up Fleet Ditch."*

Ask you why R—— [Ralph?] so triumphs in his mirth?
The cause is plain; Fleet Ditch is stopp'd with earth:
Henceforth not Pope, nor all the Popes alive,
Shall souse the bard or make the critic dive.

### TO MR. STEPHEN DUCK.

On rattling floors did late thy flail rebound,
But CAROLINE now Richmond groves resound:
For scanty wages then thou threshed'st grain;
But now for house and pension beat'st thy brain.
Should hungry poets at thy fortune rail,
Lay down thy quill, and at 'em with thy flail
But if too meek thou'rt loth to knock 'em down,
Then prithee, Stephen, lend 'em half a crown.
This for the present: but if kinder still,
Thou'dst have the wretches eat and drink their fill,
Thy barn resign; then may their hands supply
That kind support, which here their heads deny.

### AN EPIGRAM.

'Tis no hard task the reason to assign
Why fool and knave in C——'s [Cibber's] actions join:
Full of himself, half way he never stops;
His fops are villains, and his villains fops.

[Nov. 26, 1730.]

### AN EPIGRAM ON THE LATE MRS. OLDFIELD

Since farce and tongueless pantomimes can charm,
And Dollalolls each coxcomb's bosom warm;

'Twas time for OLDFIELD, glory of the stage,
To fly indignant this dull thankless age.
Oldfield whose every action had a tongue,
Graceful her air, her speech melodious song!
But, thank our stars! she's gone, and Booth is dumb:
So shall my brethren live and eke Tom Thumb.[1]

PHILO-GRUB.

[1] The comical tragedy of Tom Thumb, by Henry Fielding, Esq.

### AN EPIGRAM.

COURT fools and poets once illustrious liv'd;
  With different titles graced, distinct they shone;
But both are now so scarce, 'tis well contriv'd
  To join a poet and a fool in one.

---

### VERSES

*Occasioned by Mr. Durfy's adding an "&c" at the end of his name In imitation of Voiture's verses on Neuf-Germain.*

BY MR. POPE.[1]

JOVE call'd before him, t'other day,
The vowels, U, O, I, E, A,
And discontented consonants,
Either of England or of France,
That seem'd to fill the name unworthy
Of famed Tom Durfy or De-Urfe.

  Fierce in the cause the letters spoke all,
Liquids grew rough and mutes turned vocal;
Those poor proud syllables alone
  Were silent, which Fate thought unworthy
To run so smoothly, one by one,
  In the great name of Thomas Durfy.

[1] From Curll's Miscellany of 1726, in which Pope's letters to Henry Cromwell first appeared.

N, by whom names subsist, declared
To have no place in this was hard;
And Q maintained 'twas but his due
Still to keep company with U;
So hoped to stand, as well as he,
In the great name of Tom Durfy.

E show'd a comma ne'er could claim
A place in any British name;
Yet making here a perfect botch,
Thrusts your poor vowel from his notch:
*Hiatus mihi valde deflendus!*
From which good Jupiter defend us,
Who'd sooner quit our part in thee
Than be no part of Tom Durfy.

B and L swore blood and wounds:
X and Y cried pox and zounds!
G swore by G--d it should not be,
And W wouldn't lose, not he,
An English letter's property
In the great name of Tom Durfy.

P protested, puff'd, and swore
He'd ne'er be served so like a beast,
He was a piece of Emperor,
And made up half a Pope at least.
C vow'd, he'd frankly have releas'd
His double share in Cæsar Caius
For only one in Tom Durfeius.

I, consonant and vowel too,
To Jupiter did humbly sue,
That of his Grace he'd make a patent
To turn the name into good Latin:
For though without them ('twas most clear)
Himself could ne'er be Jupiter,
Yet they'd resign that post so high
To be the genitive *Durfei*.

In short, the rest were all in fray,
From chris-cross to et cetera;

Even they (mere standers-by) too mutter'd,
Dipthongs and tripthongs swore and stutter'd,
That none had so much right to be
Part of the name of stuttering T——
T—Tom—a—Ass D—Dur—f—fy.

Then Jove thus spake with care and pain:
"We form'd this name renown'd in rhyme
Not thine, immortal Neuf-Germain,
Cost studious Providence more time;
Yet now as then, you all declare
From hence to Egypt you'll repair,
And turn strange hieroglyphics there,
Rather than letters longer be
Unless i' th' name of Tom Durfy.

"Were you all pleas'd, yet what, I pray,
To other letters could I say?
What if the Hebrew next should claim
To turn quite backward Durfy's name?
Should the Greek quarrel, too, by Styx, I
Could ne'er bring in Ψ and Ξ:
Omicron and Omega from us
Would each hope to be O in Thomas,
And all the ambitious vie
No less than Pythagoric Y,
To have a place in Tom Durfy.

"Then, well-belov'd and trusty letters,
Consonants, and vowels, too, their betters,
We, willing to repair this breach,
And all that in us lies please each,
Et cetera to our aid will call;
Et cetera represents you all:
Et cetera, therefore, we decree
For ever henceforth join'd shall be
To the great name of Tom Durfy."

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THE END.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.